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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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No. CCCCXIX.

Art. I.—THE AGE OF REASON.

1. *Voltaire.* By John Morley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.
2. *Rousseau.* By John Morley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.
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The mixed life, theologians tell us—the life, that is to say, which is at once contemplative and active—is to be preferred to that which is either purely contemplative or purely active. This is so in other provinces than that of religion. The philosopher who has a practical knowledge of affairs is a safer guide than the mere thinker or the mere man of action. The former is apt to degenerate into a theorist, the latter into a framer of expedients. A Herbert Spencer lacks something which the India House gave to Mill; the name of Gladstone, judge his career as we will, fills a greater place than that of Beaconsfield in English history. At once a thinker and a man of affairs, Mr. Morley represents the mixed life in politics; and to this twofold qualification for dealing with wide and complex subject matter he unites a certain largeness of mind and loftiness of temper peculiarly his own. He possesses the rare gift of raising the questions, whether of the past or the present, upon which

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he touches from the level of controversy to that of principle; the analysis of the ideas underlying Conservatism and Liberalism respectively given in 'Compromise' * may be referred to as an illustration. He retains his grasp on the whole while dealing with its parts, not losing sight of the idea in its necessarily imperfect embodiments; he has an eye for the proportion of things.

'History and literature have been with him, what they will always be with wise and understanding minds of creative and even of the higher critical faculty, only embodiments, illustrations, experiments, for ideas about religion, conduct, society, history, government, and all other great heads and departments of a complete social doctrine.' †

A generation has passed since these studies of the eighteenth century were first published. Their object was to rehabilitate an age which had suffered many things from critics writing from many standpoints, from the paradox of De Maistre and the rhetoric of Chateaubriand to the 'ingenious and one-sided 'exaggerations of that brilliant man of letters M. Taine.' M. Taine was this, and a good deal more: but not even M. Taine has said the last word on the eighteenth century. By temperament and attainments Mr. Morley was qualified for the work of revision to which he addressed himself. The disciple and panegyrist of Burke, he is unlikely to leave the solid ground of the concrete for the uncertain realm of abstractions; the author of that somewhat uncompromising work 'Compromise,' he is far removed from that listless folding of the hands for which 'the existing order of facts, whatever it may be, takes a hardly 'disputed precedence over ideas, and the coarsest political 'standard is undoubtedly and finally applied over the whole 'realm of human thought.' ‡ The latter, it must be admitted, is the special danger of our country and of our time. It is not necessary to endorse the indictment of England, even in 1870, as

'a community where political forms from the monarchy down to the popular chamber are mainly hollow shams disguising the coarse supremacy of wealth, where religion is mainly official and political, and is ever too ready to dissever itself from the spirit of justice, the spirit of charity, and the spirit of truth, and where literature does not as a rule permit itself to discuss serious subjects frankly and worthily—a community, in short, where the great aim of all classes and orders with power is by dint of rigorous silence, fast shutting of the eyes, and stern stopping of the ears, somehow to keep the social pyramid on its apex.' §

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* P. 123. † Miscellanies, i. 141. ‡ Compromise, p. 14.
§ Miscellanies, i. 152.

Such an indictment, if a paradox which makes for righteousness, is still a paradox. What is true is that both in our national character and in the temper of the age in which we live there is a distrust of abstract reasoning; a disposition to regard questions which affect society from the standpoint of expediency, to recognise continuity both in ideas and institutions, to qualify the conception of what it is desirable to do by the admission of the limits of the possible. This disposition may be a good or a bad thing. We believe it to be a good thing. But, good or bad, it is open to certain dangers; and Mr. Morley's warning against these dangers, seasonable as it was for the generation to which it was addressed, is neither inopportune nor superfluous for our own.

Artificial as the divisions of time are, they have their character: to every age its own note. The eighteenth century was the Age of Reason, abstract and individual; the understanding of the individual, it was believed, could solve the great questions of political and economical science, like so many geometrical problems. There was neither doubt nor hesitation: the *tantæ molis erat* of the poet found no echo in the mind of the time. Zealous without knowledge, it underestimated the gravity of the issues set before it. Had it been otherwise it might not, who knows? have had the courage to face them. It is possible to see too many sides of the question to take up any one with decision: it is the fanatics, the men of one idea who act. Generous, youthful, self-confident age! Producing, unconsciously enough, its facts as it went along, it construed past and future alike in the terms of the present; magnificently optimistic and audacious with the audacity of ignorance, it had no conception of the multitude, the vastness or the complexity of the phenomena with which it had to deal. When we consider how radically false were the premisses from which the Illumination and the Revolution started, the wonder is not that these movements were accompanied by so much but by so little evil, that they were on the whole beneficent and successful; that their misdirected energy did not breathe new life into the moribund tyrannies which they proposed to and did in fact destroy. Burke's passionate denunciation of sophists and demagogues had this much justification, that the diagnosis of the French *philosophes* was inadequate and misleading, and that the men who came to the front in the Revolution were for the most part small men. But there is an intrinsic movement in affairs independent of human agency; those who direct, or seem to direct, the course of nations are themselves borne along by the living tide. And neither in intensity nor in duration is the

evil even of a bad time as great as our imagination paints it. 'Sanabiles fecit Deus nationes super terras.'* There is a natural sanity, a natural good sense and moderation in men which acts as an antidote to the most pernicious principles. Our practice is better than our theory; a happily defective logic secures us from many a folly and many a crime. Extremists, whether of the Right or the Left, are few in number. The average man is of the Centre; and history in the long run is made by the average man.

The nations that accepted the Reformation had their Revolution, or a measure of it, two centuries and more before the rest. This was not an unmixed advantage. The excrescences of the medieval system indeed were cut away: the absolute monarchies which the removal of the Papal theocracy called into existence were at least national; with all their shortcomings the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Westminster Confession were less cramping to the spirit than the decrees of Trent. But the framework of Protestantism remained that of the Middle Ages; the outlook over life of Augsburg and Geneva was, if with a difference full of promise for the future, for the time being and in substance, that of Rome. The full fruit of the Reformation was not gathered till the Reformation had become a thing of the past.

'Der Protestantismus ist zunächst in seinen wesentlichen Grundzügen und Ausprägungen eine Umformung der mittelalterlichen Idee, und das Unmittelalterliche, Moderne, das in ihm unleugbar enthalten ist, kommt als Modernes erst in Betracht, nachdem diese erste und klassische Form des Protestantismus zerbrochen und zerfallen war.' †

The Europe of the sixteenth century was not ripe for either civil or religious freedom; and when the hour of liberation struck the half-emancipated nations, feeling their bondage less galling, were less eager than the others to break their chains. This is why the Revolution, the second act in the great drama of which the Reformation was the first, is seen to greater advantage in Catholic than in Protestant countries, above all in France, which is at once the foremost Catholic nation and of all nations the most open to ideas. Catholic as she remained, by reason at once of the genius of her people and the policy of her rulers, France had been profoundly affected by the Reformation. The idea of authority as such was shaken. The old authorities, indeed, both in Church and State, retained their place; but

* Wisdom i. 14.

† E. Troeltsch, 'Die christliche Religion,' p. 257.

the belief in their inevitableness was sapped. Slowly but surely the conviction gained ground that they held their tenure not of inherent and intrinsic right, but in virtue of service rendered; because they worked, on the whole, for the common good. Formulated by the few, but passing subtly, after the manner of ideas, into the atmosphere breathed by the many, this changed conception of authority became the condition on which the Monarchy and the Church existed. When it disappeared, when it became plain that these institutions were obstacles to its welfare and progress, the nation broke away from them, first from the Monarchy, then in our own time from the Church.

It is easy to criticise the Revolution, its men, its methods, its aims. Such criticism is, for the most part, futile. The first rule of criticism is, Put yourself in his place: reproduce in imagination the standpoint, the circumstances, and the limitations of those whose conduct you judge. If this be borne in mind it will be seen, first, that the break up of the existing order was inevitable; secondly, that the worst features by which the catastrophe, when it came, was attended, stood to the old society as effect to cause.

'It is a mistake to suppose that the destructive criticism of the French philosophers a hundred years ago was the great operative cause of the Revolution. If Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau had never lived, or if their works had all been suppressed as soon as they were printed, their absence would have given no new life to agriculture, would not have stimulated trade, nor replenished the bankrupt fisc, nor incorporated the privileged classes with the bulk of the nation, nor done anything else to repair an organisation of which every single part had become incompetent for its proper function. It was the material misery and the political despair engendered by the reigning system which brought willing listeners to the feet of the teachers who framed beneficent governments on the simple principles of reason and the natural law. And these teachers only busied themselves with abstract politics because the real situation was desperate. They had no alternative but to evolve social improvements out of their own consciousness. There was not a single sound organ in the body politic which they could have made the starting point of a reconstitution of society on the base of its actual or historic structure. The mischiefs which resulted from their method are patent and undeniable. But the method was made inevitable by the curse of the old *régime*.' *

The law of cause and effect is invariable. You cannot at once destroy and create character: were a people after centuries

* Compromise, p. 259.

of misgovernment to retain the virtues of free citizens—their self-restraint, their power of initiative, their political insight—half the arguments against misgovernment would be gone.

It is difficult for us in these happier days to picture to ourselves the France of Louis XV. Decomposition is the word that best expresses it : the life and meaning of what had once been vigorous and significant was gone. The stupidity of the Government was, if possible, greater than its oppressiveness ; had it been designed to depress industry, to waste and exhaust the natural resources of the soil, and to impoverish the population, it could not have attained those ends more effectually. The Court resembled nothing so much as that of the Lower Empire. The nobles had sunk to the level of gentlemen ushers : justice had fled from the tribunals, religion from the Church. The Parliaments, long the refuge of such independence as survived, had fallen into deserved odium ; of what they were capable the conduct of that of Toulouse in the cases of the Calas family and of Sirven is evidence. Scarcely less infamous was the condemnation of Lally-Tollendal by the Parliament of Paris, the Parliament which confirmed the sentence passed at Abbeville on D'Etallonde and La Barre. La Bruyère's description of the peasantry is too well known to quote ; if, as we are told, things were worse with the masses of the population in other countries, the connexion of cause and effect in the great events which followed is the more palpable ; no society can violate the law of its existence and live. When Turgot entered upon his office as intendant in the Limousin this is what he found. The leading industries of the province, stock-breeding and the cattle trade, had been destroyed by overtaxation ; the manufacture of paper, which had found a market not only in France but all over Europe, was perishing from the same cause.

'An excise duty at the mill, a duty on exportation at the provincial frontier, a duty on the importation of rags—all these vexations had succeeded in reducing the trade with Holland to one-fourth of its previous dimensions. Nor were paper and cattle the only branches of trade that had been blighted by fiscal perversity. The same burden arrested the transport of saffron across the borders of the province : salt, which came up the Charente from the marshes by the coast, was stripped of all its profit, first by the duty paid on crossing from the Limousin to Périgord and Auvergne, and next by the right possessed by certain of the great lords on the banks of the Charente to help themselves at one point or another to portions of the cargo. Iron was subject to a harassing excise in all those parts of the country that were beyond the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Bordeaux.'*

* Miscellanies, ii. 115.

The *corvée*, or system of forced labour, by which the roads were maintained, was at once wasteful and slovenly; the cost of keeping up the execrable tracks which here and there crossed the district was three times as great as that at which excellent means of communication could have been provided under a rational and business-like administration. The *taille*, or person and property tax, combined the minimum of profit to the Treasury with the maximum of inconvenience to those on whom it was levied; and these were precisely the classes least able to meet the burden, the privileged orders, those, that is to say, composed of the wealthier members of the community, being exempt. The decay of the old feudal society had brought about anarchy, legislative, administrative, and economic. Absolutism itself was a lesser evil. The central Government, remote from local influences, was not unwilling to redress individual grievances when those came under its notice; but it was powerless, in the teeth of the vested interests combined against reform, to attack the root of the mischief; society could endure neither its diseases nor their cure. For extreme evils extreme remedies. Only in the agony of the exile could Israel be reconstructed; only from the fires of the Revolution could the new France rise.

It is strange that the signs of the times should have been misread by a political philosopher, the greatest, perhaps, that the world has seen since Aristotle, who even in the dawn of the Revolution blamed where others applauded, and upon its later stages exhausted the vocabulary of hatred and denunciation. Make what allowance we will for perspective, for temperament, and for that overbalance which is so often the tribute paid by genius to lesser capacity, it cannot but be matter for regret that on the most momentous issue set before his generation Burke should have taken lower ground, we will not say than thinkers like Bentham or James Mill, or than poets like Wordsworth, but than politicians such as Fox, Windham, or Pitt. With all the profundity of his genius and with all the splendour of his declamation he tilted, like the knight of La Mancha, against windmills. His standpoint was beyond question, but it had no relation to the circumstances; his conclusions were exact, but the premisses from which they were drawn were as remote from reality as the visions of Rousseau. The French, he insisted—and it was the foundation of his whole argument—possessed 'the elements of a constitution very nearly 'as good as could be wished.' It was an amazing delusion, vitiating his position *in limine*; the very reverse, as lesser men than he saw plainly enough, was the case. 'The French could not

'have done as we did in 1688,' was the rejoinder of Francis. 'They had no constitution, as we had, to recur to. They had 'no foundation to build upon. They had no walls to repair.' With us the change from the old to the new came by degrees, to them in an instant; our eyes, little by little, grew habituated to the day as it advanced; theirs were blinded by the sudden glare of the full light of noon. The political instinct, if in the intellectual sphere it deserves the hard things which Mr. Morley says of it—and even here we should be sorry to endorse them—is in the sphere of action the secret of a people's normal and harmonious growth. 'Suave mari magno.' Elizabeth, Cromwell, the men of 1688, politicians all rather than thinkers—these made English to differ from French history, and forbade 'the red fool fury of 'the Seine' to disturb the placid waters of the Thames and the Forth. It is the fashion—a not very happy fashion—to belittle our stalwarts. A little of Macaulay's robust Whiggery would invigorate an anæmic age. There is a mean between self-complacency and self-depreciation. We need not be ashamed if our hearts beat higher at the remembrance of those who made England the England that we know.

The old France, then, perished not so much under external assault as of internal rottenness; the Revolution did but accelerate a catastrophe which in the nature of things could not have been long delayed. 'It was not the Revolution,' says Hazlitt, 'that produced the change in the face of society, but the change 'in the texture of society that produced the Revolution, and 'brought its outward appearance into a nearer conformity with 'its inward sentiments.' Bankruptcy was imminent. When Louis XV remarked that the corporation of farmers-general was a support of the State a courtier answered, 'Yes, sire; 'they support it as a rope supports a corpse hanging from a 'gallows.' The only modern parallels are to be found in Egypt before the British occupation, or in Turkey, and perhaps in Russia, to-day. The destructive side of the Revolution, then, may be taken for granted; it is the constructive which calls for criticism; the ideas which it embodied, the principles from which it set out. The sovereignty of the people, the rights of man, liberty, equality, fraternity, the progress and perfectibility of the species—these were the main articles of the new creed. Powerful as solvents of the old, they were powerless to bring about the new synthesis. They were not themselves new; they meet us in an undeveloped but perfectly recognisable form in scholastic philosophy and theology; 'there is not a 'single principle in the social contract which may not be found 'in Hobbes or Locke or Althusen.' What was new was the

way in which they were applied, the rigorous deductions drawn from them, the removal of the resisting medium which the compact structure of medieval society had provided. Thus taken they were at once profoundly false and profoundly mischievous. 'I do not enter into those metaphysical distinctions,' said Burke in another context. 'I hate the very sound of them. This is 'the true touchstone of all theories which regard man and the 'affairs of man: does it suit his nature in general? does it suit 'his nature as modified by his habits?'

Sound sense and sound philosophy. Yet this is far from being an exhaustive account of the matter. As there are truths which obscure so there are errors which elicit truth. Not to see the wood for the trees is a common enough form of defective vision: the passage *per errorem ad veritatem* is no new thing in the history of mind. This is why there are few great teachers who have not used paradox as a means of conveying instruction. Men are lethargic and need to be shaken out of their mental and moral torpor: paradox rouses, startles, perplexes —last of all attracts. For the moment it is unreasonable either to look for balance of judgement or to complain of its absence; as well complain because the circle is not square. The time of figs is not yet. The burden of the past is so heavy that the generation which after long and painful effort has succeeded in emancipating itself is not in a position to do justice to the best side of the system under which it suffered; the wound is raw. Voltaire was blind to the deeper things of Catholicism. So too Moses was no unbiassed judge of Egyptian civilisation, St. Paul of Judaism, Luther of the medieval Church. The swing of the pendulum follows. The true idea underlying the paradox is retained, the exaggeration of its expression forgotten: thus the world of thought and action advances. It was so here. The Social Contract was a fiction: it is not in virtue of contract that society comes into being or subsists. Men are not born free, equal, or brothers; the sovereignty of the people and the rights of man are not primitive facts but products of late reflection; progress is an elaborate and, some—we are not of their number —would have it, an uncertain calculation; the perfectibility of the species, the ever receding shore of a limitless sea. But these beliefs set before men's eyes the ends for which society exists with a vividness of which the grey theories of philosophy were incapable; they came to send fire upon the earth. Are we not the better for its kindling? There are illusions, if indeed they are illusions, and not rather forecasts, under which it is good to labour and from which it is dangerous to be freed.

If we believe that there is no evil without a remedy we shall at least not acquiesce in preventible evils; if we are convinced that the course of the world makes for good, that reason is to be trusted, that the goal of the human race is attainable and is in fact in process of being attained, we can take the open road and advance fearlessly; the night, with the shapes of darkness that haunt it—doubt, despondency, pessimism—is gone. The realisation of the idea is another matter: here the nature of the medium, its power of resistance, the distinction between pure and applied science, must be borne in mind. It was because the Revolution lost sight of such considerations as these that Burke execrated it. But there are inspired follies; and 'it is better to be a fool than to be dead.' It is not for us, who have entered into its fruits, to repudiate the generous paradox of the Age of Reason; called, like the prophet, to curse it, the word of blessing rises even to reluctant lips. We look back to it, indeed, with the regretful longing with which the grown man looks back to the dreams of his vanished youth. Unrealised, perhaps in their first form incapable of realisation, they stand on a loftier plane than the lowered aspirations and dusty levels of later years. They are the symbol of an inextinguishable hope and of a faith that has moved and will again move mountains.

'Our provisional acquiescence in the straitness and blank absence of outlook or hope of the millions who come on to the earth that greets them with no smile, and then stagger blindly under dull burdens for a season, and at last are shovelled silently back under the ground—our acquiescence can only be justified in the sight of humanity by the conviction that this is one of the temporary conditions of a vast process, working forwards through the impulse and agency of the finer human spirits, but needing much blood, many tears, uncounted myriads of lives, and immeasurable geologic periods of time for its high and beneficent consummation. . . . As against the ignoble host who think that the present ordering of men, with all its prodigious inequalities, is in foundation and substance the perfection of social blessedness, Rousseau was almost in the right. It is only the faith that we are moving slowly away from the existing order, as our ancestors moved slowly away from the old want of order, that makes the present endurable and makes any tenacious effort to raise the future possible.' *

If the eighteenth century was the Age of Reason the nineteenth was that of at least apparent reaction. The cant, political and religious, of this reaction is as worthless as most other cants.

* Rousseau, i. 179.

Jacobinism has no monopoly of either folly or savagery; religion in every age has suffered less from its enemies than from its friends.

'The massacres of September and the Revolutionary tribunal wrought less bloodshed in twenty-three months than the French Catholics had done in about as many days,' says Lord Acton, speaking of the St. Bartholomew massacre. 'The clergy applauded. . . . After the energetic approval given by the Court of Rome it was not quite easy for a priest to express dissent.' *

When all has been said the Revolution marks an immense step in human progress: and it is not very profitable to ask whether this advance might have been made as effectually and with fewer drawbacks had its men and measures been other than they were. The 'might-have-beens' of history are for the most part waste land, outside the margin of cultivation. Moderate men supply light, not driving power. For this we must go to enthusiasts; the fire of enthusiasm produces motion as well as light. Burke would in all probability have been as ineffectual a reformer in the State as Erasmus in the Church. Both saw too clearly the magnitude of the task and the difficulties that beset it; the Luthers, the Garibaldis, the men of the Mountain have their place in the scheme of things. Nor need we regret that the end of the old world should have come sooner rather than later; the evils which attend the lingering decay of a corrupt society are more grievous than those brought about by its fall. *Fieri non debuit, factum valet*, must be our verdict on much of the content of history; what is done is done. But it was impossible to maintain the high pressure at which the preceding age had been living. Everywhere there was a distrust of ideas, an impatience of discussion, an unwillingness to enter upon political or social change. The old dynasties were reestablished, partly by force, partly by the assent of indifference; the Revolution was an interlude; 'absolument tuer l'esprit du 'dix-huitième siècle' was the avowed aim. Had this spirit been really assimilated by Europe, or even by France, such an aim would have lain outside the range of practical politics. What made it seem—it never did more than seem—possible was that theory had outstripped fact, the idea lost sight of the concrete humanity in which, if at all, it had to take shape. Hence its failure either to realise itself or to leaven average opinion. The average man had never made the principles of '89 his own. He had been carried away by the current, and

* Lectures on Modern History, p. 163.

when it subsided he returned to his normal standpoint. This standpoint, however—and here was the essential feature of the situation to which the Legitimist and Ultramontane faction was blind—was not that of the preceding generation; this, with its ideas, its methods, its standards, had gone beyond recall. It was because the restored rulers could not or would not face this fact that they came to such speedy shipwreck: from the first the reconstruction was artificial; to those who looked below the surface it was clear that it had not come to stay. The fire that leaped to flame in 1848 was never wholly extinguished; under the superimposed absolutism, of which Metternich was the personification, the imprisoned giant stirred. Vain was the effort to restrain him; the fetters that can bind spirit have yet to be forged. What is called reaction is, if we look at it closely, no more than the passing back-eddy of an advancing tide. Society is a process, a becoming; the forces that guide its development know neither cessation nor sleep. Their activity is now more, now less perceptible; a period of exceptional energy is followed by one of comparative repose. But this repose is comparative only. The movement escapes our observation, but it is continuous; that which we observe moves on, and we who observe are borne along in the movement. It was so in the Europe of the Restoration. Below the surface water of official conservatism the undercurrent set towards the open sea.

The reformers of the nineteenth century worked on other lines than those of the eighteenth; their aims were more concrete, their purpose was narrowed down to more definite issues. The grosser abuses of the old *régime* had disappeared; in the Continental States the administration was in the hands of a bureaucracy of the Josephite or Napoleonic type, which, if repressive and centralised, was for the most part painstaking and upright. Industry was encouraged; a sounder finance had been inaugurated; where no political issue was involved the law courts were to be trusted; the Governments, except in Central and Southern Italy, though neither representative nor constitutional, were well-meaning and, according to their lights, just. What was overlooked was that material well-being, important as it is as a condition of welfare, is a means to an end. The life that expresses and is the outcome of national intelligence and will was wanting; this stood aloof, or was diverted into other channels. The more active spirits devoted themselves to the propagation and realisation of ideas in advance of and often in acute conflict with the established order; the vision of national and economical independence took shape and form. The first transformed Italy and Germany from geographical expressions

into nations, and so remade the map of Europe; the second created that socialism which, however impracticable as a system, as a tendency is revolutionising the mind and sentiment of our time. Each of these movements made for human unity. The first, if an apparent, is but an apparent exception; the recognition of the unity of the nation is a step towards the recognition of the unity of mankind. A vague cosmopolitanism is to be distrusted; a beginning must be made with what is nearest to us; the narrower precedes the higher generalisation. Free Trade, improved means of communication, the internationalism of science, art, and literature all point in the same direction. The goal was that of the thinkers of the eighteenth century, but it was pursued with fuller knowledge; the intermediate steps were not slurred but taken each in its order, with the result that the advance made is permanent, there can be no going back on the positions gained.

The unitive tendency of the social movement is even more obvious than that of the nationalist. It is ungracious and may seem presumptuous to criticise the moral standards and achievements of Christendom. Knowledge increases from generation to generation; here the ancients were as children, we are as men. But in the province of conduct surely this is not so. The old world stood nearer to the source. A Paul, a Francis of Assisi, a Xavier—are they not beyond and above our judgement, models for our imitation, not objects of our little praise and blame? This attitude of reverence befits both the worshipped and the worshipper. 'On raconte qu'Angelico de Fiesole ne 'peignait qu'à genoux les têtes de la Vierge et du Christ. Il 'serait bien que la critique fît de même et ne bravât les rayons 'de certaines figures devant lesquelles se sont inclinés les siècles 'qu'après les avoir adorées.' But it is impossible to separate the moral and the intellectual. Ethical science, as science, is progressive; here, as elsewhere, the child of to-day possesses knowledge which the sages of antiquity did not possess. Their relative position, of course, is unchanged; he is a child, they were sages. What is changed is the sum of knowledge. This is an increasing capital; it grows under our eyes. If we start from the familiar threefold classification of duties—to God, to ourselves, and to our neighbour—how great is the developement accomplished and in process of accomplishment! The realisation rather than the annihilation of self presents itself to us as the object of moral effort; of how much of the asceticism, the ritual observance, the assent to propositions embodying non-religious subject matter, by which men better than we believed that the Deity could be propitiated, does He assure us, 'I com-

'manded it not, neither came it into my mind'! * Under the third head the advance is still more perceptible. The question, Who is my neighbour? put in every generation more anxiously, receives in every generation a more comprehensive answer; the number and extent of our obligations increase upon us; new duties and new ramifications of old duties come into view. Social ethics, the science which deals with the relation of individuals to classes and groups of men, and with the relation of those classes and groups to one another, is yet in its infancy; and in the province of individual morality such virtues as justice, humanity, truthfulness seem capable of indefinite extension. To take the age which we have been considering, the most eminent Christians of the old *régime*, men of the type of Bossuet and Fénelon, were conscious of no injustice or moral wrong of any sort in the system of privilege which was eating out the life of the society in which they flourished; a little earlier saintly bishops like Charles Borromeo or Lancelot Andrewes saw nothing shocking in religious persecution; slavery was defended almost in our own time by good men. Grave magistrates were conscious of no inhumanity in the tortures and barbarous punishments inflicted, till the comparatively recent reform of the criminal code, by the courts over which they presided; the value set on human life and human suffering is a thing of late growth. On such points as these the progress of the world is manifest; a bad man to-day would not do what good men then did without scruple. But how much remains to be done! Truth for its own sake is in small esteem; the controversialist repeats the stalest and most discredited fiction without a blush: economically the weak are the prey of the strong; the speculator gambles on the market and is held blameless; the investor, as long as he receives his dividends, is careless from what source or under what conditions they are derived. Man for man these persons are probably as estimable as their critics; but they represent a low moral stage, a stage from which the best conscience of the time is moving away. That we should distrust our conscience if it tells us that we cannot do what is done by good people about us is a truth open to misconception; the appeal to common sense is too often a thinly disguised appeal to common ignorance and indifference. Progressive moral ideas present themselves at times in grotesque shapes. This, however, is no argument against their validity. Let us fix our eye in each case on the essential. The simple life remains a good, though the forms under which

* Jeremiah vii. 31.

it has been sought are inadequate; human brotherhood remains an ideal, though the Utopias in which reformers from Plato to Lassalle have sought to realise it be banished to the limbo of forgotten dreams.

Each of these two movements of thought, it will be noticed, springs directly from the eighteenth century. There is a close kinship between the Revolution, which emphasised the rights of nations as such, and the doctrine of nationalities; and between the social theories of Rousseau, suffused as they were with the glow of passion, and modern Socialism in the larger as well as in the narrower sense; while, to pass to the province in which it might seem we stand furthest from his methods and temper, what schoolman or Father of the Church has left his mark more powerfully or more permanently on religion than Voltaire? Think of it as we will, the eighteenth century is the rock out of which we are hewn; the points on which our own time differs from it are fewer and less essential than those on which they are agreed. 'La Révolution française a formé audessus 'de toutes les nationalités particulières une patrie intellectuelle 'dont les hommes de toutes les nations ont pu devenir citoyens.'

If this be so how are we to explain the lowering of the temperature since the close of this great century? On the higher levels of thought, it is said with truth, there is no such thing as reaction; and since in society as a whole the forces that make for progress work without cessation, if with unequal velocity, how, except by the swing of the pendulum—itself an effect rather than a cause—must we account for the flat temper, the absence of enthusiasm, which have replaced the fervour of the revolutionary age? It may be answered that we have learned by experience that there are limits to the power of legislation. You cannot transform society by a stroke of the pen; you cannot make men virtuous and intelligent by Act of Parliament. The evils from which the community suffers to-day—and they are sufficiently patent—are to be met not by frontal attack but by a flank movement—by education, by improvement of environment, by raising men's standards and ideas. And this takes time. Much good work is being done, but it is being done imperceptibly; we can no more see its results at this stage of the process than we can hear the grass grow. This is true; but it is not the whole truth: there are other causes which have contributed to bring about a certain lassitude, an indisposition to interfere with the course of events. In the first place the preponderating influence in most modern communities is that of the middle class, a class which by its training and pursuits is averse from extremes and wanting in that fighting instinct

which comes to the people by nature and to aristocracies by tradition. It has done much for liberty; its achievements in science, literature, and art have been of the highest order. But those excellencies have been crowded out by sheer numbers: with all its great names an impression of mediocrity and flatness attaches to the periods of its predominance. The July Monarchy is a case in point: nor are parallels wanting in our own history. Its characteristic defects—its inexperience of affairs, its self-satisfaction, its lack of dignity and breeding attached themselves to the period now called the Early Victorian, to its politics, its literature, its art. With all its real merits they gave the note that distinguished the Manchester School of English Liberalism. To this school we owe the cheap loaf and Free Trade; it encouraged manufactures and organised industry; it carried British goods over every sea and into every quarter of the globe. But material issues meant much to it, ideal little; it was deficient in culture, inherited or acquired. To the humanitarian legislation which trade competition had made imperative it was indifferent or hostile; it opposed the Factory and Adulteration Acts; to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market was its first aim. Hence the antipathy with which it inspired idealists of every sort and kind from Carlyle to Newman. They did not, indeed, do justice to its good points, which were many; but they discerned its shortcomings. To those who saw life *sub specie æternitatis* it seemed a mockery; they asked for bread and received a stone.

To this radical weakness on the side of feeling was added the sense of an equally radical intellectual inadequacy. To educate the people is a benefit rather to those educated than to education. What is gained in extension is lost in intension: it was a two-edged saying of Newman's that 'a popular religion 'will always be corrupt.' The diffusion of ideas means their admixture with alloy. The prerogative of the few, they retain, relatively at least, their purity: the property of the many, they are coloured by the prejudice, the passion, the vulgarity of the crowd. To take a prominent instance: the historical method, fitting in with certain dominant conceptions in the region of natural science, has brought about a way of looking at society more akin to that of Burke than to that of the eighteenth-century reformers. To Burke, indeed, the modern spirit of investigation would have been distasteful. He 'distrusted those who enquired into the origins of religion and 'government too curiously'; a sacred veil, he thought, should be thrown over these things. But such enquiry loses much of its danger—and, it may be added, much of its utility—if it be

antiquarian only; if, that is to say, its practical bearings be set aside and the interests of progress left to shift for themselves, the playthings of time, circumstance, and the thousand and one accidents that make life what it is. Such an employment of the historical method, needless to say, is a perversion; but it is a perversion to which this method is exposed in the hands of men of more subtlety than force of character. The method in question may be described as 'the comparison of the forms of 'an idea, or a usage, or a belief, at any given time with the 'earlier forms from which they were evolved and the later forms 'into which they were developed, and the establishment from 'such a comparison of an ascending and descending order among 'the facts.' Hence a tendency rather to classify than to estimate; to regard the objects of an investigation rather as antiquities than as living mental and moral forces.

'Character is considered less with reference to its absolute qualities than as an interesting scene strewn with scattered rudiments, survivals, inherited predispositions. Opinions are counted rather as phenomena to be explained than as matters of truth or falsehood. Of usages we are beginning first of all to think where they come from, and secondarily whether they are the most fitting and convenient that men could be got to accept. In the last century men asked of a belief or a story, Is it true? We now ask, How did men come to take it for true?'

Facilis descensus; the standpoint is one on which it is easy to slip. In a world in which law rules, why take trouble? In a society in which good and evil are so inextricably mingled, why take a side? To do so is superfluous and may easily be harmful. Let things take their course: everything is much the same, and nothing much matters; it will be all the same a hundred years hence. Those who postulate the unity of life, and the coincidence of intellectual and moral virtue, will not be duped by the sophism. But it is one thing to detect it in words, another to escape its influence; to be able, while seeing round and behind the question at issue, to act with decision and vigour when the time for action comes. To retain at once insight and energy, the consciousness of the complexity of life and the readiness to grapple with its problems—this is the difficulty, and will, we doubt not, be the achievement of our age. Neither side of the equation can be dropped. We cannot go back to what would now be an affected and unreal ignorance; we cannot rest satisfied to be spectators only of a conflict in which the future of mankind is at stake. And it is in action that the solution is to be found.

'It would be odd if the theory which makes progress dependent on modification forbade us to attempt to modify. When it is

said that the various successive changes in thought and institutions present and consummate themselves spontaneously no one means by spontaneity that they come to pass independently of human effort and volition. Progress is not automatic, in the sense that if we were all cast into a deep slumber for the space of a generation we should awake and find ourselves in a greatly improved social state. The world only grows better, even in the moderate degree in which it does grow better, because people wish that it should, and take the right steps to make it better. Evolution is not a force, but a process ; not a cause, but a law. It explains the source, and marks the immovable limitations, of social energy. But social energy itself can never be superseded either by evolution or by anything else ' *

At the root of the questions, varying in every generation, which society is called upon to solve lies the more general problem of the relation of man to his surroundings. What is his chief end ? What has he to hope, to expect, to fear ? Hence the impossibility of getting rid of what is called, with unconscious cynicism, the religious difficulty. Religion is the ground-problem ; it meets us turn which way we will. The Revolution is a case in point. This great event, though not directly religious in character, would have been impossible had not a transformation of religion preceded it ; a survey of the eighteenth century would be incomplete without an account of this transformation and of its bearing on the religious conceptions of to-day. The often quoted saying of Voltaire, ' Ecrasez l'infâme,' has drawn down unmeasured denunciation on its author. ' To admire ' Voltaire is a sign of a corrupt soul,' said De Maistre : ' if any one ' is drawn to his writings it is a sign that God does not love such ' an one.' The perspective of to-day is more accurate ; before we echo these pious transports let us consider what this Infamous was. Voltaire, whose name may stand as representing the philosophy of which he was the foremost exponent, was animated not by antipathy to a creed but by hatred of a Church. That this Church professed to be Christian was beside the question ; it was not its Christianity that he attacked. It was its working as an institution, not its teaching that he detested ; this only came in for criticism in so far as it was identified with the institution and with the intolerable evils which the institution produced. The religion against which he set his face was not the Christianity of the New Testament ; this had disappeared centuries back : nor was it a theology, Catholic or Protestant ; with this he did not concern himself : nor was it the allegorising of historical creeds into psychological symbolism, so common

* Compromise, pp. 28 ff., 210.

in our own time ; this had not yet appeared on the scene. After this fashion, indeed, the Neoplatonists had dealt with the more embarrassing myths of Olympus ; but the method, though fitfully and insecurely essayed by the scholars of the Renaissance, was foreign to the positive temper of the Voltairian period, and recommended itself to neither the advocates nor the opponents of the Church. Again, whatever his estimate of their opinions, there is no instance of his having reviled or ridiculed good men. He admired the English Quakers ; nor, vehement as they were, were his animosities personal. When the Jesuits were suppressed he took a member of the Order into his household ; his quarrel was with a system, not with men. And that the system which he assailed, the living working system of official Catholicism as it existed in France under Louis XV., deserved the epithet infamous cannot seriously be denied.

The change of the religion taught by Christ into ecclesiastical Christianity is perhaps the most momentous event in history. The Catholic sees in it a developement, the Protestant a corruption ; to the historian it presents itself in another light, as the result of causes whose operation was as inevitable as it was unperceived. 'Auf den Enthusiasmus lässt sich kein Gemein-'wesen aufbauen,' says a living theologian. Here is the process in a nutshell. Christianity could have retained its ideal character only by the sacrifice of its world-mission. The choice was unconscious, as such choices are for the most part ; but it had to choose between the two. Only one choice, it may appear, was open ; yet, had those who were called upon to make it realised what it involved they might have hesitated. For the price asked was prohibitive ; and it has been, and is being, paid to the last farthing. The Church overcame the world with the world's weapons ; with greater force, greater cunning, greater unscrupulousness. The preacher points with pride to the leavening of the world by religion ; he overlooks the reverse side of the picture, the leavening of religion by the world. It was as if the Tempter had approached the Church with the offer made to and rejected by her Founder, the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them for one act of homage ; and with the acceptance the poison had entered into her soul. Age by age it penetrated deeper ; she became one with the actual order of things, sharing its weaknesses, compromised by its shortcomings, succeeding to its mixed inheritance. Manifold as were the causes and results of the Reformation, it was first and foremost a protest against this secularisation of the religious idea. To secularise, experience showed, was to degrade it and to incapacitate it for its function ; with all the side issues of the movement the essential

question was, Was religion to keep pace with or to fall behind the mind and conscience of the time? Roughly speaking the Reformed nations chose the first, the unreformed the second alternative; and the subsequent history of each group has been decided by the choice made. Religiously each lost something that could ill be spared; Protestantism the masses, for whom it was too abstract; Catholicism the educated, with whom it fell more and more out of touch. But politically the former had the advantage. The Protestant nations have advanced towards a higher civilisation with orderly if measured steps, and as communities; the Catholic have broken up into factions; oscillated between the extremes of rival fanaticisms, developed at the expense of unity under the stimulus of civil and religious strife.

In Voltaire's time the relations between religion and official Catholicism had reached breaking point: for generations the two had been diverging further and further in temper, methods, and aim. There were good men, needless to say, in the French Church; but the Church had ceased to be, in any active sense, a force that made for righteousness. It had become a department of state; the most powerful of the corporations that barred the way to reform in every direction, and the most odious, because it made use of religion as a pretext for wrongdoing. Its effeteness must not blind us to its ferocity. It was the golden age of the French *salon*: never had society been more many-sided, more untrammelled, more intelligent. But this was only one side of the life of the period: it was an age of contrasts; the extremes of scepticism and superstition, of humanitarianism and medieval savagery stood side by side. Hence the vehemence of the philosophical attack: there could be neither truce nor quarter; men were fighting for their lives:

'Here Calas broken on the wheel, there Sirven condemned to be hanged, further off a gag thrust into the mouth of a lieutenant-general, a fortnight after that five youths condemned to the flames for extravagances that deserved nothing worse than St. Lazare. Is this the country of philosophy and pleasure? It is the country rather of the St. Bartholomew massacre. Why, the Inquisition would not have ventured to do what these Jansenist judges have done. . . . Ah, my friend, is it a time for laughing? Did men laugh when they saw Phalaris's bull being made red hot?'

Thus, sick with horror and shame, wrote Voltaire to D'Alembert. Which were the enemies of religion, of Christianity, those who denounced or those who perpetrated these crimes? It was no time to discriminate or draw nice distinctions. If good men shelter under the same roof with bad when it falls both are

involved in a common destruction ; those who associate falsehood with truth have themselves to blame if, when the falsehood is detected, truth shares in its discredit. We may regret it, but certain antecedents are followed by certain consequents ; things are what they are. Recrimination will not help us. The criticism of the eighteenth century was external, hard, superficial ; so was the system which it criticised ; it was blind to the higher side of Catholicism ; so was the Catholicism with which it had to deal. Do not let us take names for things. To oppose a clergy or a Church is not necessarily to oppose religion ; impiety and wrong become not less but more detestable when they shelter themselves under the Christian name. 'It was just because the cruelty, persecution, and darkness in the last ten years of the reign of Louis XV. were things possible that the onslaught upon Catholicism was justifiable and praiseworthy.' * The overthrow of the Infamous was the first condition of religious revival and reform.

Piety is seldom found on the side of reformers. The devout in Israel, we may be sure, regarded the denunciation of the high places by the prophets of the eighth century B.C. much as those of a later generation regarded the crusade against the Infamous waged by Voltaire and the Encyclopædists. Nor were they without what casuists call a 'probable' opinion in their favour. In each movement many a time-honoured shrine was shattered, many a poetic legend and gracious symbol disappeared. But piety, though a virtue, is not the only virtue ; nor is it to be purchased at the price of the qualities by which men and nations live. There is probably no great movement in history, if we except those directly religious in character—and these are attended by other and graver dangers—which has not acted unfavourably on piety: the more energy expended in one channel the less remains available for others, the total being represented by a fixed sum. This loss, however, is made up by gain in other directions, while the type of piety injured is one whose extinction has become, in any case, a matter of time. The conditions which brought it into existence are changing, and with their disappearance it disappears. A hardier variety will replace it ; even now the young shoots are bursting through the kindly earth. And that this new growth has become possible is due to the apparently destructive work of plough and harrow, to the breaking up of the exhausted surface soil. Where would Europe have stood to-day had the last word rested with the Churches, had the Pope, or the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury,

* Voltaire, p. 238.

or the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland had their way? Nay, what would have been the fate of the Churches themselves? It is thanks to heretics that orthodoxy has been kept from putrefaction: the 'Acta Sanctorum' should include the achievements of men like Diderot, Rousseau, and Voltaire. They supplied Catholicism with the ideas which saved it from becoming a curse to civilisation.

'It was no Christian prelate but Diderot who burst the bonds of a paralysing dogma by the magnificent cry, "Détruisez ces enceintes qui rétrécissent vos idées! Elargissez Dieu!" We see the same phenomenon in our own day. The Christian Churches are assimilating, as rapidly as their formulæ will permit, the new light and the more generous moral ideas and the higher spirituality of teachers who have abandoned all Churches, and who are systematically denounced as enemies of the souls of men. "Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes!" These transformations of religion by leavening elements contributed by a foreign doctrine are the most interesting process in the history of truth.' *

More than one order of ideas presents itself to us in the reconstructed Catholicism of the nineteenth century. Life had been breathed into the dry bones, and with life appeared the play of conflicting forces. The survivors of the past generation retained the traditional Gallican standpoint—a national Church, supporting and supported by the historic monarchy, and constituting an essential part of the fabric of society. The newer school, of which De Maistre and Lamennais, far apart as they stood in many respects, were representative, saw—as the English Tractarians and the Fathers of the Scottish Disruption saw—that religion, the Church, must be something more than this. A universal idea could accommodate itself to no local or temporary setting; the earthly Jerusalem, like the heavenly, was free. More than any one man De Maistre has left his mark upon Catholicism. The idealisation of the Papacy, its identification with Christianity, the definite establishment of its claim to supremacy and infallibility, are his work. His political instinct, his sense of the concrete, his acuteness in detecting the weak points in his opponents' position, recommended him to no less important a thinker than Comte and to no less eminent a statesman than Guizot. The career of each of these distinguished persons may remind us that a temper too exclusively practical is apt to overreach itself. The elaborate constructions of De Maistre were as remote from reality as those of the speculators whom he was never weary of denounc-

* Diderot, i. 130.

ing; he argued to what, he thought, must be, not to what was. The category of the relative had no existence for him; there was no haze on his mental or moral horizon; he was one of those who never think, they always know. His object was practical —to reconstruct European society. The Papacy, the international centre of Christendom, was an instrument ready to his hand. It must be equipped with the necessary attributes; certain prerogatives—prescription, supremacy, infallibility—must be possessed by it, if it was to serve its purpose. Therefore, he argued, it possessed them: what should be was the key to what is. On this foundation of presumed necessity the fabric of modern Ultramontanism was built. It was Jacobinism applied to theology. The Gallicans, the Girondins of the piece, were suppressed by methods as unscrupulous as those of the Committee of Public Safety. 'La tradizione son' io,' said Pius IX.: Rome was the Church and the Church was Rome.

The character of the movement is unmistakable: a political motive—the epithet is used in no invidious sense—rather than a religious was at work. 'Le plus catholique des esprits, le 'moins chrétien des cœurs' is Sainte-Beuve's judgement on De Maistre.

'He speaks of Christianity (says Mr. Morley) as a statesman or publicist would speak of it; not theologically, nor spiritually, but politically and socially. The question with which he concerns himself is the utilisation of Christianity as a force to shape and organise a system of civilised societies, a study of the conditions under which this utilisation had taken place in the earlier centuries of the era, and a deduction from them of the conditions under which we might ensure a repetition of the process in changed modern circumstances.' *

This political conception of the Church is peculiarly Latin; and the circumstances of the time were such as to give it special force. The Church presented herself to Europe as the Saviour of Society, much as Louis Napoleon did to France in 1851; and Europe, exhausted by the expenditure of blood and treasure that the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars had entailed, was ready, provisionally at least, to accept the claim. In neither case did the result justify the experiment; the house was built upon the sand. Societies, like individuals, must work out their own salvation; they cannot, passively, be saved. The Second Empire did but postpone the evil day, which came in 1870 with double destruction: Ultramontanism has brought about a state of things in the Latin Churches resembling in many respects

* Miscellanies, ii. 314.

that produced in France by the Second Empire : a surface unity concealing profound interior disunion, a show of submission covering widespread and thinly disguised disaffection. If to be Catholic is to be with the Pope there is no such thing as a Catholic nation ; nor, tried by this standard, is the allegiance even of individuals a thing to count upon. The claims of Rome are so enormous that, like our own Royal Prerogative, they remain unchallenged only as long as they are kept in the background : to assert them is to invite revolt. Had Pius IX. seen this, the long issue between the Vatican and the Quirinal, still unsolved, if for the moment in temporary and uncertain abeyance, would have been avoided : had Pius X. realised it, the Concordat of 1801 would be law in France to-day. That the Papacy retains what hold it does on the world is due to the fact that, with few exceptions, Catholics have agreed not to take its claims too seriously. In normal times a makeshift policy like this works well enough. But, as long as the antagonism between the two ideas of civilisation, the lay and the clerical, remains, the mine is laid, and a spark may explode it. At any moment a conflict may be provoked in which the one thing certain is that the interests of religion will suffer from their belittling and compromising association with a system that has been tried and found wanting, and to which the world will not return.

One consideration remains. The genius of the Roman Church is not dogmatic. She regards dogma rather as a law to be obeyed than as an article of faith to be accepted : 'the Italian 'is of an essentially untheological cast of mind.' An Italian dignitary was told of the reluctance of an eminent French writer to endorse the condemnation of certain of his works by the Inquisition. He literally could not understand the difficulty. 'Why does he not say what they want ?' he asked impatiently : 'no one asks him to believe it.' A Catholic, he argued, accepts the Catholic platform. What this is, is none of his business : the whole thing is a matter of party discipline, with which the individual conscience has nothing to do. Much in the same vein De Maistre, in his famous treatise.

'You attach too much importance to the dogmatic side of this religion. By what strange contradiction would you desire to agitate the universe for some academic quibble ? . . . If the only point is the establishment of one opinion in the place of another, then '—he is arguing against the Conciliar theory of infallibility—'the travelling expenses of even one single infallible are sheer waste. If you want to spare the two most valuable things in the world, time and money, make all haste to write to Rome, in order to procure thence

a lawful decision which shall declare the unlawful doubt. Nothing more is needed ; policy asks no more.' *

But a Church cannot live on policy any more than a nation on a paper currency. What does the paper stand for ? The question which De Maistre brushes away is fundamental—Is it true ?

If the substance of religion has nothing to fear from this question, it is otherwise with much that comes to us in its name and under its authority—the relative, historical, human, call it what we will. This is being subjected to an analysis whose end is not yet in sight, but whose results in their broad outlines are no longer doubtful. In the Evangelical Churches the controversies to which this analysis necessarily gave rise are, if not solved, on the way to solution. The appeal is to Scripture and conscience ; and, as the former is better understood and the latter better informed, the friction between the new and the old decreases ; a common standpoint comes into view. In Catholicism the situation is more complicated. The appeal to Scripture is supplemented by that to tradition, that to conscience by that to authority : in each case the letter encroaches on the spirit, that which kills on that which gives life. The result, apparently at least, is to stereotype an outlook over life which has ceased to be possible : hence to serious and thoughtful persons an increasing and intolerable strain. The Catholic Church is an institution on so large a scale that it is difficult to imagine its falling permanently out of touch with the actual ; it is safe to prophesy that a *modus vivendi* will be found with ascertained knowledge and accomplished facts. Whether such a *modus vivendi*, inspired by considerations of policy rather than by motives of a higher order, will prove a permanent solution is another question. Life is built on compromise ; but there is compromise and compromise : 'it makes all the difference in 'the world whether we put truth in the first or in the second 'place.' The conformity of indifference is fatal to the ends for which conformity exists ; and the most religious minds are the first to revolt against it : they stifle, and break away at all costs into a purer air.

Yet that the Church, Reformed and Unreformed alike, is faced by no easy problem must be admitted. Its roots lie far in the past. When religion has been identified for centuries with its theological and institutional setting, the bankruptcy of the latter reacts upon the former. The partnership cannot be dissolved at a moment's notice ; and the retreat of the tradi-

* Du Pape, bk. i. c. 17.

tional theology all along the line, and the advance of historical and scientific criticism from one position to another, may well suggest misgiving. There is a logic of ideas which carries men in spite of themselves to unforeseen conclusions. And when the historical method has done its work it will be the turn of the categorical proposition: the spirit of the eighteenth century, latent but not extinct, will revive. It will find its ground ready; here Traditionalist and Rationalist see eye to eye. In a striking passage Mr. Morley anticipates what, from the standpoint of pure rationalism, will be the end.

'We will not attack you, as Voltaire did; we will not exterminate you; we shall explain you. History will place your dogma in its class, above or below a hundred competing dogmas, exactly as a naturalist classifies his species. From being a conviction it will sink to a curiosity; from being the guide to millions of human lives it will dwindle down to a chapter in a book. As history explains your dogma so Science will dry it up . . . the mental climate will gradually deprive your symbols of their nourishment, and men will turn their backs upon your system, not because they have confuted it, but because, like witchcraft or astrology, it has ceased to interest them. The great ship of your Church, once so stout and fair and well laden with good destinies, is become a skeleton ship; it is a phantom hulk, with warped planks and sere canvas, and you who work it are no more than ghosts of dead men, and at the hour when you seem to have reached the bay down your ship will sink like lead or like stone to the lowest bottom.' *

We do not believe that the atmosphere of rationalism any more than that of Ultramontanism is one in which men can breathe. We must make for truth 'with the whole man.' The radical defect of each is over-abstraction, the substitution of dead syllogisms for the flesh and blood by which men live. We live by nature, not by theories of living. And nature postulates itself: the faculty presupposes the function, the appetite its object, though this may be, and often is, other than we think it—more distant, vaster, more real. Such a faculty is worship, such an appetite is that of the Divine. Argument is as powerless against it as against love or any other primitive fact of nature: the *non in dialectica* of St. Ambrose is a particular instance of a general law. In vain is the alternative, all or nothing, set before us with the persuasiveness of rhetoric and the necessity of deduction; we cannot, perhaps, answer the reasoning; but, guided by a true instinct, we disregard it and pass on. The fallacy of logic is perhaps the most fallacious of the fallacies. When we leave the surface of

* Miscellanies, i. 81.

life symmetry of form means suppression of content; to the weather-wise a perfectly clear horizon forecasts rain. Not in the rationalising, constructive or destructive, of religion lies its strength, but in its spiritualisation, its emancipation from material interests, from social and political alliances, from the philosophies and theologies of the past. The idealising tendency of the best thought of our time points in this direction—its recognition of the One in the Many; its indifference to the setting, if only the substance be retained. The society of the future, economists tell us, will differ widely from that of the present. The same may be said, and with equal certainty, of religion. The simultaneous movement of thought in all the Churches, and its substantial identity under their various surroundings, are as calculated to excite the attention of the observer as were the signs which announced the break up of the imposing fabric of European society more than a century ago. And we may apply to the former the words used by Burke of the latter—the wisest perhaps that he ever wrote of the great event in question:—

'If a great change is to be made in human affairs the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear, every hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself than the mere designs of men.'

Art. II.—THE OLD AND THE NEW ALCHEMY.

1. *Les Origines de l'Alchimie.* Par M. Berthelot. Paris: Georges Steinheil. 1885.
2. *Die Alchemie in älterer und neuerer Zeit.* Von Hermann Kopp. Heidelberg: Carl Winter. 1886.
3. *Histoire de la Philosophie Hermétique.* Par N. Lenglet du Fresnoy. 3 vols. Paris. 1742.
4. *Das Letzte Aufflackern der Alchemie in Deutschland.* Von E. Schultze. Leipzig. 1897.
5. *Lives of Alchemistical Philosophers.* By Arthur Edward Waite. London. 1888.
6. *Radio-Active Transformations.* By E. Rutherford, F.R.S. London: A. Constable. 1906.

Time does indeed 'bring in his revenges.' Old Horace knew it, and we are experiencing the truth of his *Multa renascentur*. Thought, like the planets, has its 'stations and retro-'gradations.' Now and again, its course seems not unfitly symbolised by the mystic *ouroboros*, or coiled serpent. The head has overtaken the tail. Yet we do not really get back to the starting-point. There are no closed circuits in human affairs. The very earth progresses spirally. It wheels round a sun on the march, and returns no more on last year's track.

Modern physicists have not then reverted to the precise theories of Stephanus of Alexandria, still less to the practices, however legitimate in their time, of Friar Bacon or Cornelius Agrippa. But they have gained a point of view from which the search for the philosophers' stone appears less aberrant from reason than it did to their confident predecessors in the Victorian era. The attitude of science has been notably changed by the disclosure of electronic activities. Possibilities are now taken into serious account which, a very few years ago, were either ignored or derided. Especially as regards the constitution of matter, ideas have come to be prevalent which may literally be termed 'revolutionary,' since they curve backward irresistibly towards those entertained two thousand years ago. Thus the dogma of the immutability of material species can no longer be upheld. The chemical elements are subject to the ravages of time, and engender, through their decay, other substances equally entitled, to all seeming, with themselves, to be described as 'elementary.' These processes, however, which the alchemists of old sought to command, we are content

to observe. They will not be hurried or controlled; they 'gang their ain gate,' irrespectively of laboratory conditions; all that can be done is to study the modes, and measure the rate of their undeviable advance. A few buoyant speculators are, indeed, to be found who forecast the provision of means to regulate at will, and accelerate indefinitely, radio-active transformations. When they become available, the new alchemy will be a working concern, perhaps even a profitable branch of business. But for the present, Nature keeps the management of this particular department entirely in her own hands. Man looks on with hungry eyes, but his interference is barred out.

The history of alchemy is one long mystification. It deals largely with fictitious personages. Of others, who did really 'walk about the orb' in the close company of 'foolery,' it narrates the apocryphal adventures. Its leading authorities are mythical. Illustrious names are audaciously employed to lend some colour of authenticity to its mendacious annals. These form, indeed, a jungle of fraud and falsehood. What was true in them was often purposely obscured, since the arcana of the 'great art' were too sacred to be openly divulged. Its hierophants were veiled in shadow; its origin was indicated by dim traditions, transmitted by writers acquiescent and uncritical, if not uncandid.

M. Berthelot, in the work quoted at the head of this article, has done what was possible to elucidate the obscurity. His diligent labours have brought many confused facts and assertions into their proper sequence, so that we can now, at least, partially understand how the fanatics, knaves, and dupes of Gnostic Egypt came by their mysterious tenets. The superstitions and opinions they embodied proceeded from various sources, and primarily from Babylonia, the hotbed of occultism. The walls of Ecbatana, as described by Herodotus,* illustrate the connexion. They were sevenfold, and vario-tinted, the five outer circuits being embellished with the colours distinctive of the several planets, while the inner ramparts glittered in gold and silver to represent the sun and moon. Thus, the combined arrangement, like the seven-storied temple of Nebo at Borsippa, typified the majestic succession of the celestial spheres. Now the planets, no less than the sun and moon, claimed symbolical metals. Lead was appropriated to Saturn, tin to Jupiter, iron to Mars, copper to Venus, and quicksilver (after its full acquaintance was made) to Mercury. And the relationship was looked upon as intimate and real. Each metal was not only the client,

* Book I. cap. 98.

but, in a sense, the offspring of a fostering heavenly body. It grew in the bowels of the earth under its influence; it derived from it special affinities and magical properties; it incorporated the subsensual action of a celestial operative power. That the metals, then few and scarce, should be regarded with reverence is hardly to be wondered at. They were obtained with difficulty and brought from afar; they came forth from the fiercest ordeal by fire purified and vivified; they approved themselves in sundry ways as indispensable civilising agents.

The visionary metallurgy of Babylonia had its practical counterpart in Egypt. There the arts of smelting ore and of modifying and manipulating the products established their headquarters. Ptah of Memphis was a highly efficient divinity, far better skilled in his trade than the halting Olympian of the 'Iliad.' The word 'chemistry,' which probably perpetuates an old appellation for the Nile country, was defined by Suidas in the eleventh century as the art of making gold and silver; and the feasibility of such achievements was intimated by early experiments with a natural alloy. *Asem* (translated by the Greeks *elektros*, 'shining') figures prominently in the Egyptian records; it was produced artificially, held a high place in public estimation, and so late as the fifth century A.D. was still by Olympiodorus assigned to the planet Jupiter as his representative metal. Homer employed electrum in the decoration of the palace at Sparta,* the renowned owners of which—no others than Menelaus and Helen—having recently arrived from Egypt, had presumably brought in their train some Egyptian craftsmen. Hesiod made it the groundwork of the Shield of Hercules; and many of the objects excavated at Mycenæ and Hissarlik are composed of just the same kind of 'white gold' offered by Crœsus to the Delphian Treasury. With the lapse of centuries, however, its vogue declined; the yellow gold of Osiris was preferred to the blanched metal sacred to Isis; and the planetary ties of electrum were finally severed when mercury, imported by the Carthaginians from the mines of Bætica, became available for its replacement.

It had, nevertheless, done its work. Its hybrid nature, its mixed qualities, the experienced practicability of endowing silver with some of the properties of gold, started the long tradition of alchemistic illusion and imposture. Nor was the case of electrum solitary. Many alloys were known which

* Elsewhere in the Odyssey, ἤλεκτρος certainly means amber; but a metallic substance is clearly indicated in the passage above referred to.

seemed indistinguishable from pure metals, and the graduated changes in their aspect and nature due to variations in their composition were explained on the crude transmutational theory. Technological practice, then, encouraged belief in the mutual convertibility of the 'strange and rare' substances secreted, as if through some dim vital process, by the earth under favour of the spheres. There appeared, for instance, to be no reason, on the face of things, why lead should not be ennobled into silver by the cleansing action of fire, even as electrum was refined into gold, and iron, strong and lustrous, was elicited from dull earthy matter.

The transcendental hopes of Egyptian artificers were further raised and stimulated by the vague speculations of Greek philosophers. Empedocles, vanishing amid the flames of Etna, left behind him the long-lived doctrine of the four elements, or 'roots of things.' The varieties of matter, in his view, depended upon the variety of their composition out of earth, water, air, and fire. Moreover, the proportions of these admixtures were not supposed to be determined inexorably, once for all. Expedients might be found for their arbitrary modification. But here a logical difficulty came in. The elements imparted quality, not substance. Opposed by their qualities, they could not be opposed in substance; * for substance is one, although qualities are many. And qualities, to exist, must be incorporated. Aristotle evaded the crux by inventing a fifth element to serve as a basis for the rest, and his 'quintessence' has, in more ways than one, obtained a kind of warrant from modern science. But the immediate importance of its introduction was that it availed to complete, and very satisfactorily to complete, the antique theory of matter. The hypothesis, in its finished shape, assumed a *materia prima* ('potential matter,' in Verulam's phrase) of indeterminate character, an elusive, and barely conceivable essence, and gave it actuality by the addition, in suitable measure, of a crowd of differentiating properties—hardness, colour, weight, malleability, brittleness or toughness, and so on. The scheme is frankly metaphysical; it deals throughout with abstractions; there is scarcely a point at which it touches reality; yet it finds a sort of verification in the delicate experimental results secured at the Royal Institution and the Cavendish Laboratory. An 'Urstoff' is implied, nay, insisted upon by an array of well-ascertained facts. Sir William Crookes identified it, a quarter of a century ago, with the 'radiant matter' in

* M. Berthelot, 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' September 1, 1893, p. 322.

his vacuum-tubes. It escapes irresistibly from certain substances; imprisoned and bound in the fetters of some mysterious attraction, it constitutes all. In the free state it is matter—if the name should be applied to it at all—reduced to the ranks, generalised, stript of its distinctions, the same from whatever source derived; it is matter in potency, rather than in act, intangible, inaccessible to sense-perception, probably indifferent to the solicitations of gravity. Critically considered, it is found to consist of countless swarms of 'electrons,' travelling with prodigious speed; and out of electrons, diversely aggregated, the chemical units or atoms of ordinary matter are apparently built up. Electrons may then fairly be regarded as the modern equivalent of the formless 'protyle' of Greek thinkers.

The dogmas of the fundamental unity of matter, and of the 'accidental' character of its sorts and species, evidently provided a rational justification for the toils of alchemists. But much more was needed to give their art the vigorous vitality, which enabled it, during twelve hundred years, to withstand the blasts and counterblasts of opinion. It lived and throve, not because of the truths which it misrepresented, but in virtue of the greed of gain which it encouraged, and the frauds, half visionary, half vulgar, by which its practice was sheltered and surrounded. Alchemy was from the first intertwined with the varied forms of occult belief which crept westward, through Alexandria, from the valley of the Euphrates in the early centuries of our era. Egypt in those days swarmed with Gnostics, and Gnosticism was in close alliance with every form of Oriental superstition. Pseudo-sciences, accordingly, developed, as in a forcing-house, under its influence, appropriating authority by the forgery of great names, and acquiring popularity through facile appeals to credulity and cupidity. 'Populus vult decipi; 'decipiatur,' will always be the *mot d'ordre* of demagogues and charlatans.

Hermes Trismegistus, reputed to be the first alchemistic author, was a fit eponym of the 'hermetic philosophy.' The books attributed to him were numerous, and highly cryptic; but they were held sacred, and from their dicta there was no appeal. His identity, in fact, merged into that of Thoth, the ibis-headed deity of Hermopolis, and the example of pseudonymous authorship set in his case was extensively followed to the bewilderment of posterity. The classics of alchemistic literature are, more often than not, apocryphal; their alleged authors are simulacra. Thus the Archpriest John, the successor of Hermes, seemed by his evasiveness to prefigure the slippery personality of his Abyssinian namesake. Democritus of Abdera,

who came next, although endowed, as a philosopher, with the full Cartesian certainty of his own existence, played a purely fictitious part in hermetic tradition. His supposed sayings proceeded from his mouth by a trick, so to speak, of ventriloquism. One of them, reported by Julius Firmicus, has a curious Baconian ring. The famous aphorism of the 'Novum Organum,' 'Natura non nisi parendo vincitur,' was preluded by the (so-called) Democritean maxim, 'Natura aliâ a naturâ vincitur,' signifying that man can only indirectly control the operations of nature by providing opportunities for their working along the lines of his choice. Bacon's felicitous phrase thus happily rescued from oblivion a derelict sentence of illuminative import.

Democritus was said to have received instruction in the spagyric art from Ostanés the Mede, classed with Zoroaster by St. Augustine. Under the auspices of this mythical personage, and described by him in an imaginary treatise, the elixir vitæ made its entry on the scene. The association is memorable as indicating the Chaldean origin of the 'divine fluid' which became an integral part of every full-blown adept's stock-in-trade. Later on the fluid was defined to be 'potable gold'; and the obscure but persistent relationship between the transmutation of metals and the cure of human ills was primitively emphasised by the inclusion of the Egyptian Cnuphis, the healing 'soul of the 'world,' among leading lights of the art, under the alias of Agathodemon.

Early lists of goldmakers were compiled with small regard to probability. They comprise the names of Plato, Aristotle, Heracleitus, Porphyry, the Emperor Heraclius, and Cleopatra, the last entry being due to a confusion of designations between her of the 'bold black eyes' and a genuine artist of that name. Another female alchemist was the supposed inventor of the *bain-marie*, Mary the Jewess. Her co-religionists at Alexandria were strongly imbued with the mysticism of metallurgy; the related doctrines had an unmistakable Jewish complexion, and the Cabbala was pored over by their adherents no less attentively and devoutly than the works of Trismegistus himself.

The first historical report of an experiment in transmutation has been handed down by Pliny the Elder.* Caligula was the experimenter. Hoping to allay the gold-hunger which has not yet ceased to gnaw at the vitals of the sons of Adam, he built a furnace, and caused a quantity of orpiment to be calcined. The result did not come up to his expectations; king's yellow (trisulphide of arsenic), for all its deceptive glitter, did not prove to be

* M. Berthelot, 'Les Origines de l'Alchimie,' p. 69.

'pay-gravel'; the outlay exceeded the intake, and the ruler who made his horse consul of Rome was, nevertheless, sane enough to withdraw his capital from a losing business. A later Emperor, Anastasius of Byzantium, sent the proto-chemist, Johannes Isthmius, to end his fraudulent career in the fortress of Petra. Pseudo-science, too, has its 'martyrs.' But the tide of folly rose with the march of time, and both in France and England, in the fifteenth century, the coinage was debased, with royal assent, by claimants to the possession of the 'great secret.' *

From the 'house of Saturn,' where it still lingered, by a belated association, in the verses of Firmicus Maternus (fourth century A.D.), alchemy was early transferred to the 'house of 'Mercury.' This is a figurative way of saying that quicksilver was substituted for lead as the substratum of its operations. The choice had originally fallen upon lead, because of its affinity to silver—an affinity possibly of far-reaching import; but it could not hold its own against the new metal, spoken of by Theophrastus about 300 B.C. as 'liquid silver.' An ideal recipient for the 'powder of projection,' it very soon displaced every other. It was not all-sufficing, but it was indispensable. Bricks might be made without straw more easily than the precious metals without mercury. Recipes for its subtilisation, its 'fixation,' its coloration, abound in alchemistic treatises. They are for the most part unintelligible, especially when introduced with promises of transparent candour; for adepts wrote, not to disclose secrets, but to enhance the reputation of their depositaries, and they were skilled in darkening counsel, and in taking while they appeared to give. In a moment of exaltation, Raymond Lully (or rather, a personator of the 'Doctor Illu-'minatissimus') is said to have proclaimed; 'Mare tingerem, si 'mercurius esset!' *tingere* signifying, in technical phraseology, to transmute; the method, however, to be employed in the contemplated gigantesque performance he was prudent enough to leave in obscurity.

The Alexandrian school of science and of thought, already degraded by mysticism, received a crushing blow through the destruction of the Serapeum in 391 A.D. Its teachings were, nevertheless, propagated far and wide; those who inculcated them still led the van; and Byzantium received many of the scattered elements of Græco-Egyptian culture. Alchemistic principles especially flourished rankly within the congenial precincts of New Rome. They enlisted many adherents and

* E. von Meyer, 'A History of Chemistry,' third English edition, p. 35.

encountered few opponents, their truth being (it would seem) tacitly admitted even by those who sought no profit from their momentous consequences. After the Hegira, the Arabs seized the sceptre of learning, and Bagdad far and away outbid Byzantium. The followers of the Prophet, no less keen for knowledge than for conquest, assimilated indiscriminately everything cognisable by the mind of man that came in their way, and hurried down blind alleys as eagerly as along open roads. They made ideal adepts, and carried acquaintance with the wonder-working *Magisterium* with them to Spain, whence it spread to the courts, universities, monasteries, and market-places of medieval Europe. The visions of perennial wealth and health which it engendered kindled the imaginations of the ignorant; they admirably served the purposes of the diversified brood of mystery-mongers; kings and princes hoped to raise revenues *ad libitum* through the metamorphic action of their croslets and alembics; and the possibility of so doing received the sanction of the highest intellects. All the known analogies of nature seemed, five or six centuries ago, to justify the conviction that metals were transformable. It ran counter to no ascertained or imaginable law of nature; it rested upon no extravagant assumptions. The sought-for changes, looked at dispassionately, might be thought easier of realisation than the processes of reduction, by which lumps of stone and clay assumed the properties of iron, copper, or mercury. Plausible in itself, alchemistic doctrine was further recommended by a choir of consonant authorities. Antiquity almost unanimously enforced it; Eastern sages, profoundly versed in the arcana of nature and art, were said to have adopted it; and the spurious character of the evidence alleged in its support was a matter of indifference in that uncritical age. Authentic or apocryphal, the names and maxims arrayed in favour of the spagyric philosophy availed equally to silence doubts. Very few expressed any. One of the rare sceptics on the subject, however, was the actual Raymond Lully, a Spanish monk stoned to death by the Moors of Africa in 1315, some three lustres before the date of the alchemistic writings attributed to him. Yet nearly all his eminent contemporaries and predecessors took an opposite view. The noble figures of Albert the Great and of St. Thomas Aquinas tower above the ranks of the Dominicans in the thirteenth century, and both admitted without hesitation the asserted facts of transmutation. Roger Bacon passed for an adept; but popular fancy ascribed to him many faculties never owned by him, and his metallurgic power, too, is perhaps legendary. However this may be, he thought it worth while to discuss, in a special

treatise, designated 'Speculum Alchimiae' * the fabrication and properties of the 'citrine body,' called by others the 'philo-'sophers' stone,' or 'grand *magisterium*.' He did not minimise its marvels. It had efficacy, in his opinion, not only to transform into gold one million times its own weight of base metal, but also, if administered in the form of a drug, to prolong human life. Nor was he exceptionally sanguine. Votaries were to be found, more enthusiastic or more deeply initiated, who taught that the elixir could impart as well as lengthen life.

Despite this riot of unreason, knowledge intermittently advanced. Valuable items of information presented themselves unsought, and chemistry began dimly to shape itself in the foggy atmosphere of occult persuasions. Alcohol was distilled; acquaintance was made with the uses and peculiarities of metallic zinc, arsenic, and antimony; corrosive sublimate, red precipitate, oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), and aqua fortis (nitric acid), took their places in the laboratory; while the resources of the pharmacopœia were, from many quarters, materially enlarged. The apportionment of credit, however, for these sundry inventions is impossible. Evasive or misleading records completely shroud their origin. Medieval discoverers, far from putting forward eager claims to priority in their innovations, sought to give them *éclat* by passing them off as antique. Enveloping them in the glamour of an established reputation, they fired their darts, so to speak, from under the shield of some Ajax of their choice. The early stages of chemical history hence evade exact inquiry.

The circumstance is singular and characteristic that the two latest masters in alchemy, like the majority of their far-off precursors, were elaborate impostures. Abu Musa Djabir ben Haijan, currently known as Geber, had a position assigned to him in hermetic science not inferior to that rightly occupied by Hipparchus in the history of astronomy. His writings were regarded as canonical; his decisions as indisputable. Rhazés and Avicenna designated him *magister magistrorum*; Cardan extolled him as one of the twelve greatest geniuses the world had seen, and he even now enjoys a certain nebulous fame. Yet his personality was never quite clearly defined. According to Abulfeda, an Arab geographer of the fourteenth century, he was a native of Harar in Mesopotamia; his birthplace is elsewhere located in Khorassan; Leo Africanus asserted him to have been a renegade Greek. He is variously spoken of as a Syrian disciple of Khaled, as an Indian prince, and as having

* H. Kopp, 'Die Alchemie,' &c., p. 23.

died at Seville in the year 765. An astronomer of the same name, who genuinely flourished in Spain during the twelfth century, has frequently been confounded with him, and he has been credited with the invention of algebra. Nothing is certain except the spuriousness of the numerous tracts and essays circulated under his name. This has been proved by M. Berthelot from the most convincing internal evidence.* By a sort of regenerative process, the works and their imaginary author acquired secular renown. They mutually reinforced one another's prestige; for the accumulated productions of successive forgers had at least merit enough to add continually to the wonder that a single man should have been at once so profuse and so profound. This structure of falsehood has, indeed, a nucleus of truth. M. Berthelot, at any rate, believes that he can recognise such a nucleus in some Arabic manuscripts preserved in the public libraries of Paris and Leyden. They are sufficiently primitive in purport to have been composed in the eighth century; their style is of the mystical kind proper to occultists; they lay stress on the planetary relationships of metals, and, in fact, show no appreciable deviation from the Byzantine standpoint. They might then very well have been indited by a real though insignificant Geber, amplified by subsequent accretions to the imposing dimensions of the author of the 'Summa Perfectionis.' Basilius Valentinus, on the other hand, the final product of the alchemistic tradition, appears to have been a pure and gratuitous invention. The successful exertion of the mythopœic faculty by which he came into being took effect in the full daylight of the seventeenth century. He was stated to have been born in the Upper Rhenish provinces late in the fourteenth century, to have travelled long in Spain, England, and the Low Countries, and to have ultimately entered a Benedictine convent somewhere in Germany. His rumoured learning excited the curiosity of the Emperor Maximilian, who vainly attempted to localise his retreat. It was only after a hundred years had passed that the obscurity seemed to dissipate. A certain Johannes Thölde published at Frankenhausen, early in the seventeenth century, a collection of works by the author, or authors, styled Basilius Valentinus. They were remarkable enough to justify his high reputation. They showed him to have possessed great technical skill; they completed the theory of the composition of metals by adding 'salt' (any principle of solidification) to the mercury and sulphur previously admitted as their ingredients; while a tract entitled 'The Triumphal

* La Chimie au Moyen-âge, t. i. p. 231.

'Car of Antimony' described several preparations of that metal clearly intended for internal use. These recipes are considered to have paved the way for the advent of true medicinal chemistry.* Even about the philosophers' stone he was comparatively explicit, and his dicta were received as oracles. Yet their connexion with Basilius Valentinus appeared to many uncertain. Whence, it might be asked, did the manuscripts edited by Thölde come from? The question was answered in a singular fashion. Towards the middle of the century, stories coming from nowhere in particular began to be circulated to the effect that the doubtful writings had been found, according to one version, under the high altar of the Benedictine convent at Erfurt, according to another, inside one of its columns, which a flash of lightning had split open. Then, in 1675, J. M. Gudenus announced, as the upshot of inquiries made on the spot, that Basilius Valentinus, the champion of antimony, and the inventor of the trinal constitution of matter, had worn the cowl at Erfurt in 1413, and had there surreptitiously bequeathed his mysterious fame to posterity. There is little doubt that he was mistaken; but the solution of the problem offered by identifying Johannes Thölde with Basilius Valentinus is not the most probable. The supposition of multiple authorship is to be preferred. Thölde, one may believe, collected scattered writings already partially known. He gave, in a manner, epic importance to detached lays.

They could scarcely have been known, except by report, to John Dee of Mortlake, crystal-gazer and alchemist. Deluded himself, and the cause of manifold delusions to others, he submerged his originally fine faculties in a quagmire of baneful figments. Queen Elizabeth wished to make him a bishop, and invoked his aid to avert harmful effects from malicious injury done with a pin to a waxen image of her royal person, found in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1577. The appearance, about the same time, of a great comet further excited her alarm; which having allayed, he travelled abroad in quest of remedies for her toothache and rheumatic pains. Later he became the dupe of Edward Kelley, a clever knave, who served as his spiritualistic medium and alchemistic instructor. Their joint gold-making career was not wholly unprosperous. Albert Laski, a credulous and impecunious foreign prince, hoped to retrieve his broken fortunes through the medium of the philosophers' stone. Leicester introduced him in 1583 to Dee, who entertained him at Mortlake at the Queen's expense, convinced him of his recondite

* E. von Meyer, 'History of Chemistry,' p. 36.

powers, and at his request followed him, in the company of Kelley, to the castle of Laskoe, near Cracow. There they wasted costly materials until their host, at the end of his resources and of his patience, despatched them to Prague. Expelled thence as sorcerers, and refused admittance to Erfurt, they were assigned by Count Rosenberg in 1586 a stately residence at Tribau in Bohemia. Dee's globe of smoky glass and mirror of cannel coal were now again in requisition for the purposes of spiritualistic evocations, and Kelley, having transmuted into gold a section of a warming-pan, sent it in triumph to Queen Elizabeth; while Arthur Dee and young Rosenberg played at quoits (we are told) with pieces of gold and silver made by projection. The reputed source of this Lydian opulence was a considerable stock, discovered by Kelley amid the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, of the 'stone of the wise.' But the partners inevitably fell out. Kelley, who in his golden days had been knighted, it is believed, by the Emperor, was subsequently thrown into prison at Prague, and perished in attempting to escape in 1595. Dee returned in 1589 to England, destitute of his fairy wealth, and lacking the means to produce more. He, however, still enjoyed royal favour; pensions and preferments relieved his immediate wants, and he was appointed warden of Manchester College in 1595. He resigned the post in 1604, and died four years later in extreme penury. A half-convinced charlatan, he was the victim and the plaything of the malign influences to which he surrendered himself.

Henricus Cornelius Agrippa (1486 to 1535) and Aureolus Philippus Theophrastus, commonly called Paracelsus, were both pupils in chemistry of Trithemius, Abbot of Spannheim, and were held to compete, on equal terms, for the honourable title of Trismegistus *redivivus*. Eliphas Lévi remarked of Paracelsus that he had 'divined more than any one 'without ever completely understanding anything.' * The facts of his life are vaguely known, having been thickly overlaid with embellishing legends. It is, nevertheless, fairly certain that he was born at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, in 1493, as the only child of a well-thought-of physician in orthodox practice. His son was of a different stamp. Attracted in boyhood by the phantasmagoria of learning, he studied alchemy in the works of Isaac the Hollander, and imbibed from them the doctrine of the elemental triad of mercury, sulphur, and salt, which he subsequently diffused and recommended.

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* Histoire de la Magie, livre v. ch. 5. Quoted by A. E. Waite, preface to 'The Hermetic Writings of Paracelsus, 1894.'

He entered the University of Basle at the age of sixteen. His studies were desultory, if occasionally intense. But a cap-and-gown life was not for him, he had the 'hungry heart' of the born traveller, and in 1516 he set out to tramp the 'open road' that has many turnings, but no terminus. Supporting himself as he went along by casting horoscopes, fortune-telling, cheiromancy, and the like, he left no European country unvisited. Not even Russia, whence he was fabled to have reached the court of the Great Cham, and to have attended the son of that shadowy potentate on an embassy to Constantinople. There he acquired, if rumour spoke truly, the secret of the 'double tincture,' capable both of lengthening life and of ennobling metals; and a wandering Arab made him acquainted with the mysterious 'alcahest,' or universal solvent. He learned also the virtues of laudanum, and soon afterwards began to effect cures the fame of which preceded him as he strolled homeward, and secured for him, in 1526, the chair of physics and surgery in his old university. Professorial dignity, however, was much to seek in his behaviour. He quarrelled with the municipal authorities, or they with him; insulted his colleagues, mystified his audiences, and incurred obloquy by his extravagant self-laudations. Decried as a quack, and baited by numerous enemies, he withdrew at the end of a year from an impossible position, and resumed vagrancy in his multiple capacity of theosophist, faith-healer, conjurer, physician, and seer. He died on September 24, 1541, at the Inn of the White Horse in Salzburg, and was buried under the porch of the church of St. Sebastian. The tale of his assassination by rival practitioners was set going by Von Sömmering's discovery in 1815 of a fissure in his exhumed skull, produced, quite probably and harmlessly, by a chance stroke of the gravedigger's spade.* His 'long sword' became legendary. Its pommel, he himself asserted, lodged his familiar spirit, and this was interpreted to mean that it contained some portion of the 'Azoth,' or elixir (perhaps opium in some shape), which he used as a remedy for disease. The crude popular impression in the matter was conveyed by Samuel Butler's quatrain:

> Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
> Shut in the pommel of his sword,
> That taught him all the cunning pranks
> Of past and future mountebanks.
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> *Hudibras*, Part II. canto 3.

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* See 'Theophrastus Paracelsus. Eine kritische Studie.' Von Friedrich Mook, 1876; and 'Paracelsus-Forschungen.' Von E. Schubert und Karl Sudhoff, 1889.

Yet he had real genius. His 'bald pate,' he truly said, sheltered thoughts that had not dawned upon Avicenna, or permeated the universities. They were, indeed, mostly fantastic, those thoughts of his, but they were often profound. A man of science was disguised in the bedizenments of wild folly that he at times deliberately put on. He attached to himself followers, such as Benedictus Figulus, who discerned his 'searching and impetuous soul,' and if he contemned the would-be wise, he was liberal to the needs of the poor. His portrait bears the inscription composed by himself:

Alterius ne sit, qui suus esse potest.

He was incidentally, not exclusively, an alchemist. Therapeutic chemistry ranked higher in his esteem than metallurgic chemistry. Yet the creed of the adepts continued to be held widely and long. Robert Boyle, one of the chief ornaments of the Royal Society, firmly adhered to it; so did Glauber, Kunkel, Stahl, the prophet of phlogiston, and Boerhaave, eminent at the University of Leyden in the eighteenth century. Helvetius and Van Helmont fell abjectly into the trap of the delusion. Each in turn received from an unknown hand a specimen of the philosophers' stone, and each in turn verified (as he supposed) its supramundane power for the aurification of mercury or lead. Even the great Tycho Brahe had a narrow escape. It needed the celestial summons of the new star of 1572 to rescue him from the hermetic slough. Many German princes, too, favoured the 'Divine art.' Rudolph II. was styled the German Trismegistus; John the Alchemist, Burggrave of Nuremberg, practised it in person; Augustus I., Elector of Saxony, and his consort Anna of Denmark, explored its mysteries in gorgeous laboratories. Later it fell into disrepute. Its votaries foregathered with the brethren of the Rosy Cross, and many of them trod devious and dangerous ways. Some came to tragical ends. Alexander Seton, author of 'Novum Lumen Chemicum,' was, with futile cruelty, tortured to death at Dresden in 1603, in the hope of wringing from him a golden secret which he bequeathed, probably in good faith, to his Polish protector, Michael Sendivogius.* He had a fellow-sufferer, after the lapse of a century, in the Neapolitan adept Caetano, surnamed the 'Conte Ruggiero,' who was hanged at Berlin in 1709 on a gallows glittering, by a grim mockery, with gold tinsel. Finally, there was the strange and piteous case of James Price. He was a man of

* A. E. Waite, 'A Golden and Blessed Casket of Nature's Marvels,' by Benedictus Figulus, Preface to English translation.

fortune, learning, and honour; the University of Oxford conferred upon him, in 1782, a degree of M.D. expressly for his 'chemical labours,' and he was a distinguished member of the Royal Society. Unfortunately, however, he followed the chimæra of transmutation, and described in a book, which was a nine days' wonder to the gaping world, his successful experiments with the white and the red tinctures for converting mercury into silver and gold respectively. Challenged to repeat them by the Royal Society, he failed to do so, and having swallowed a tumbler full of laurel-water, he died in the presence of the three delegates of that body, in August 1783.* There is little or no doubt that his brain had given way, and that he was the victim, either of his own delusions or of others' fraud. Yet the *auri sacra fames* was not sated. Frederick the Great, thinking to emulate Crœsus, at one time kept a lady alchemist, Frau von Pfuel, busy with powders and fluxes at Potsdam. And the Hermetic Society, founded in 1796 by two Westphalian physicians of consideration, published its transactions and avowed its purposes in the respectable columns of the 'Deutscher 'Reichsanzeiger.'

That a cloudy intuition of truth was interwoven with this protracted history of folly and fraud we now at last know, although most imperfectly. The discovery of radio-active transformations is of yesterday. It dates essentially from the joint investigations in 1903 of Professors Rutherford and Soddy, at the McGill University, Toronto, on the 'emanation' of thorium, and expressly from June 7 of that year, when Sir William Crookes, in an address delivered at Berlin, gave vivid expression to his doubts as to 'the permanent stability of matter.' This is only the beginning; the end is not yet in view. A new road has been projected; but the engineering difficulties are numerous and formidable. To overcome them will be the great scientific work of the twentieth century.

The fundamental postulate of ancient and medieval alchemy was that metals are chemical compounds. It was not an extravagant belief; the facts of technical experience accorded with it; its truth appeared incontestable until Lavoisier published, in 1787, his 'Méthode de Nomenclature Chimique.' A treatise on metallic dissociation was accordingly adjudged a prize by the Copenhagen Academy of Sciences in 1780, and G. G. Kästner, professor of chemistry at the University of Heidelberg, ignorant or negligent of Lavoisier's work, suggested in 1806 the feasibility of fabricating quicksilver out of phosphorus and char-

* Dictionary of National Biography, vol. xlvi. p. 328.

coal.* The integrity of the atom, on the other hand, is the most essential principle of modern chemistry, and metals are distinctively 'elementary' in the nineteenth-century sense. That is to say, they are indecomposable by force or skill. Their atoms are veritable chemical units. Yet they have long been suspected to be physically divisible under conditions different from the ordinary. They show wide diversities in weight, the lead-atom, for instance, being nearly thirty times heavier than the lithium atom. Moreover, the atomic weights, to the number of nearly eighty, fall into related series, intimating the action, it is thought, of some law by which indefinitely small particles have variously collected into connected systems. The subtlety and sensitiveness, too, of luminous vibrations, together with the manifold intricacies of spectral effects, lent countenance to the opinion that atoms might be elaborate pieces of mechanism, their parts being probably in rapid motion. The paradoxical hypothesis that atoms have parts has now become a recognised truth of science. They are complex aggregates, and the aggregates are liable to go to pieces. This is the secret of radio-activity. This was the meaning of the actinic effects, due to some effluvium from a salt of uranium, detected by M. Henri Becquerel in 1896. They implicitly announced what was little short of a scientific revolution.

How far it will be carried none can foretell. As yet we have learned little more than that some or all of the various forms of matter spontaneously decay, and give rise, in decaying, to other forms. The three heaviest metals, uranium, thorium, and radium, are the most conspicuous possessors of these extraordinary properties. Their intimate structure is such as to render them unstable. Each of their atoms is the seat of eventually self-destructive activities. True, their waste, although unceasing, is excessively slow. Radium, the shortest-lived of the trio, needs about 1,300 years, Professor Rutherford calculates,† to become half disintegrated, while 30,000 must elapse before the earth's present stock is virtually exhausted. Something will, indeed, be left; but it will not be radium. Perhaps the residuum will prove to be lead. Indications have been gathered that radium is compounded, in a transcendental manner, of helium and lead. Helium unquestionably escapes at each stage of its decay, and the conjecture is plausible that, after the fifth and last emission of helium-particles, lead remains as a *caput mortuum*.

Nor is radium itself believed to be an aboriginal substance.

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* E. Schultze, 'Das Letzte Aufflackern der Alchemie,' p. 42.

† Radio-Active Transformations, p. 176.

For unless there were a continuous source of supply, the stock would evidently have long ago become exhausted. What perishes day by day must day by day be renewed, and the renewal is, in this case, apparently effected by the exorbitantly slow transformation of uranium. The grounds for this view are: First, that the two metals never occur separately, uranium always holding a percentage of radium; secondly, that this percentage has a constant value. Its invariability clearly results from the establishment of an equilibrium between production and waste. Radium is scarce, because it is quickly dissipated. It bears within itself the seeds of destruction. Solid in appearance, it is in reality more unstable than the thinnest air. Even the substantial preservation of its materials is open to doubt. In other words, there is some probability that many of the particles flung out from its disrupted atoms cease to be matter as ordinarily understood.

The principle of the conservation of mass was heretofore regarded as the corner-stone of the chemical edifice. It assumed matter to be indestructible, and indestructible it surely is by the time-honoured methods of the laboratory. Decomposition and recomposition, solution and precipitation, fractionation, distillation, calcination, leave mass exactly what it was before. Gravity is unalterable so long as the atom remains intact. But the break-up of the atom in radio-active processes lands us on a totally different plane of inquiry. Atoms are composed of 'electrons' or unit-particles of electricity, linked together by forces of tremendous power. When the infinitesimally small, though highly intricate, systems thus formed undergo collapse through some innate defect of stability, a readjustment ensues. Some of their component electrons issue freely into the ambient ether; others group themselves anew into atoms of less heavy metals; others again into helium-atoms. But the total resulting atomic weight must be less than the weight of the original, undecomposed atom, in consequence of the subtraction of escaped electrons. Whether or no electrons gravitate is a moot point. They possess inertia; yet appear to lie outside the domain of the great universal force. In shaking off atomic bonds they would then cease to gravitate, and mass would be, *pro tanto*, diminished.* On the contrary supposition, there should be a loss, not of absolute, but of measurable mass; for electrons, once set at large, are not easily recaptured.

These still obscure, though significant possibilities illustrate the radical change in the views of physicists brought to pass by

* E. Rutherford, 'Radio-Activity,' second edition, p. 336.

the investigation of radio-activity. Once more, as of old, the framework of nature has come to appear plastic. Once more we are confronted with the quintessential community of material things. We discern them as built up variously out of the same sub-elemental stuff, which, like the *materia prima* of the ancients, is subtilised to the verge of evanescence. What we call electrons, in short, our scientific ancestors designated 'protyle' conceived of as 'potentially all things, and actually 'nothing.' * Modern protyle has, however, been captured, and can be generated at will by the agency of electricity. No longer a metaphysical abstraction, it advances definite claims to a concrete if incomprehensible existence.

Elemental evolution, in its only cognisable form, inverts the course of organic evolution. For an ascent from homogeneity towards heterogeneity, it substitutes progress by degradation. Complex atoms are continually getting reduced to a more simple state through the shedding of their component electrons. Moreover, the shed electrons for the most part reconstitute themselves into systems, and enter upon independent atomic careers. That is to say, there result, as the permanent products of radio-active change, a metal of inferior atomic weight to the metal partially decomposed, and a gas. Now the gas has been identified by its spectrum as helium, so named by Sir Norman Lockyer in 1869, because of its abundant presence near the sun. Until 1895, when Sir William Ramsay made its hiding-place in clevite too hot to hold it, this singular substance was a mere cosmic acquaintance. The twelve years since elapsed, however, have sufficed to make its properties familiar. They are chiefly negative. It has no chemical affinities; a 'rogue' element, it exists in isolation or imprisonment; it only slightly refracts light; it is electrically neutral; it remains obstinately aeriform at temperatures much below the boiling-point of hydrogen. Although of extreme terrestrial scarcity, its effusion is an unfailing concomitant of atomic decay, and from radium in particular, has been proved to go on without let or hindrance. The atoms of helium are thus framed under our eyes. We can watch an element in the making. But the process is usually far more leisurely. The evolution of metals is largely a matter of inference. It goes forward too slowly to be directly observable. To this rule there is, we admit, one exception. The degradation of uranium into radium has become perceptible even within the brief span of recent experimental inquiry.

For the rest there is room and to spare for speculation. The

* Fowler's 'Novum Organum,' p. 339, note 13.

metals are very curiously interrelated, both in their qualities and in their distribution. Some occur in almost inseparable companionship. Among these cognate couples are silver and lead. In Mr. Donald Murray's words: 'A lead mine is a silver 'mine, and a silver mine is a lead mine all the world over, and 'yet the chemical attraction between silver and lead is slight, 'and the two metals are not sufficiently common to concur by 'chance.'* The inference was irresistible, and has been reached by others, that silver is a disintegration product of lead. And it is interesting to remember that lead, until superseded by mercury, was accounted in alchemistic theory the 'mother of 'metals.' Now the persuasion is gaining ground that the supplies of the various elements existing in the earth are regulated by the proportion between their rates of developement and dissolution. Elemental distribution does not show the extreme inequalities which would stamp it as the outcome of chance. The approximate constancy in the quantities present in all quarters of the globe of such rare metals as gold, platinum, thallium, indium, gallium, and so on, appears to intimate the working of a genetic law. It suggests that they are, in Professor Soddy's phrase, at once offspring and parent elements; † that they are derived from substances more highly elaborated; that they give rise, as they in turn spontaneously decompose, to others less complex, the relative speed of these ineffably slow alterations determining the amount of each product found in the earth at a given time. This remarkable hypothesis may be verified, according to Professor Soddy's anticipation, by the discovery of occluded helium in antique gold.

Thus physical science in the twentieth century has been strangely led to reoccupy some of the abandoned strongholds of the discredited horde of alchemists. We can see now that they were groping towards half-truths. And their instinct in selecting lead and mercury as initial forms of matter was so far right that both have atomic weights higher than those of gold and silver. But they erred hopelessly in pitting their feeble artifices against the imperturbable stability, measured on our time scale, of the created world. Irretrievable disaster and delusion could not but ensue from their attempts to control the uncontrollable, and to exploit inaccessible treasure stores. We know better. Radio-activity is the least manageable of natural processes. It will not be interfered with. We can only look on in wonder while it deploys its irresistible unknown forces. They reveal latent possibilities of mechanical power

* Nature, vol. lxxiii. p. 125. † *Ibid.* p. 151.

fabulous in amount, and within, it might be said, a hand's breadth of being industrially available; yet we are precluded from their employment. Base metals, we suspect with reason, are continually becoming ennobled; but the gates of the half-seen Eldorado remain closed. Will they remain closed forever? That is an unread enigma. Should human ingenuity find means, in the future, to fling them wide, the newer alchemy will far outbid the promises of the old, and will cap its illusory performances with as yet unimaginable realities. Their accomplishment, however, will consist not in the lavish production of silver and gold, but in the subjugation of the untold energy accumulated at the beginning of the world in complex atomic systems. Nature here sits entrenched in her last fastness. The more sanguine among us anticipate its reduction. Others believe it to be impregnable. The forces that hold it will certainly not capitulate soon or easily. The siege must be prolonged and difficult; the issue is doubtful.

ART. III.—EGYPT: THE OLD PROBLEM AND THE NEW.

1. *England in Egypt.* By Viscount Milner, G.C.B. Eleventh Edition. London, 1904.
2. *The Making of Modern Egypt.* By Sir Auckland Colvin, K.C.S.I. London, 1906.
3. *Atrocities of Justice under British Rule in Egypt.* By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. London, 1906.
4. *Correspondence respecting the Turco-Egyptian Frontier in the Sinai Peninsula.* Egypt, No. 2 (1906).
5. *Correspondence respecting the Attack on British Officers at Denshawai.* Egypt, No. 3 (1906).
6. *Further Paper respecting the Attack on British Officers at Denshawai.* Egypt, No. 4 (1906).

During the past twelve months the affairs of Egypt have attracted more attention amongst the public in this country than has been the case of late years. The dispute between Turkey and Egypt as to the position of the frontier dividing the two countries, and the claim of the former to re-enter into possession of the Sinai Peninsula and establish herself in dangerous proximity to the Suez Canal, threatened at one moment to cause serious complications. After protracted diplomatic negotiations, a very stiff attitude, amounting almost to the presentation of an ultimatum, was required on the part of England before the Turkish pretensions were finally withdrawn and the demarcation of a satisfactory frontier assured. At the moment when the difference was at its height, the British public learnt with considerable alarm that symptoms of unrest had begun to manifest themselves amongst the Mohammedan population of Egypt and that it was necessary to reinforce the British garrison without delay. The troops sent in consequence of this decision had not been in the country more than three weeks when the Denshawai incident occurred. Five British officers in uniform, while shooting pigeons at a village near Tantah, the largest town in the Delta, were attacked by the villagers and very severely handled, one officer dying of his injuries and two others being badly hurt. It is not surprising that this sequence of events caused a general impression that the internal condition of affairs in Egypt was not so satisfactory as had been supposed or as might reasonably be expected after the labours and sacrifices of the last twenty-three years.

The occasion was not one to be lost by the opponents of the existing order of things. A noisy band of critics proclaimed in no measured terms that there was something rotten in the state of Egypt and that the Egyptians were once more fulfilling their historic destiny of being ground beneath the heel of the oppressor—in the present case, Lord Cromer. In Parliament the cause was championed by Mr. Robertson and a few others of the extreme left, who by the violence of their language and the inaccuracy of their statements lost what chance they might have had of converting to their views the more impressionable members of their party. The view of the Egyptian 'patriots' was voiced by their leader, Moustapha Kamel Pasha, who made a special pilgrimage to London for that purpose. We are not here concerned with this gentleman's antecedents or the motives by which his 'patriotism' is actuated, but we may observe that neither the one nor the other is of a nature to edify the ill-informed but well-intentioned sympathisers who gave encouragement to his so-called mission. As for Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's pamphlet, we should not, in view of the prejudice with which he regards the actions of his countrymen in foreign lands, have thought it necessary to draw attention to this unmannerly personal attack on a great public servant, had it not been that it affords a further illustration of the fact that these recent criticisms and complaints are founded upon the assumption that Lord Cromer is an autocrat who rules the Egyptians with a rod of iron.

This is certainly not the view of the great majority of Lord Cromer's countrymen, but an impression nearly as erroneous is very generally entertained, namely that the system of government in Egypt is a benevolent despotism of which Lord Cromer is the presiding genius. The essential characteristic of a despot is the possession of absolute power unaccompanied by defined and accepted responsibility for his actions. It would be difficult to find a more inaccurate description of the place filled by the British Consul-General in Cairo. In view of these misapprehensions some account of the real position which Lord Cromer occupies and of the constitutional guarantees possessed by the Egyptian people against arbitrary rule may usefully precede an examination of the problems which are to-day awaiting solution in that country.

In the first place, the British representative is, of course, responsible to the British Government, and ultimately to the nation, for the execution of the high functions with which he has been entrusted. In these days of free discussion in Parliament and the press, this responsibility is no mere figure of speech,

and the close scrutiny applied to the minutest details of the Denshawai affair is a sufficient proof that the British public has no intention of taking anything on trust. The influence which Lord Cromer justly exercises in matters Egyptian upon his master, the British Government, and upon his fellow-countrymen in general, has been honourably earned by many years of arduous service in one of the most difficult and responsible posts in the Empire, but, however splendid his record, it does not, and should not, absolve him from the necessity of rendering a constant account of his stewardship. Again, in the daily conduct of the business of government in Cairo, the British Consul-General must discuss all matters of importance with the Khedive and his ministers and with the chief English officials. It is by methods of persuasion and conciliation that he is able to effect his purpose, and any attempt to drive the coach along by brute force would, as no one knows better than Lord Cromer himself, only end in failure. If, as generally happens, Lord Cromer's views prevail, this is merely a tribute to the fact that past experience has inspired both natives and English with full confidence in his judgment and wisdom. Further, there is no country where there are greater legal obstacles to the exercise of arbitrary power than Egypt. In addition to the protection afforded by the independence of the judiciary, which is surrounded by the guarantees customary in all civilised communities, restrictions and disabilities imposed by international arrangements would hamper the action of a so-called despot at every turn.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the Egyptian people enjoy certain political rights in virtue of the constitution devised by the late Lord Dufferin in 1883. In the discussions on the subject which take place from time to time in this country, the fact that the Egyptians have, as a consequence of the occupation, been endowed with representative institutions is often ignored. It is assumed as an axiom that the great mass of the population have no say in the manner in which they are governed, and the argument proceeds from this incorrect premise. As a matter of fact, the Egyptian constitution comprises a Legislative Council and a General Assembly. The former consists of sixteen elected members in addition to twelve nominated by the Khedive; the latter is composed of the ministers, the twenty-eight members of the Legislative Council, and about forty-six elected deputies representing the provinces and principal towns. The Legislative Council meets at frequent intervals and no law or decree involving administrative changes can be promulgated or acquire legal

force until submitted for its consideration. The Council possesses full liberty of discussion in regard to the laws brought before it, and may propose amendments which the Government, after stating their reasons, are at liberty to reject. The annual Budget is also submitted to the Council, which has the right to criticise it freely, except where international obligations are involved.

The General Assembly meets less often, but must be convoked at least once every two years for the consideration of large schemes of interest to the whole country brought before it by the Government. The fact that its assent is necessary to any measure involving the imposition of fresh taxation confers upon it one very considerable power. The opportunities of exercising this right have hitherto been extremely rare, as the fiscal policy adopted since the British occupation has been directed to reducing and abolishing old taxes rather than creating new ones. Nevertheless, in 1899 the proposals of the Government for the reassessment of the land tax, a measure which affected the private interests of every landowner in the country, and again in 1902 the imposition of an additional charge upon the lands benefiting by the construction of the Assouan reservoir, were, after being modified in accordance with its views, unanimously approved by the General Assembly. The Egyptian people are, then, already possessed of the constitutional right, for which England struggled for many generations, that no new taxes can be imposed without the assent of the governed given through their duly elected representatives.

Nor must it be supposed that the consultative functions of the Legislative Council do not exercise considerable influence upon the trend of legislation, besides affording a useful safety-valve for the ventilation of the wishes and grievances of the population. No important measure of domestic reform has been passed of late years without having been subjected to thorough discussion in the Legislative Council or having undergone material modifications in consequence of that discussion. It may, indeed, be said without fear of contradiction that the Egyptian Government have always shown themselves exceedingly loath to override the wishes of the Council and exercise their right to reject amendments. In addition to these two central bodies, there are also elective councils, one for each province, and elective municipalities in the larger country towns, all with certain defined powers and responsibilities in regard to local matters. It cannot, therefore, be alleged that the desirability of educating the Egyptian in the elements of self-government has been overlooked, or that the institutions with which he has been endowed are not as liberal as is compatible with the standard of civilisation at present attained.

The theory that an autocratic system of government exists in Egypt having thus been disproved, some other explanation is required of the reason why the situation has become more acute after a long period of quiescence and as to the cause of the rumours of unrest and discontent which have lately been rife. A comparison of the conditions of to-day with those that prevailed at the commencement of the occupation will, we think, show that the problem to be solved has greatly changed its character. The programme of reforms undertaken in 1883 is, doubtless, unfinished, and there are many political and administrative questions still outstanding, but the main issues to which attention must now be paid differ from those formerly presented not merely in degree but in kind. Latterly the situation has been imperceptibly changing and it is just beginning to be seen that we are face to face with a new problem in Egypt, a problem which is accompanied by new difficulties and which may require a new method of treatment. The transition from the one phase to the other has, of course, been gradual, like all movements due to the operation of natural causes, and it is not possible to lay down an exact date when the first period ended and the second began. The best landmark that can be suggested is the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement concerning Egypt and Morocco in 1904, for that instrument happily determined the greatest of our original Egyptian difficulties and left the field open to the play of new and more recondite forces.

The moment appears, then, opportune to take stock of the situation, to survey briefly what has already been accomplished, to discuss the more salient features of the present state of affairs, and to see what light the experience of the past can throw on the new questions which are now coming into prominence.

The story of the regeneration of Egypt under the master-hand of Lord Cromer has been often told and forms the subject of a considerable mass of literature, beginning with Lord Milner's standard work 'England in Egypt,' first published in 1892, and ending with the admirable account of the making of modern Egypt by Sir Auckland Colvin, Egypt's first financial adviser. We do not propose here to tell that story over again or to attempt to enumerate the facts which testify to the success of Great Britain's work. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to indicate the main diseases from which the Egyptian body politic suffered in 1883, the remedies applied, and the result of twenty-one years of the treatment.

At the time when Lord Cromer, then Sir Evelyn Baring, entered upon his long and laborious task, four questions of the

first importance forced themselves upon his attention. The most urgent was the fruit of the financial follies and ruinous extravagance of the former Khedive Ismaïl, which had reduced the country to the verge of bankruptcy. A foreign debt out of all proportion to the national resources, an empty treasury, a population taxed almost beyond endurance, an universal clamour for increased expenditure on urgent and indispensable reforms, these were the chief features of the financial situation. Secondly, the machine of government had fallen to pieces and chaos reigned in every department. The authority and prestige of the Khedive, which was the mainspring of the old administrative system, had temporarily vanished and there was no outward and visible sign to replace it in the eyes of the people. The native tribunals, recently organised under Lord Dufferin's scheme, were inexperienced and the system of criminal procedure adopted was far too elaborate for the requirements of the country. The paralysis of the old authority which had succeeded in maintaining order, though its methods were abusive, and the inadequacy of the new affected very adversely the state of public security in the provinces and culminated in 1885 in a severe outbreak of brigandage. The army had been disbanded after the suppression of the rebellion, the police force was disorganised and quite inefficient, and the irrigation service upon which the daily life of the country depended was defective in system and corrupt in practice.

A third complication arose out of the international system which had established itself in Egypt in a far more acute form than elsewhere in the Ottoman dominions. The powers of the Egyptian Government over resident foreigners in regard to taxation and civil and criminal jurisdiction were restricted within very narrow limits by virtue of the Turkish conventions with the Powers of Europe known as the Capitulations. The local authorities had no right to arrest, imprison or punish a foreign criminal, such matters being of the exclusive competence of his own consul. No direct tax could be imposed on a foreign merchant or householder without the previous consent of his Government. Further, the financial administration of the country was regulated by a tangled mass of international agreements, the combined product of the many settlements of the Egyptian Debt which preceded the period of the occupation. It would be a waste of time to explain all the complicated and vexatious stipulations which have now happily disappeared, and it is sufficient here to point out that almost any financial legislation was certain to conflict with arrangements which could not be changed without the assent of all the Great Powers of Europe.

The last and blackest cloud that overshadowed the horizon was the dervish rising in the Soudan. The courageous and fanatical followers of the Mahdi, by the extermination of the disorganised rabble sent against them under General Hicks and by their victories over the Egyptian troops near Suakin, became masters of those distant provinces within a month or two of Lord Cromer's arrival in Cairo. Flushed with success, they were busily engaged in reducing one by one the Egyptian garrisons that still held out, massacring their gallant defenders without mercy, and there seemed every prospect that the invasion would spread to Egypt proper. The newly created Egyptian army was still undisciplined and untried, and, with the exception of the British garrison, there were no troops in the country capable of taking either offensive or defensive operations against the forces of the false prophet.

The outlook was sufficiently gloomy, but matters were further complicated by the presence of special and peculiar obstacles, of which the first and greatest was due to the provisional character of the occupation. Though no precise date was ever fixed, it was understood that the British troops were to leave the country as soon as order was restored. The prospect of this contingency had, throughout the course of the earlier years, a paralysing effect upon the introduction of serious reforms into the administration. What was the use of planning and erecting an elaborate structure if it were destined to crumble to pieces within a short time? In such a case it was more practical to patch up temporarily the old building and make it as habitable as possible. Hence the first efforts of the Anglo-Egyptian reformers bore a somewhat hand-to-mouth character, and it was not until 1888, when it became evident to all the world that a precipitate withdrawal of the British garrison would render the last state of Egypt worse than the first, that this disturbing influence passed away. Not only did the workers commence their labours under the shadow of an impending evacuation, but they were at first deprived of the incentive which those employed in distant lands expect to find in the encouragement and applause of their countrymen at home. The British Governments of those days, both Conservative and Liberal, heartily disliked the occupation. Lord Salisbury even made a serious attempt to bring it to a close by approving the abortive convention which Sir Henry Drummond Wolff signed with the Porte in May 1887, but which, with the proverbial good-luck which has so often enabled England to escape from the consequences of her own follies, the Sultan ultimately refused to ratify. Nor

were the British public more sympathetic or more appreciative. To the man in the street during the eighties Egypt spelt loss of British lives, loss of British money, and the abandonment of a national hero; to the Cabinet Minister it represented the assumption of undesired responsibilities and the weakest spot in England's diplomatic armour.

The discouragement occasioned by English indifference was not lessened by the general hostility with which the great experiment being carried out on the banks of the Nile was regarded in Europe. Though the Great Powers, with France at their head, were unwilling to participate in the task of restoring order in Egypt and had reluctantly assented to it being entrusted to this country, they viewed our intervention with jealousy and mistrust and neglected no opportunity of opposing, both openly and in secret, the execution of our programme. We have already seen what facilities for obstruction were afforded by the hold which internationalism had acquired in the reign of Ismaïl. In consequence, many of the most urgent proposals for dealing with a very critical state of affairs entailed months of wrangling and bargaining in all the chanceries of Europe, whilst others equally urgent had to be abandoned altogether in consequence of the opposition which they were certain to encounter. Moreover, the unfriendly attitude of the European Governments produced a corresponding effect upon their colonies in Egypt. Though the foreign residents in that country form but a small part of the total population, their influence, owing to the privileges and immunities with which they have been so long surrounded, is out of all proportion to their number, and the passive resistance with which many of them met our first efforts at reform was no mean obstacle to overcome.

Another initial difficulty was due to the fact that the great majority of the Anglo-Egyptian officials had little or no experience of the country over the government of which they were expected to exercise a controlling influence. Mistakes were made which, with some knowledge of local conditions, might have been avoided. The wishes and prejudices of the native population were not always treated with due consideration. Zealous but hasty reformers endeavoured to introduce ready-made Western ideas before a somewhat unfavourable soil had been sufficiently prepared. The Egyptians on their side had not yet learnt to understand the methods of their new rulers, and the recollection of centuries of oppression under alien masters inclined them to be extremely suspicious of their motives. These misunderstandings between the Englishman and the

Egyptian, arising out of imperfect acquaintance, affected in a more pronounced form the relations between the higher officials of the two nationalities. In matters of policy and administration it was inevitable that the views of the newly arrived reformer should differ widely from those of the old-fashioned Egyptian minister trained in the despotic methods of the Khedive Ismaïl. The internal friction developed under the stress of conflicting opinions was considerable and at times threatened to bring the machine almost to a standstill. It must be added that some of the most bitter controversies of those early days arose between rival Britons, each with his own special panacea to advocate, and that on such occasions the Egyptian Prime Minister was not slow to seize the opportunity of displaying the Oriental talent for fishing in troubled waters.

It would not be easy to conceive a more unpromising combination of circumstances than that which has thus been briefly described. Fortunately, there was a silver lining to the cloud, or the story of the regeneration of Egypt might still remain to be told. The brightest spot was to be found in the fact that England had, by a chance rare in her history, for once selected the right man for the place, and, having selected him, had, by a still rarer chance, allowed him a free hand to manage the business in his own way. Whatever view may be taken of the work that has been accomplished in Egypt, there can be no doubt as to the man who inspired the policy and controlled its execution. The Egypt of to-day is the handiwork of Lord Cromer, whose reputation as a statesman and administrator must rest entirely upon his achievements on the banks of the Nile. The unique position which Lord Cromer occupies in the minds not only of his countrymen, but also of the millions over whose welfare he watches, is due to the possession in a very high degree of those qualities which are the most valuable heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race and to which the success of that race in ruling Eastern peoples may be attributed. A strong will, absolutely straightforward methods—sometimes qualified by a harsher epithet by those who have suffered from them—judgement to recognise the right course and patience to wait for the right moment to take it, an absence of all personal vanity or jealousy so entire that it has often been complained that Lord Cromer having no such human weaknesses himself is unable to sympathise with their existence in others, the power of getting the best possible work out of those with whom he has to co-operate, and of inspiring the mass of the governed with confidence in his intentions and in the wisdom of the measures carried out under his direction—these are the distinguishing

features of the personality that presides over the destinies of Egypt, and their mark is deeply impressed on every page of the history of these years. The free hand which Lord Cromer enjoys, and without which his talents would be shorn of half their value, originated, curiously enough, in the lack of interest in Egyptian reform displayed by the British public during the earlier period. All that was then desired was that the name of Egypt might be heard as seldom as possible, and the British Government asked nothing better than to comply with this wish. Thus Lord Cromer and his assistants were able, unhampered by interference or criticism at home, to sow the seed that was to produce so abundant a harvest. When at length England awoke to an appreciation of what was being done in her name, the years of gloom were over. The enterprise was clearly one of which Britons in general could be proud, and it was better to leave its conduct in the hands of the pilot who had already so successfully weathered the storm. Thus Lord Cromer's free hand, first bestowed through indifference, has become now the mark of the confidence reposed in him by his fellow-countrymen.

A good workman can, however, do little without suitable material upon which to exercise his skill. In the present instance this factor was not wanting, for Egypt possessed in a high degree two of the most important elements upon which the material prosperity of a country depends, a fertile soil and an industrious population. The misgovernment of the past had checked the productiveness of the land and was rapidly undermining those qualities which had caused the fellaheen to be considered the finest agricultural labourers in the world; but the fields of rich Nile mud were there, only waiting for water to bring them to life, and the sturdy Egyptian peasant merely required the assurance of the ordinary incentives to industry to resume his century-old task with undiminished vigour. Another favourable symptom was that during the first eight years of the occupation, down to the death of the Khedive Tewfik in 1891, the people as a whole, though by no means enthusiastic, were very far from taking up an attitude of hostility towards the British. The past history of the Egyptians had accustomed them to the domination of an alien race, and the mere substitution of one set of foreign rulers for another was not of itself calculated to disturb their equanimity.

There was one point, however, which required delicate handling, namely the religious side of the question. Hitherto the ruling class had been Mohammedan. Was there no risk that the introduction of a Christian element would be viewed

unfavourably by the followers of the Prophet? As a matter of fact, when the first apprehensions were dispelled and confidence gained that no interference with the faith of Islam was intended, the religious difficulty entirely disappeared for the time being. The credit for the removal of what might have been a formidable obstacle belongs in a great measure to the Khedive Tewfik, whose cordial and open co-operation with the Anglo-Egyptian administration effectually closed the mouth of the reactionary and the fanatic. The Khedivial authority, though somewhat impaired in the eyes of the official class by the events of 1883, was still a most valuable asset in dealing with the population, especially in reference to religious matters, and at that time it constituted an efficient counterpoise to any tendency to turn to the Sultan as the head of the Mohammedan religion. The purely native press followed the general trend of public opinion and that section which represented the views of the opposition abstained as a rule from stirring up fanatical or anti-English feeling. Some of the local newspapers were, indeed, as virulent and hostile as their vocabularies admitted, but they were mostly published in European languages for the benefit of the foreign colonies and exercised little or no influence on the native inhabitants. Again, the recollection of the tyranny and oppression of Ismaïl Pasha, under which the whole country had so recently groaned, was still vivid and greatly helped to reconcile the people to the new order. Whatever minor grumblings and complaints were uttered, there was no single fellah in the country whose lot was not incomparably superior to what it had been a few years previously. The sudden cessation of some of the most oppressive features of an Oriental despotism was a powerful antidote to political discontent.

The chief difficulties connected with the undertaking upon which Great Britain entered in 1883 and the circumstances, favourable and unfavourable, which accompanied it have now been mentioned. We shall next describe summarily the different phases through which the process of reform passed and the results attained at the moment when the Anglo-French Agreement brought this chapter of Egyptian history to a close.

The first and most pressing matter which in 1883 called for attention was the financial situation. Until all fear of bankruptcy was over, it was useless to aim at a general improvement of the administrative system. Moreover, unless by 1887 full payment of the interest on the debt was resumed, another international commission was to be convoked to consider the whole Egyptian question. This last calamity it was necessary to avert at all costs.

The most rigid economy was enforced throughout every department and salaries and unremunerative expenditure generally were cut down with a ruthless hand. The only exception made was in the case of the irrigation service. A wise forethought perceived that in the speedy developement of the material resources of the country lay the only hope of permanent escape from financial embarrassment, and at the moment when the penury of the Treasury was at its extreme point a million for capital expenditure on irrigation works was fearlessly added to the already crushing weight of debt. During this period of financial strain, which may be said to have lasted down to the end of 1889, administrative reform was by force of circumstances limited to what appeared strictly necessary. The Finance and Irrigation departments were reorganised and placed on a thoroughly sound basis. The Egyptian army was remodelled under the direction of British officers and was beginning to show promise of developing into a disciplined and efficient force.

By 1890 the tide had turned. The battle against insolvency was won, and the question arose as to what use should be made of Egypt's newly acquired prosperity. The alternatives were either to reduce taxation or to push on the execution of many very desirable reforms, all of them entailing a considerable increase of expenditure. Lord Cromer, mindful of the maxim that in the East fiscal moderation can alone render the work of the alien reformer popular, decided to adopt the former course and to lighten the burden that still bore heavily on the taxpayer. For the next six years fiscal reform in the best sense of the term—that is to say, the abolition of unsound and burdensome taxes—was the order of the day. During this period direct taxation was reduced to the extent of over a million a year, the salt tax was diminished by 40 per cent., the postal and telegraph rates by 50 per cent., the octroi duties were abolished in all the small provincial towns, and large reductions made in the railway rates.

Though, as has been pointed out, measures of an expensive and not directly productive character were deliberately postponed, the improvement of other branches of the administration was not neglected. The reform of the two important ministries of Justice and the Interior was taken in hand and the organisation, which, with all its defects, still exists, established. No two departments have presented more embarrassing problems, and in spite of unwearying efforts to grapple with them, there is only a partial success to record even to-day. The explanation is not far to seek. Finance, irrigation, even army organisa-

tion, are matters in which the human element does not display essential differences between race and race. The maintenance of law and order, the detection and punishment of crime, are, on the other hand, intimately connected with the daily life of a people and with their religion, customs, and social and moral standard. Whatever system be adopted, it must, to have any chance of success, take national characteristics fully into account and be suitable to the degree of civilisation attained by those for whom it is intended. Moreover, the reform of this branch of administration is so closely bound up with the moral progress of the community that one cannot be pushed very far ahead of the other.

In very early days a first endeavour had already been made to improve the administration of justice and introduce a more efficient system for the preservation of public security. The attempt came to nothing and was abandoned after a few months' trial. The British Government and their representative had their hands too full to be able to pay much attention to the experiment. The Englishmen in charge of the work were not wisely selected and tried to introduce drastic changes before they understood the difficulties with which they had to deal. Nubar Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister at the time, was opposed to English interference in what he called '*la vie intime du pays*.' The project, temporarily laid aside, was resumed later on under more favourable auspices. In 1890 the reform of the judiciary was taken in hand in earnest and at the same time a beginning was made towards increasing the efficiency of the police. Four years later the amalgamation of the police and the provincial officials, under the control of an English adviser at the Ministry of the Interior, put an end to the dualism which had hitherto existed between the two services and ensured their co-operation in the repression of crime and maintenance of order. The prisons, which form one of the most important subdivisions of the Ministry of the Interior, had been put in order some years previously, but among other administrative reforms carried out during this period may be mentioned measures for the improvement of the sanitary condition of the country and for the regulation of the Egyptian Civil Service.

With the year 1896 begins the third phase through which the revival of Egyptian finance has passed. Reductions of taxation on the one hand and the great increase of material prosperity on the other had relieved the taxpayer of any reasonable ground of complaint. Nevertheless, the revenue continued to grow and the moment had clearly arrived when the surpluses which

became larger year by year could be used to promote more rapid progress in the direction of administrative reform. The Soudan war, which lasted from March 1896 to September 1898, and of which Egypt's share was defrayed entirely out of current revenue and the accumulated economies of former years, temporarily checked the execution of this policy, but from 1899 onwards financial considerations no longer blocked the way and improvements in the system of administration went on apace. The amount available for the carrying out of the many useful, but expensive, proposals which were daily urged upon the attention of the Government was increased by the adoption of the principle of handing over to private enterprise various commercial and industrial undertakings which had hitherto been administered by the State.

Space will not allow us even to enumerate the many important projects carried out during this period. Two, however, are deserving of special mention. The Assouan Reservoir and the vast system of canals and weirs designed to utilise the additional water therein stored, together constitute one of the most important irrigation schemes ever devised by man. The foundation of an agricultural bank which, with the help of a Government guarantee, makes small loans at a low rate of interest to the fellaheen was a novel experiment in the direction of paternal administration and many wiseacres shook their heads at the new departure. The results have, however, justified the expectations of the promoters of the enterprise, and the main object, which was to enable the peasant to free himself from the toils of the village usurer, has been largely attained. These measures for adding to material prosperity have been accompanied by efforts to forward the moral developement of the population. Education began to make slow but steady progress from about the year 1887 when the Government schools were reorganised in accordance with modern ideas. A few years later a plan was initiated for encouraging elementary instruction throughout the country by utilising the existing private village schools. The improvement of these establishments was stimulated by means of grants-in-aid given to those which submitted to official inspection and showed a certain standard of efficiency. The scheme has so far been attended with very encouraging results.

Some idea will thus have been formed of the methods adopted in order to rehabilitate Egyptian finance and to introduce order into the administration. Progress has also been made in overcoming the two remaining difficulties of the original situation, internationalism and the Soudan.

The privileges enjoyed by foreign residents in Egypt in virtue

of the Capitulations consisted in a partial immunity from taxation and in exemption from the jurisdiction of the legislative and judicial authorities. The former privilege no longer exists in practice, the Powers having agreed that their subjects shall pay some of these taxes, and the Egyptian Government having abolished the rest. The latter with all its inconvenience and injustice still subsists. The international control over the finances, and therefore over much of the administration, of the country, which lingered on in an attenuated form for many years, received its death-blow from the Anglo-French Agreement. That instrument also put an end to the long rivalry between England and France in respect to the affairs of Egypt, and the subsequent adhesion of the remaining Great Powers of Europe completely regularised our position in the valley of the Nile. Henceforth the Egyptian question became a local and not an international one.

The history of the Soudan since 1883 has undergone even greater transitions than that of Egypt. Almost simultaneously with Lord Cromer's arrival in Cairo, the entire collapse of Egyptian authority over these remote provinces brought the British Government face to face with the necessity of taking an immediate decision as to their fate. Egypt had neither the troops nor the money requisite for the reconquest of the Soudan, and the authorities at home were not prepared to expend British blood and treasure in the cause. There was, therefore, but one solution left, namely the abandonment of the country and its inhabitants to dervish rule. Rightly or wrongly, that was the decision taken. The frontier of Egypt proper was fixed at Wady Halfa, beyond which two hundred miles of arid desert formed a convenient barrier against invasion, and the town of Suakin on the Red Sea was the only spot in the Soudan where the Egyptian flag was maintained. With the exception of the dramatic episode of General Gordon's mission and the expedition unsuccessfully sent for his relief, the Soudan was left during the next fifteen years to groan under the tyranny and oppression of the Mahdi and his successor, the Khalifa Abdullah. Up to 1889 there were frequent alarms of dervish invasion and several encounters took place on the southern frontier, but the complete destruction at Toski, on August 3, 1889, of the force sent against Egypt under Wad el Najumi put an end for ever to the Khalifa's schemes of aggression and incidentally proved the value, hitherto an unknown quantity, of the Egyptian and Soudanese troops by whom the battle was won. The unfortunate country had still to endure nine more years of horrors and bloodshed before the battle of Omdurman finally

crushed the dervish power and delivered such of the inhabitants as still survived. The campaign which culminated in that victory was begun in March 1896 at the initiative of the British Government, who took part with their troops and shared a portion of the cost, and on September 2, 1898 the destruction of the Khalifa's forces added another to the many tasks which devolved upon Lord Cromer.

It was a task that was, at once, easier and more difficult than that which he was engaged in accomplishing in Egypt. On the one hand, a convention between the British and Egyptian Governments placed the newly conquered territories under the joint jurisdiction of the two countries and thereby swept away at one blow all those international complications which had so severely hampered our efforts in the Lower Nile valley. On the other hand, the material factors which had enormously facilitated the regeneration of Egypt—a fertile soil, a sufficient water supply, an abundant and laborious population, facilities of transport, the command of foreign capital—were wanting, and this in a country the total area of which is nearly equal to that of British India. Nevertheless, the problem did not differ in essentials from that with which Lord Cromer had dealt in Egypt proper, and accordingly he set to work to solve it on the same lines. To create a simple but just administrative system, suitable to the somewhat primitive needs of the population, to keep the burden of taxation light, to improve as rapidly as possible the means of transit, this has been the unsensational policy hitherto pursued. The Soudan will certainly require a much longer time for its developement than was the case with Egypt, but the progress made is full of hope for the future and already confutes the prophecy uttered by General Gordon in 1884: 'The Soudan is a useless possession, ever was so, and ever 'will be so.'

The transformation of this vast and desolate country into a peaceable and prosperous community will tax for many a long year the energies and resources of the British Consul-General at Cairo and of the Anglo-Soudanese Administration at Khartoum, and before bringing this portion of the story to a close, it will be well to point out in what other particulars the original programme still remains unfinished.

In spite of the enormous extension of irrigation works and of the revolution that has thereby been effected in Egyptian agriculture, this branch of the public service can never, from the nature of the case, be expected to attain finality. Vast schemes for utilising the waters of the Upper Nile are even now under consideration, and whenever a final decision is taken and the necessary

funds, running into many millions, provided, their execution will require from ten to fifteen years at the lowest computation. Again, the administrative system will obviously never reach the point where no further improvements are possible. Moreover, apart from the minor reforms of system that make up the daily work of government, the machinery for the suppression of crime is in a far from satisfactory condition and needs to be thoroughly overhauled. The authority of the provincial officials, which has been gradually declining since the days of arbitrary rule, requires to be fortified, without, however, restoring the abuses to which it formerly gave rise. The police whose duty it is to maintain order, to arrest persons suspected of crime and to collect the first proofs of their guilt, and the judicial officials who are charged with the prosecution of the accused before the tribunals, must be made to co-operate cordially and intelligently. The Courts have yet to learn to apply the law with judgement and discrimination. Until these questions, which are fraught with local difficulties of no mean order, have been settled, it cannot be said that the protection of life and property in Egypt is efficiently assured.

There are, further, a whole group of institutions which from the beginning have been left severely alone by the British reformers. Intimately bound up as they are with the faith and doctrines of Islam, it was wisely decided that improvement must come from within and not from without. These institutions comprise the Mohammedan religious courts which deal with all matters relating to the personal status of Moslems, such as marriage, divorce and testamentary succession, the Wakfs Administration which has charge of the numerous and wealthy foundations left by pious Mussulmans for charitable and religious purposes, and the El-Azhar University, the oldest and most celebrated seat of learning in the Moslem world. Their honest and efficient direction is a matter of vital importance to the nine million Mohammedans with whose family life and personal interests they are brought into frequent contact. The policy of non-interference, tempered by platonic encouragement of the few and feeble efforts at reform made by a small minority of the faithful, has had the inevitable result of leaving these bodies in as corrupt and antiquated a condition as we found them. Nevertheless, the policy was absolutely sound, and to it we owe the all-important fact that religious fanaticism has never seriously impeded Great Britain's work in Egypt. It is true that from 1893 to 1898 an epidemic of Anglophobia passed over the country and the Egyptians everywhere took up an attitude of sullen opposition to the foreign

element in their Government. This hostility, however, was not due to Moslem feeling, but was the reflection of the strained relations which unfortunately existed during those years between the Khedive Abbas, who succeeded his father in 1891, and his English advisers, and it quickly vanished as soon as the clouds which overshadowed headquarters were dispersed. The progress shown in other departments has naturally accentuated the stationary condition of these purely Mohammedan institutions, and a strong feeling of dissatisfaction at their deficiencies is growing up among the better educated and well-to-do natives. Many have begun to realise that, without European aid, no genuine improvement can be expected, and the day will surely come when the assistance of the Anglo-Egyptian Administration will be invoked for this purpose. So long, however, as Lord Cromer's present wise policy is maintained, no interference in these delicate matters will be encouraged, unless at the express desire of the majority of the Moslem community and in harmonious co-operation with the leaders of Moslem thought.

In addition to these internal matters one external question of the first importance has not been settled. We allude, of course, to the Capitulations. The anomalies and inconveniences of a system, under which the assent of fifteen Powers is required before any civil legislation binding on foreign residents can be passed and which exempts all foreigners from being amenable to the criminal jurisdiction of the country, are self-evident. No greater obstacle could be devised to the introduction of legislative and administrative measures for the benefit of all sections of the community, foreign as well as native. Whatever may have been the case in old times, there is no doubt that the so-called privileges of Europeans are to-day more of a hindrance than an advantage to the very persons on whose behalf they were originally claimed. The foreign colonies in Egypt are beginning to appreciate this fact, and there are signs that they would welcome any well-conceived plan which, while abolishing the Capitulations, would guarantee their persons and property against a return to the arbitrary methods of the past. The question is, however, one of extreme complexity, and the reason that no attempt was made to deal with it when the Anglo-French Agreement was negotiated, was because, in Lord Cromer's opinion, the time was not then ripe for any organic changes in this direction. All that can be said here is that, as Egypt continues to advance both morally and materially, the need of some system, which will render all the inhabitants equally subject to the same laws and regulations and provide

a practical method of legislating for them in the future, will become more and more felt.

The chief items in the original programme which are still outstanding make a sufficiently formidable list in themselves, even if there were nothing more to add. A new problem has, however, arisen alongside the old one, a problem unnoticed at first by those whose eyes were fixed upon the path they had for so long followed, but now gradually coming into view. It is this problem which we shall now discuss, examining first its nature, and secondly what help the experience already gained affords towards its solution.

The difficulties with which we have so far been dealing are mainly connected with the practical working of the administrative machine and its adaptation to the ends of good government, and it is significant that the parts which still fail to run smoothly are precisely those which are brought into close contact with the national character. This fact gives a clue to the main feature which differentiates the new problem from the old. The abolition of ancient grievances, the spread of education, the growth of material wealth in undreamed-of profusion have produced in the feelings and ideas of the people a great change. The change at first came slowly and imperceptibly, but is now growing more marked, and it is one of the principal causes of the troubles which have signalised the last twelve months. For some time past an enquiring and critical spirit has been gradually permeating through the different layers of Egyptian society, from the top downwards. As yet it has not penetrated very far, indeed hardly beyond the surface froth, but the tendency will persist and the difficulties to which it gives rise will increase as time goes on. The old respect for authority, which was born of the *courbash* but which remained as an unearned legacy for the benefit of the Anglo-Egyptian pioneers, has been little by little disappearing under the influence of Western ideas and institutions. The native press, a considerable section of which has assimilated with a zeal worthy of a better cause the methods of 'yellow' journalism as practised in civilised countries, speaks to a larger audience and exercises greater influence than heretofore. Education side by side with its advantages has also had the inevitable result of creating a discontented class whose self-sufficiency is out of all proportion to its numerical strength or importance.

Some of these things are wholesome in themselves and all of them are necessary accompaniments of human progress, but the special difficulty in Egypt is that the moral and intellectual standard of the people has not been able to keep

pace with their material progress. Consequently, their desires and aspirations outrun their intellectual capacity. Their mental atmosphere was, moreover, abnormally disturbed last year by a wave of Mohammedan feeling which seems to have swept over the whole of North Africa. The origin of these mysterious movements, like that of the elemental forces, must always remain obscure, but the cause of the more acute form which it assumed in Egypt is obvious enough. The dispute between Great Britain and the Sultan on the subject of the rights of Egypt to the Sinai Peninsula served to focus all the vague feelings of Moslem intolerance which were floating in the air. The tension lasted but for a short time, and the happy issue of the negotiations without disturbance of the friendly relations between the two Powers has now removed the exciting cause of the recent agitation. Still the lesson remains that Islam can be as potent a factor as ever when stirred up by mischievous or ill-disposed hands, and that the vitality of the crude political notions which to-day in Egypt do duty for public opinion is in great measure derived from their conjunction with the primitive emotions of the religious fanatic. The question, then, of the future is how to reconcile the preservation of the advantages, past, present and to come, which the British occupation brings in its train with a due regard for what is reasonable and legitimate in the new national spirit which is springing up.

Let us examine more closely of what the new spirit consists. Hitherto, as we have seen, its manifestations have been mainly confined to the expression of vague aspirations couched in exaggerated language coupled with violent denunciation of the alien intruder and all his works. The chief agents engaged in the dissemination of these ideas are the young Egyptian party—the so-called 'patriots' of whom Moustapha Kamel Pasha may be considered the leader—and the more irreconcilable section of the native press. Both co-operate in a campaign of vituperation and slander against everything suspected of a British taint. By casting sufficient mud they hope that some will stick and that by degrees the recognition of the benefits received from the occupation will be eradicated from the minds of their compatriots. The methods of these Anglophobe extremists are so crude, their ideas so shallow, that it would be giving them undue importance to take them seriously. From two points of view, however, their proceedings merit a certain amount of attention. Though the names openly connected with the party belong mostly to obscure individuals, the not inconsiderable funds at its disposal must be contributed by substantial persons

who, whether their motive be sympathy with the agitation or fear of intimidation, cannot be acquitted of responsibility for the consequences. Again, though the preacher be ignorant and his doctrine untenable, the audience is still so backward as to afford a highly propitious soil for the promulgation of false ideas.

The political restlessness aroused by this teaching is also stimulated by appeals to religious prejudice, thereby bringing together on the same platform the semi-educated Europeanised 'young Egyptian' and the Mohammedan of the old-fashioned, retrograde type who is by nature hostile to all progress. Compared to many other religions, Islam is not, if left to itself, intolerant. Its votaries preserve an attitude of almost contemptuous indifference towards other creeds, though easily excited by anything in the nature of proselytism. During the whole period of the occupation the difference of religion between the people and their foreign administrators has had no adverse effect on the relations between the two parties. Still, though dormant, the danger exists and has always existed. Injudicious interference in religious matters, a dispute with the Caliph of Islam, the dissemination of fanatical doctrines by preaching or writing, all or any of these may awaken the latent animosity of the true believer towards the infidel. At the present moment, there is no special cause for apprehension. The agitation is restricted to a numerically small, though disproportionately noisy class, and has not touched the great mass of the population. Its tendency will, however, be to spread, and it must be reckoned among the forces with which we have in the future to contend.

Passing to the practical measures suggested for the promotion of the policy of 'Egypt for the Egyptians,' we find that they can be reduced to three, all eminently laudable objects in themselves: an Egyptian constitution on the model of those in the more advanced countries of Europe, the substitution of Egyptians for English in such of the higher posts in the Civil Service as are now occupied by the latter, and the provision at the expense of the State of greatly extended facilities for higher education. We have already pointed out that the existing institutions give far more scope for the expression of the desires of the people and for the discussion of the various proposals put forward by the central and local authorities than is usually imagined, and until the Egyptians have learnt to exercise with discretion and intelligence the powers they already possess, it would be folly to think of increasing their political rights. It is true that these institutions, and in particular the Legislative Council, have shown considerable progress of late years, but

the time is still distant when any radical change could with advantage be made in their constitution. The demand for more Egyptians in the upper grades of the Government service is in like manner premature. The principle of 'English heads' and Egyptian hands' has been from the first strictly applied, and no Englishman is appointed to a place which can be filled by a competent Egyptian. To go further would produce administrative inefficiency and undo much of what has been accomplished. The number of persons who seriously support these proposals is not considerable and includes many who have a personal interest in the matter, as, for example, the native officials who, as a class, are naturally in favour of whatever would cause a flow of promotion.

It is otherwise, however, as regards the cry for higher education. All Egyptians above the lowest stratum have an almost pathetic belief in every kind of teaching, and the more abstruse or difficult the subject the more virtue do they think it possesses. Higher education appears to them a panacea for all the defects of the national character, and they are firmly convinced that, if it were only applied in large enough doses and on a large enough scale, the Egyptian race would quickly reach the point of being fit to govern itself. The policy actually adopted under British inspiration has been on different lines. Its main features are the general diffusion of a very simple form of elementary teaching, the encouragement of technical education for the artisan class, and the limitation of facilities for higher instruction to what is required for the supply of the public services and liberal professions. In this way it is hoped to avert the danger of flooding the country with a crowd of somewhat superficially trained young men for whose energies no suitable outlet exists and who will consequently tend to become political agitators. It is not, however, surprising that the naturally suspicious Oriental takes another view and considers that the opposition to the indefinite expansion of the higher-grade schools conceals a deep-laid plot to prevent the Egyptian superseding the European.

Out of the mental activities set up by the action of these ideas a native public opinion is slowly evolving. It has not spread far at present, but its sphere must inevitably extend, and the difficulties to which it will give rise are of a different order from those with which Lord Cromer has hitherto had to deal and will require different treatment. We have no pretension here to forecast the future or to make suggestions as to the direction in which it will be advisable to proceed. We may leave that task with confidence in the experienced hands of the

British representative. It may, however, be useful to mention the various factors which appear to bear upon the present problem and to be likely to facilitate or retard its solution.

That the Egyptian people should take greater interest in, and pay more attention to, the conduct of their own affairs is in itself a distinct sign of progress deserving of every encouragement. What is not desirable is that their political aspirations should fall under the control of professional agitators and others who may utilise them for purposes opposed to the welfare of the community. At the present time there is considerable risk of such a contingency. The growing activity of the young Egyptian party, whose numbers are constantly increased by recruits from the unsuccessful in the schools and Civil Service, seconded by the persistent attacks of the Anglophobe press on the motives and measures of those engaged in the work of reform, cannot fail to exercise great influence on a public opinion which is still in a fluid state. To these hostile forces must be added the political and religious revival known as Pan-Islamism. This movement probably owes its origin to the policy initiated by the present Sultan of emphasising throughout the Mohammedan world his position as Caliph and religious head of Islam, and it is directly inspired by the reactionary clique at Yildiz. In theory, Pan-Islamism aims at the formation of a Moslem league against Christian Europe and the restoration of the archaic principles of the primitive faith. In practice, or at all events as practised in Egypt, it is essentially a pro-Turkish agitation depending for success upon appeals to racial and religious passions. The result of the combined action of these three forces—the nationalist agitation, the Anglophobe Arabic press, and Pan-Islamism—upon a credulous and ignorant Moslem population cannot fail to give rise to some uneasiness in regard to the future.

The soil upon which this seed is being sown is also more favourable to the development of the plant than was formerly the case. The older generation who had personally suffered under the misgovernment of Ismaïl is dying out and in the view of their descendants the material prosperity which now abounds is in the established order of things and will not be affected by political change. This is the only plausible explanation of the curious inversion which seems to be taking place in the political ideas of the Egyptians. A quarter of a century ago these found expression in the Arabi revolt, which was, in its essence, directed against Turkey and the Turks. To-day the nationalist idea is represented by an unholy alliance between

the young Egyptian party and Pan-Islamism. Again, as we have already pointed out, modern methods of administration have incidentally had the effect of impairing the prestige and authority of the central Government, and have thereby generated a spirit of independence, at times bordering on insubordination, among the more turbulent classes. In consequence there is a stronger tendency than heretofore to sudden outbreaks of violence, as was seen in the Denshawai case, and a greater liability to be swayed by appeals to fanaticism.

Lastly, the relations between the Palace and the British Agency are no longer on the same intimate and cordial footing as they were during the earlier period of the occupation. We are not now concerned to discuss the causes of this change, and it is hardly necessary to insist on the fact that the best method of counteracting the nationalist and Pan-Islamic combination would be to enlist the support of the Khedive, whose prestige and authority, though no longer what they were in the days of Ismaïl, are still a very considerable factor in the situation. Unfortunately this remedy is not available. For the purposes of the present argument the important point is, not what may be the real feelings of the Khedive towards British intervention in Egyptian affairs, as to which we are not in a position to express an opinion, but what those feelings are supposed to be by his own people, as to which there can be no doubt whatever. Rightly or wrongly, the sections of Egyptian society which count have decided that the ruler of their country views the existence of foreign control with disfavour and is in sympathy with the agitation directed against it. It is a great misfortune for both sides that an impression of this kind should prevail, but until it is dissipated, the Khedivial influence, which Great Britain would otherwise have every inducement to foster, must be inscribed on the debit side of the balance sheet.

To the internal difficulties of the situation must be added an external difficulty which again is of comparatively recent growth. Public opinion in England has already been through two stages in regard to the occupation, the first of indifference and the second of admiration. It now appears to be entering upon a third stage, that of interference. Of the many causes which have contributed to the success of Great Britain's work in Egypt none has been more potent than the free hand which has been left to Lord Cromer. Though, no doubt, the 'man on the spot' doctrine has occasionally been pushed too far, any attempt to direct from home the administration of distant countries is bound to end in failure. Where there is dissatisfaction at the results obtained, the only sound remedy at the disposal of the

home Government is, not to put their representative into leading strings, but to change him. If this be true as a general proposition, it is especially so in the case of Egypt, where the many local and international complications can be appreciated only by those in constant contact with them. No conceivable British Government would be likely to ignore so patent a fact; the danger arises from the inherent and increasing inability of a democratic executive to resist parliamentary pressure or newspaper criticism. A glance at the questions on the subject of Egypt asked in the House of Commons will show that their number has enormously multiplied of late years and that many of them are concerned with minute details of administration. This is a sign of the times, and the Anglo-Egyptian authorities must be prepared in future to receive more attention from Parliament than has hitherto been the case. If it were certain that difficult and delicate problems, such as those which we have been considering, would be discussed with a due sense of responsibility and in an impartial and reasonable spirit, the result could not be otherwise than beneficial, and misunderstandings and wrong impressions might in this manner be conveniently removed. Unfortunately this is not always what happens, and, in the heat of debate and under the influence of party, words are used and hasty judgements passed which greatly embarrass the work of the Empire in distant lands where the peculiarities of parliamentary institutions are not understood. Be this as it may, it is clear that Egypt will have to reckon in future with a newly awakened interest in her affairs on the part of the British public and with the consequences, bad as well as good, which must necessarily follow.

If the latest phase of the Egyptian question exhibits disquieting symptoms which are of comparatively recent development, there are also certain compensating advantages which did not formerly exist. The vast experience which Lord Cromer has acquired in the course of his long career in Egypt, his intimate knowledge of the needs and wishes of the people and of the most suitable way of giving effect to them, the confidence which he has succeeded in inspiring and the prestige which he now enjoys, both at home and in the country of his adoption, are still available to pilot the ship through the rough waters which appear ahead. Even when the inevitable moment arrives for the master-hand to be withdrawn, Lord Cromer's record, the lines of policy he has laid down, his methods of settling the thousand and one difficulties with which he has to deal, will all remain as the most valuable asset of his successor. The work to which Lord Cromer has devoted the best years of

his official life is of the kind that will endure long after the worker has departed.

Again, among the achievements of the past may be reckoned the formation of an efficient and trustworthy Civil Service. The Englishmen in the service of the Egyptian Government have learnt to understand and sympathise with the people for whose welfare they labour, and to co-operate with their native colleagues and subordinates in the common task of conducting the administration of the country. The old defects of the native official class have been largely eradicated and their standard, both in regard to honesty and capacity, considerably raised. Not only have the human agents engaged in the business of government been trained to perform their functions efficiently, but the administrative machine itself has also been overhauled and put into thorough working order. Whatever line of action the exigencies of the moment or the policy of the future may dictate, a well-designed instrument for its execution lies ready to hand. All the paraphernalia of obstruction, dear to the bureaucratic mind, the red-tape, the never-ending departmental consultations, the shifting of responsibility from one official to another, the interminable delays before the simplest question can be settled, have been reduced to a minimum, and whenever the oracle chooses to speak, the impulse can be speedily transmitted to the executive agent at the other end of the hierarchy.

The enormous increase not only in the material wealth of the country but in its annual revenue is another item of great importance in drawing up the balance sheet of the future. As we have already seen, its effects may be inscribed partly on one and partly on the other side of the ledger. The prosperity of the fellaheen has, indeed, rendered them in some ways more difficult to govern. On the other hand, the possession of an ample store of funds and the certainty of a considerable surplus in each Budget are solid facts which immensely strengthen the hands of the State and ensure that the adoption of whatever policy may commend itself to the authorities will not be hampered or prevented by financial considerations.

A favourable omen may, again, be drawn from the changed attitude of the European colonies towards the policy of the occupying Power. Their former hostility was chiefly based on political antipathies and displayed itself in persistent obstruction to every proposal emanating from a British source. The privileged position enjoyed by the colonies and their Governments, in virtue of the Capitulations and other

international conventions, rendered their opposition a very formidable obstacle. Under the softening influence of the rapid increase of prosperity, which benefited the European residents even more than the Egyptians, this antagonistic feeling had for some years past been gradually subsiding, and in 1904 the Anglo-French Agreement put an end to it once and for all. The interests of every European domiciled in Egypt or engaged in business there have now become identified with the progress of the country and all risk of factious opposition to the work of reform from this direction has disappeared.

The removal of these obstacles and the liberation for other purposes of the energy formerly used up in overcoming them, though facilitating the task of the future, cannot be said to have any direct bearing upon the point more immediately under discussion: namely the change which is taking place in the national character of the Egyptians. A movement has, however, been recently promoted which, if successful, may bring about a healthy reaction from within. A few enlightened and progressive Mohammedan gentlemen, of whom the late Grand Mufti, Sheikh Mohammed Abdou, was during his lifetime the most eminent, are making an earnest endeavour to reform Moslem institutions by the introduction of Western ideas, without shaking the main pillars upon which the faith of Islam rests. The course upon which they have embarked is beset with hidden rocks, and to devise a scheme which will effect some real improvement and will not be stigmatised as heterodox by the mass of their co-religionists will tax their resources to the utmost. Nevertheless, the movement deserves sympathy and encouragement from the European reformer. It is a genuine attempt to prove, in the face of much contumely and intolerance, that Islam is not incompatible with social and moral progress, and its success would provide the best possible antidote to the retrograde doctrines of Pan-Islamism. It may be added that quite recently Saad Zagloul Bey, one of the most respected members of this party, was appointed to the post of Minister of Education, and that the selection has been warmly approved by all sections of Egyptian society.

In presence of these new conditions the question arises whether any change in the line of policy hitherto adopted by the British Government on the advice of their agent in Cairo is necessary or desirable. That question can only be answered completely by those in a position to study the problem on the spot; but we may perhaps be allowed to suggest, for the benefit of those by whom these matters will be decided, a few considera-

tions of a general character which seem to bear upon the subject. It is, in the first place, clearly expedient that, where the path is still obscure and its features imperfectly known, we should feel our way with caution and beware of any hasty abandonment of the policy which has hitherto, though different in circumstances, proved successful. The British nation must continue to show sympathy for the national aspirations of the Egyptian people and to encourage and promote such of their desires as are timely and legitimate. The system under which the country is administered must keep in touch with the wants and wishes of the population as they are, not as they ought to be. Above all, the policy of light taxation, which more than any other represents in the East the popular ideal of good government, must be steadfastly maintained.

On the other hand, it is especially important to avoid certain pitfalls into which the energetic and zealous European reformer is liable to fall. One of the greatest mistakes in dealing with Orientals is to govern them too much. Impatient administrators, in their desire to arrive at perfection, are constantly endeavouring to go farther and faster than the public wish. This is especially likely to occur in the conservative East where change of any kind is disliked. Moreover, in Egypt, the more elaborate the machine of government becomes, the greater are the demands made upon the human beings that work it, and the less chance is there of finding capable Egyptians for the purpose. Consequently, ill-considered reforms are apt to result in the displacement of the native by the European and to promote that anglicisation of the ruling class which it is Lord Cromer's constant effort to check. Every proposed change should be carefully weighed from this point of view and the preference accorded to such as will, by simplifications of system, increase the opportunities for the employment of Egyptians. These considerations merit special attention at the present time when the old drag of penury no longer exists and the additional resources set free after the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement enable a well-filled Treasury to encourage a very rapid rate of progress in the State departments.

Again, the desire for a larger participation in public affairs is not altogether incapable of realisation. To introduce anything in the nature of constitutional government, as understood in England, would of course be out of the question, but the further development of self-governing municipalities would help to provide the classes which aspire to autonomy with a suitable outlet for their activity and would prepare them for the exercise of more responsible functions hereafter. A practical difficulty

in the way of forwarding this policy is that municipal institutions, if they are to have any educative value, must be based on the principle that he who calls the tune pays the piper. Political lessons, like other lessons, are most effectively inculcated by the unpleasant process of burning one's fingers. At present, however, the assent of fifteen Powers must be obtained before foreign residents can be subjected to any form of local taxation. This privilege has hitherto constituted an insuperable obstacle to the establishment of a sound system of local administration. Still, in view of the importance of giving even partial satisfaction to the wishes of the people, it is worthy of consideration whether further efforts could not be made to remove this difficulty.

In the same order of ideas, it might also, perhaps, be possible to make a few minor changes in the constitution of the Legislative Council with a view of increasing its position and influence. The Council, it should be borne in mind, does not represent the mass of the population, but rather the landed proprietors, who are, however, the most powerful class interest in a country which is purely agricultural. This institution formerly displayed considerable hostility to the reform policy, but of recent years it has been animated by a much more friendly spirit. If this state of things continues, and if due precautions are taken to prevent any concessions that may be made from being utilised to further the designs of the irreconcilables, there might be advantage in adopting some such method of conciliating native opinion.

It would be an error to suppose that the remedies, or rather palliatives, here suggested for relieving the present situation are in any way novel or untried. Some, it is true, have hitherto only occupied a position of secondary importance, but now that the particular evils which they are intended to cure have assumed a more acute form and are developing into the principal disease of the patient, it is becoming necessary to give them precedence. When all is said and done, these suggestions are merely the application in a particular case of the line of policy which Lord Cromer has consistently followed since he first set foot on Egyptian soil.

That policy may be summed up as 'Egypt for the Egyptians' in the only true sense of the words. Throughout all the vicissitudes of the past quarter of a century, the welfare of the inhabitants of the country, without distinction of race or religion, has been the objective which Lord Cromer and the Englishmen who co-operate with him have never lost from view. There has been no hesitation or lack of energy in the pursuit of

this aim, even when the temporary exigencies of British policy or the special interests of the Anglo-Egyptian colony, official and non-official, seemed to point in another direction. A single-minded devotion to what he conceived to be the truest interests of the Egyptian people as a whole has been the simple secret of Lord Cromer's success in the past, and it will doubtless prove as sure a guide in the future. The statesmanship which abolished the *courbash* and the *corvée*; which placed the fellah on an equality with the pasha in the eyes of the law; which reduced the fiscal burdens under which the people groaned and in a comparatively brief time transformed a bankrupt State into one of the most flourishing countries in the world; which brought about the reconquest of the Soudan and the restoration of Egypt's lost provinces; which avoided a European conflagration during the long period when the occupation appeared an insuperable obstacle to the establishment of friendly relations between England and France; which finally shook off the international fetters that bound the Egyptian Treasury hand and foot, will, we may confidently expect, prove equal to the task of grappling with the more subtle difficulties which menace the near future.

With one word of warning we may conclude. The edifice which has been so painfully and laboriously built up is not yet able to stand alone. Any violent disturbance of the existing order would be fatal, not merely to further progress, but also to the preservation of what has been already accomplished. The presence of an army of occupation, the maintenance of British control over the administration, and most of all the supreme guidance of the representative of his Majesty's Government, are all indispensable if the enterprise which this country took in hand in 1883 is to be worthily continued. The consolidation of the reforms which have been introduced, the transformation of the Egyptians into a people ready for autonomy, must be a work, not of years, but of generations.

Art. IV.—CATHOLIC AUTHORITY AND MODERN SOCIETY.

1. *The History of the Papacy in the Nineteenth Century.* By Dr. Fredrik Nielsen. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1906.
2. *A Much-abused Letter.* By George Tyrrell. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.
3. *Lord Acton and his Circle.* Edited by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. London: George Allen; Burns & Oates. 1906.
4. *The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch.* By the Rev. C. A. Briggs and Baron Friedrich von Hügel. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.
5. *The Saint.* By Antonio Fogazzaro, translated by M. Prichard Agnetti. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1906.
6. *Out of Due Time.* By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

To anyone who cares for the moral welfare of humanity or who is an observer of the present situation in Europe, it must be a matter of capital interest to contemplate the attitude of the peoples towards ecclesiasticism and to compare it with the attitude of Rome towards the world. Since the tremendous claim made by the Catholic Church to regulate and inspire all the activities of man drives her into conflict with many modern ideas and much so-called progress, it remains a constant problem whether the Church deprived of that last remnant of temporal power—the support of the States to which she is accredited—will remain a witness to a state of society and to an intellectual development made obsolete by changing relations, new aspirations, and scientific knowledge; or whether, as some have dreamt, the Catholicism of the future will be so liberalised and spiritualised as to include and consecrate all new thought and all social evolution. To those who pray for the latter consummation it seems no easy enterprise for an organisation which has so long assumed the proud Imperialism of the Cæsars to adorn itself in meekness with the Republicanism of Christ.

Though it is impossible to present modern and contemporary history upon paper in any generalised or philosophical fashion, or to treat it as anything more than a series of incidents strung on the string of the years, yet it can never be unprofitable to seize the leading principles, the opposed ideals, the great tendencies of an epoch, and through their agency to illumine

and bring into juxtaposition facts and occurrences that would otherwise remain isolated. More especially in regard to ecclesiastical affairs is it interesting to reflect on recent occurrences and present conflicts, with the object of divining, if we can, the religious tendencies of our own day.

France has been called 'the mouthpiece of thinking Europe,' and those who have studied the trend of affairs in that country during the nineteenth century point out to us that the centre of interest around which politics, domestic legislation, schemes for colonial expansion, and changes of government have revolved has been the religious question. French statesmen at least have proved to themselves, and to their countrymen, through the political experience of the last century that the aims of the Church and the State, far from being identical, are in many particulars fundamentally opposed. Nor is this strange, for it must never be forgotten in dealing with present-day conflicts between secular and ecclesiastical powers that these conflicts originate, to a great extent, in the opposed beliefs that are held about man. In France alone among European countries has it been officially realised and resolutely faced that an abyss lies between the secular and ecclesiastical conceptions of human nature and its ultimate destiny.

Owing to the doctrines of the Fall and of original sin, the natural man has always been distrusted by teachers of religion, and considered as a foe to be conquered by the supernatural man or man of grace. It has been assumed that man cannot be trusted; that left to himself he would become the slave of instinct and anti-social lusts; that if he were not kept to his knees society would fall to pieces. Liberty is dreaded for him, and a great school of conduct, in which he may remain from childhood to old age, has been instituted to teach him how to become supernatural, and a scheme of salvation formulated to bring him within touch of grace. The secular conception of man, on the other hand, assumes that natural man has a value and a future; that man has within his breast the instinct for righteousness; that there has been no Fall but a continual ascent; that morals and ethics are perpetually evolving and are neither permanently fixed on the stone tablets of centuries ago, nor codified into any inspired system of probabilism. The antithesis was phrased by Brunetière 'L'erreur peut-être la plus grave 'que la philosophie du dernier siècle ait commise c'est d'avoir 'substitué le dogme de la bonté naturelle de l'homme à celui 'de sa perversité foncière.' * Both theses had as objective a

* Revue des Deux Mondes, January 1895.

unity of view and thought from which should emanate unity of power and conduct; but in the one case the method employed to produce this unity was domination and in the other education. On the face of it the principles on which the opposed ideals of society rest seem irreconcilcable; yet attempts have been made by reformers so to modify dogma as to effect their reconciliation. Many Catholics have felt that the new appraisement of man's natural dignity and value made in the eighteenth century called for a readjustment of their own position. Lamennais, when he denied the Fall of Man and yet remained a believer in the teaching of Jesus, crossed the abyss that yawns so widely between the two conceptions of human nature. He has been called the father of Liberal Catholicism, because to him it first occurred that it was possible so to blend the two views of man, imperfect as all extremes must be, into that mean which was to be the consecration of modern society.

Many instances might be brought forward to prove that in the doctrine of original sin Liberal Catholics have recognised a stumbling-block. Father Hecker made as light as he could of it, insisting that natural and civic virtues are admitted by the Church in fallen man prior to the gift of grace. He gloried too in asserting that Calvinists conceived man as far more wicked than did Catholics, and rejoiced in calling to mind how the Church had protested against Calvin's doctrine of 'total depravity' at the Council of Trent. The promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception emphasised the official attitude of the Church towards natural man, and by many people it was felt to increase the difficulties of those Catholics who were endeavouring to adapt themselves to a less debased view of human nature. By some of the converts who conducted that English Catholic Review, the 'Rambler,' the difficulty was keenly felt, and we see that 'occasion even was taken of the definition of the Immacu-'late Conception as a dogma of the Church to inquire what 'were the *scantiest possible* views of original sin and eternal 'punishment compatible with the defined doctrines of the 'Church.' *

The Church avoids compromise on this matter because it tends to infringe her authority, and consequently the ecclesiastical history of the nineteenth century to a great extent consists of a war between the two principles—of man dependent and man independent, man wicked and man good. She consistently has refused to recognise the far-reaching effects of the French Revolution on the social system, on the individual, and on the

* Lord Acton and his Circle, p. xxxviii.

theory of authority, and to adapt herself with regard to temporal power to the ideas of the modern State. France was the first country in which the war of refusal was waged. It is as if two giant figures had been fighting in the clouds above the soil of that country for the soul of its nation; and to the watchers as now one, now the other, gained a conspicuous, albeit temporary advantage, came the realisation of tremendous issues involving the downfall or the exaltation of a world. When at the Revolution the new force that was to leaven society—namely, the new appraisement of man's natural dignity and value—stood upright and hurled its challenge at the Church to justify her accusation of original depravity and prove herself something better than the oppressor and enslaver of the human mind; when to the question, 'On what foundation basely used authority rested?' was returned the answer, 'The powers that be are ordained 'of God,' it was determined to try authority by its own test, whether it was of God or no. And beneath the injustices and cruelties of that day of confiscations may be detected the working of a sound principle and the endeavour to prove by a great divorce between spiritual and temporal powers the validity or invalidity of the spiritual, and to demonstrate to all the world whether riches and temporalities were the only properties by means of which the Church had wielded authority over men for centuries. That experimental divorce was decreed by the revolutionaries in 1794, and before the outcome could be finally gauged it was rescinded by the man who stood for a domination as complete as that of Rome.

It was said by Guizot that Napoleon's greatest and most arduous achievement was the revivification of the idea of authority—an idea which it was thought that the great Revolution had completely discredited. That ruler, in the face of a nation which had discovered there was no divine right in might at all, re-established authority in the old external sense because, like the Popes, he believed in the principle of power and domination, and disbelieved in the principle of individual liberty and private judgement. Owing to the spread of education and liberal ideas, dominion such as he personified has become unrealisable in modern life unless the subjects of that dominion be educated in view of subjection. The Church of Rome to-day is the sole claimant to absolutism in Europe, and since she realises that private judgement and individual liberty are disastrous to her prerogative, she opposes herself to any movement that might invalidate her theory of authority, and sets upon the theological virtues a value greatly exceeding that which she sets upon sound thinking or exact science. The Catholic apologist, Bonald,

perhaps interpreted the attitude of the Church to the world most accurately when he imaged humanity as a chain of blind men of whom only one requires a staff, and that staff the commandment of God transmitted by tradition.

The governors of the Church who saw in the Revolution a merely local disturbance and not the harbinger of new ideals in Europe, thought and hoped when it was over that everything might run back again on to the same old lines, and that therefore there was no need for them to formulate a new working basis. The Catholic reaction in France and Germany gave some support to this theory. By the Charter of 1814 the State of France was once more Christianised and Catholicised. It seemed an opportunity for Christian apologists, and they rushed into print, many of them with the notion in their heads that the best vehicle of re-establishment was sentiment. A host of writers began to weave the web of past things over the mind of a new generation. No attempt was made by these authors to enlist intellectual sympathy with the cause of the Church—perhaps in that day it was known to have been hopeless—but a desire was shown to refute the doctrines of the free-thinkers, and especially that of 'la bonté 'naturelle,' a doctrine which, if established in the hearts of the people, would eventually pull down the whole sacerdotal system.

Bonald, who did not believe in evolution in history, besought men to cling to tradition as to a life-belt; he also exposed the absurdity of the inner authority of conscience as opposed to the external authority of the Church, by pointing out that man would be but a piece of machinery if he had to obey an inward law, whereas, through authority which he could either obey or disobey, he maintained his free will and independence. De Maistre based his plea for the Church on the theory that might is right, pointing out that it had been both the law of nature and of the human race. Chateaubriand's defence of Christianity is in many respects exceedingly sentimental, but it served in some measure to rehabilitate authority, and his determination at all costs to prove the sacredness of the Catholic tradition is nowhere better instanced than by his attempt to deduce the divine origin of the Cross from the existence of the constellation, the Southern Cross!

All through the nineteenth century the Church has been engaged, through her apologists, her encyclicals, and her actions, in trying to restore affairs to their old ordered security, sometimes taking words like democracy or liberty from the mouth of the adversary, prefixing to these terms the adjective Christian, and then using them as battle cries in the conflict and not as an indication of a change in attitude or mind.

The effort of the clericals to capture the industrial unions of France and other countries for their own political purposes, and the experience of the Christian democrats in Italy, are subjects too extensive to be gone into at this point, but Leo XIII. avowed the reason of such efforts. Religion, he confessed, was to be the narcotic to dull discontent, not the stimulant to higher endeavour or deeper inspiration; 'the Church of Christ is 'possessed of a power to stave off the pest of Socialism' . . . 'it 'seems expedient to encourage associations for handicraftsmen 'and labouring men, which, placed under the sheltering care of 'religion, may render the members content with their lot and 'resigned to toil.'* It is also interesting to glance at the interpretation which Catholics have put upon liberty. This is no place to define that elusive term, but generally when we speak in the present day of liberty we mean a general movement away from external compulsion towards free association, and by many this is held to be the condition by means of which humanity, if it holds within it the seeds of perfectibility, will attain perfection. Catholic writers generally use liberty in a sense different from that of common acceptation. Leo XIII. in one of his encyclical letters on this subject, which were tissues of sophistical argument, said: 'If when men discuss the question of liberty they were 'careful to grasp its true and legitimate meaning . . . they 'would never venture to affix such a calumny on the Church 'as to assert that she is the foe to individual and public liberty.'† Liberty is sometimes used as a substitute for free will, and the Church is pictured as defending human liberty against the Jansenists, and as never holding truce with fatalism. Lamennais, with his watchword, 'God and Liberty,' meant by liberty release for the Church from State control. Lord Acton seems to use the word in the sense of independence, for he says: 'The 'Popes preserved their liberty by their authority,' ‡ and, 'The 'temporal sovereignty is the only plan we can devise to secure 'liberty for the Pope.' §

It often seems as though it were the aim of Catholics so to confuse intellectual issues, so to garble definitions as to make it impossible for ordinary men to grasp the meaning of their contentions or to cross swords with them on any ground except that of their own choosing or construction. It seems, too, as though the governing body in Rome, shut away from the stress of the modern world, were determined wilfully to misunderstand and

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* Quod Apostolici muneris, 1878.
† Libertas praestantissimum, 1888.
‡ Lord Acton and his Circle, p. 249. § *Ibid.*, p. 13.

misrepresent the aims of the modern State, and the currents of modern thought. The Roman Curia insists on regarding secular adoption of responsibility as usurpation, and liberty as mere anarchy. The early declarations of Leo XII. with regard to Jews show an utter want of understanding of that spirit which had driven Anacharsis Clootz to the Bar of the Assembly to claim formal recognition of the brotherhood of men. Perhaps it was not altogether the spirit of contumacy that impeded the Curialists from seeing what all men saw, it may have been the spirit of fear which made the cardinals shrink from that intellectual and social readjustment of their position that might lead to an abandonment of their hold on the machinery of State they had so long been accustomed to control.

However this may be, the real situation is that the Church stands in a position she has never before occupied. She is face to face with the modern State with its developed ethical sense, its new obligation of paternity. The Church had called herself the Mother of men, the State now called itself their Father. At the French Revolution a new mind dawned on Europe, and the organisations through which the Church had been accustomed to work have from that day gradually slipped from her hands. All the so-called 'works of mercy,' which she has the eternal honour of having inaugurated, have become not the charity of a few, but the duty of all. She has to contemplate a future when asylums, hospitals, and education shall be on the rates; when law, order and charity shall be administered by the technically neutral State. Having worked for centuries through these and kindred channels, it is not wonderful that she does not choose to abandon hold on them without a struggle, for who knows whether she will continue to exist in her present capacity in a State theoretically bound to regard the soul as an hypothesis, and theology as a travesty of philosophy? It would then but remain to her to become the inspiration for living that she was in the beginning.

Many Catholics have realised the gravity of the situation, and seeing no future for an institution apparently occupied in stemming all the currents of modern life, have attempted to find the middle way of reconciliation in what is called Liberal Catholicism. As an illustration of what at least one Italian bishop thinks with regard to the yoking of Church and State, we should remember the words of Bonomelli which have, during this year, been severely censured by the Pope. He at least faces the situation as it actually is and makes no vain attempt to evade real issues.

Monsignor Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, chose the separa-

tion of Church and State for the subject of his Lenten pastoral. He is a man seventy-five years of age, of orthodox faith and exemplary piety. He believes in that formula of Cavour which is also accepted by Haeckel, 'a free Church in a free State.' His pastoral was condemned by the Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Ferrari, who induced the Bishops of Lombardy to sign a letter denouncing it. The pastoral, which viewed the end of Concordat system as an advantage to the Church, and an advance in independence, was referred to by the Pope as 'a publication truly 'deplorable in itself.'

'In past centuries the condition of legal and systematic indifference did not exist between the Church and political society, or existed only for a very short time, and was not believed to be really practicable. The conditions either of struggle and hostility, or of alliance were the only conditions known. Time has ripened a third condition, that of reciprocal independence and of separation between Church and State. In some countries it is being established; and everything seems to indicate that during this century it will be established in all civilised countries. It is the future of the Church.' *

The Bishop puts words into the mouth of the State:

'I ought to have one object only—to make good laws, to regulate wisely education, public charity, justice, the army, to promote industry, commerce, agriculture, the arts, to maintain public order and lead citizens towards material and moral welfare and towards as much terrestrial happiness as possible, without troubling whether this man is a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, or whether his neighbour is a Turk or an Atheist. Religion is a matter of conscience, an internal affair, or external only within the limits fixed by law. For me, the State, all citizens are equally worthy of respect, and I am bound to render justice to all and to guarantee their rights. The State is not the Church. It has no religion as a State. The men composing the Government may as citizens have any religion they please, and it is good that they should have one; but in their acts of government they ought not to make any distinction between one religion and another.'

Bonomelli clearly thinks that in the future the thirty Concordats concluded since 1801 between the Holy See and the Governments must be broken. He considers it the policy of progress for the Church, and there are many Catholics of all nationalities who share his views. In France particularly there is a school of writers and thinkers which longs to see the dawn of that day when the free Church shall exist unmolested and unprotected in a free country. Everyone remembers that the Encyclical

* Morning Post, March 9, 1906.

Letter and Syllabus of 1864 expressly upheld the system of State Churches, but in such a way that the State was to be the obedient handmaid of Rome. The most celebrated of the Concordats has been lately repealed to the apparent indignation and regret of the Roman Curia. As a consequence the present attitude of Catholic bishops and priests in France has been revealed, and it goes to show that the Napoleonic Concordat with its organic articles, which was considered by some men the last word in Gallicanism, was in reality an execution of the letter of Gallicanism and a complete destruction of its spirit.

The connexion of Bonomelli with Christian social work places him more in spiritual affinity with the aspirations of Lamennais than with the protesting intellectual Catholics in England to-day. For the sake of clearness it is well to keep in mind that, broadly speaking, there have been two Liberal Catholic movements during the nineteenth century, the one concerned with matters social, the other with matters intellectual—the one positive and the other negative. Lamennais was the leader of the one movement, the other has a multitude of critics and no leader. The French Liberal definitely fought the tyranny of State over Church, and the intellectual Catholics of to-day point out that he was in their language an Ultramontane; but he did more than make barren protestations, for he aspired to do constructive work, and became the formulator of a Catholic Humanitarianism. He was ready to recognise the power of man to redeem man, and because of this belief he is far more liberal than the critics of the Catholic position to-day, who are content with setting up opinion against opinion, instead of principle against principle. He wanted the Church to make common cause with the disinherited, and he told her priests that if they would steep themselves in poverty and suffering, the words of a poor and suffering God would become fruitful on their lips. Ricci had said the same thing just after the Revolution, 'The triumph of the Faith will not 'come about so long as the successor of the poor fisherman is 'also the successor of the great Cæsars.' * Lamennais deplored the attitude of the Church towards democracy; 'many talk to 'them,' he said, 'of duties only, others talk to them of rights only,' but the truth he wished to teach was that rights and duties could not be separated in any arbitrary way, because the idea of the other was embodied in each, the notion of the one implied the other. In the 'Avenir' he held out friendly hands to that new sovereign with whom the future rested in an endeavour 'to form

* Letter to Grégoire, 1796.

'the universal family' and so help to construct the city of God. Every one knows how the French bishops looked askance at the 'Avenir,' and in what passionate language Lamennais spoke of that Rome to which he journeyed for advice and illumination: 'Catholicism was my life because it is that of humanity. I 'wished to defend it, I wished to raise it from the abyss to 'which it was day by day sinking. There was Rome: I went 'thither and I beheld the foulest cesspool which has ever sullied 'the eyes of man.'

After weeks of discouraging neglect he left 'the great sepulchre 'where nothing is to be found but bones and worms'; and soon afterwards he received the Encyclical Letter *Mirari vos* (1832), which may be considered as the first link in the chain of conservative policy forged by the Roman Curia throughout the century. It was a declaration of war upon the whole of modern society. Gregory XVI. said it was impious to speak of the regeneration of the Church, declared the liberty of the press horrible, and moral insanity to be the consequence of liberty of conscience. Lamennais bowed to these decisions, but not for long, for in the 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' which people said was 'the Cross crowned by the red cap,' he protested against the papal condemnation of the work of liberty which characterised the age. Rome answered with the encyclical *Singulari Nos* (1834), which condemned him and his works. Miserable and isolated he brooded over the thought that the Church was breaking with modern society and fighting the aspiration of the peoples. He felt too and affirmed that Jesus never came to earth to institute Christian dogma, to interfere with free speculation, or with that perpetual labour of mind out of which science is born. He wondered whether some progressive and evolutionary Christianity might not become the religion of democracy, and whether the principle of love incarnated in man, which it was Christ's mission to announce, might not produce a Church that should transcend the limits of ecclesiasticism, and become that glorious Church invisible of which all visible Churches are but shadows.

The very Pope who condemned Lamennais admitted the necessity of reform in the civil government of the Papal States and so by implication in all States. 'I have only a few years, 'perhaps a few days to live—after me they will choose a young 'Pope and it will fall to his lot to do the deeds without which it 'is impossible for us to continue to exist.' *

New hopes were raised by the accession of Pius IX. He was

* 'Kirche u. Kirchen,' v. Döllinger, p. 565; cit. Nielsen, vol. ii. p. 83.

called the liberal Pope, and men trusted that he might prove a greater statesman than his predecessors. The Church, it was felt by the Liberals, had a magnificent opportunity if she could but preach the cause of the people throughout the world. Mazzini urged the Pope to put himself at the head of the national movement, and Metternich half feared that the sermons preached in Italy on O'Connell's death were inspired by Pius IX., and were indications that the representative of absolutism was about to become the supporter of national movements throughout the world. The new Pope, who together with great theological ignorance coupled a high degree of vanity, played with the people for a short while and appointed a 'Consulta di Stato' to advise him in temporal affairs. Lord Minto observed that this concession was the funeral of the temporal power, and events proved that he was right, for the lay ministry soon discovered the incompatibility of headship of a Church with any merely temporal sovereignty. Politically Pius IX. meant to be liberal, ecclesiastically he meant to be reactionary, and the inward contradiction of this position drove him after the murder of Rossi to fly from Rome. In the quiet seaport of Gaeta he found rest, and there became the docile pupil of Jesuits and adopted for the future their conservative and consolidating policy.

By his condemnation of Rosmini's book on constitutional government Pius indicated the illiberality of his new attitude, or, as the Romans said, showed that he had become *Pio Nono Secondo*. A short campaign of intolerance was ventured upon by the Holy See and in 1852 Madiai and his wife were 'condemned 'to four years' penal imprisonment, because they had them-'selves read an Italian Bible, and had worked for the dissemi-'nation of translations of that book in their own native language; 'and they were not released from their confinement until Lord 'Palmerston threatened to send a few English warships to the 'Mediterranean.' * The works of the famous Muratori were forbidden by Leopold II. in Tuscany at the instigation of Rome, because his investigations on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and the origin of the Papal States might be a hindrance to the carrying out of the schemes of Pius IX.'s new governors, the Jesuits. These astute politicians saw in the Catholic Emancipation Act in England an opportunity for aggressive measures. In 1850 a brief was issued re-establishing the Papal hierarchy in this country, and three years later the same step was taken in Holland. In both cases the result

* Nielsen, vol. ii. p. 184.

was the same. After a period of high but short-lived popular excitement both kingdoms viewed the Papal encroachment with indifference.

The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed in 1854. 'It was an act peculiar to Pius IX. for which no 'former pontificate can show any parallel,' for he defined it of his own sovereign authority. It was a practical claim to Infallibility. Ten years later the Encyclical Letter *Quanta cura* with its appended Syllabus appeared. Since socialism, communism, Bible societies, secret societies, the theory of a free Church in a free State, and associations of Liberal Catholics were all included in its condemnation, it was a farther declaration of war upon modern society and it created an immense sensation in Europe. It ends by declaring the assertion that 'the Roman 'Pontiff can and must effect a reconciliation and alliance with 'progress, liberty and the new civilisation' to be anathema.

Intellectual liberalism within the Church as contrasted with social liberalism may be said to become articulate after this time, and though the Vatican Council was designed to put down all such ideas and schemes it only served to make the position of thinking Catholics more difficult to maintain, because it emphasised the claim of the Church to dogmatise not only on political and social, but also on intellectual issues.

With the General Council may also be said to have begun the Church's warfare on modern science and thought. With good reason did 'Janus' on the eve of the Council point out that the one essential condition for the general triumph of dogma was that all libraries should be burned and that the civilised nations should become strangers to all knowledge of their past, somewhat like the Maoris of New Zealand. The irrefutable arguments of von Döllinger and Hüber were answered in 'The 'Pope and his latest Calumniators,' by Scheeben, who asserts that after reading 'Janus' he is driven to conclude that the authors are in theology and history as well as in conduct and in life 'bunglers and swindlers.' *

The Council opened on December 8, 1869, and at the first General Congregation it was proposed that the Syllabus should be adopted as dogmatic, which distressed the more liberal of the envoys; and after the third General Congregation on the 20th, when a commission for discipline was chosen, Louis Veuillot exclaimed, 'The Council is Ultramontane,' and rejoiced that 'it must now 'be clear to everybody that Ultramontanism was not a party 'but the Church itself.'

* Nielsen, vol. ii. p. 237.

Addresses against the definition of Infallibility were drawn up and signed by German, Austrian, French, American, and Italian bishops. Intellectual priests like Gratry and Maret made open protest; Montalembert spent his last years in fighting the dogma; Newman from his Oratory wrote sadly that the Council seemed to be creating new and not solving old difficulties. After the promulgation of the dogmatic Constitution of the Faith, the Jesuits set to work to push through their momentous dogma of defined Infallibility. Monsignor Pie, who opened the debate on the dogmatic scheme, saw proof of the Infallibility of the Pope in St. Peter's crucifixion; 'for did 'not the head of that apostle bear up his whole body and does 'not the Pope now bear up his whole Church? It is he who 'bears that is infallible, not that which is borne!' The analogy is a preposterous one, and we cannot but learn with amazement that it found a respectful audience. Manning's speech went to prove that the infallibility of the head is the logical outcome of the infallibility of the body, which was practically saying that democracy and absolutism were identical terms.

Darboy, Schwarzenburg, Strossmayer and others spoke out boldly against the dogma, but the general debate was suddenly brought to a close on June 3, to the horror of the opposition, for there were still forty speakers demanding to be heard. After further special debates on the character of the Primacy and the meaning of Infallibility the protests of the minority were overruled, and on July 16, at the General Congregation, the dogma was prepared for final adoption. On that day was inserted the clause, 'Romani pontificis definitiones esse ex sese, 'non autem ex consensu Ecclesiæ, irreformabiles.'

'The next day Dupanloup made a last desperate attempt to hinder the proclamation of the dogma in dispute. He sent a letter to Pius IX., in which he suggested that in the solemn session the successor of St. Peter as soon as the dogma had been adopted by voting should declare that out of prudence and apostolic moderation he would postpone the confirmation of it to a more favourable time, when men's minds had again calmed down.'*

Pius IX. became angry when he read the letter, and exclaimed to two bishops, 'This Bishop of Orleans is mad! He wants me 'to stop the mouth of the Holy Ghost and of the Council—I, 'the Pope, who am merely the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost.'

Many of the bishops shrank from voting 'non placet' at the last and preferred to make what they called 'the sacrifice of

* Nielsen, vol. ii. p. 367.

'their will' either by abstention or by agreement. Before the concluding session eighty-eight bishops had left Rome, among them Melchers, Ketteler, Haynald, and Dupanloup, who had been the strongest opponents of the dogma. Serenity and unanimity, however, reigned at least in appearance over this decision of the Church, for at the decisive moment 533 voted 'placet,' and only two 'non-placet.' Well might Manning exclaim, 'Dogma has conquered history!' With regard to the part Manning played in the Council, Nielsen says:

'If any single man were able to ascribe to himself the honour of this victory, it would be the Archbishop of Westminster, *il diavolo del Concilio*. When he came home from St. Peter's at one o'clock on July 18 he found on his table a picture of the Jesuit dogmatic theologian, Bellarmine. It was a present from the Jesuits of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and an inscription on the picture announced that it was intended to be a memorial of the fourth session of the Vatican Council. The gift and the givers reveal who it was that gained the victory at the Vatican Council. Undoubtedly it was a pleasure to Manning to possess this testimony of the gratitude of the Jesuits. But his opinion of them changed greatly before he died. Scarcely twenty years after that July day, in a document intended to set forth the hindrances which stood in the way of the spread of the Roman Church in England, he mentions as the ninth and last, the Society of Jesus. Unfortunately his biographer has not dared to publish this section of the Cardinal's religious and political testament.' *

No doubt the proclamation was the cause of a great access of spiritual power to the Pope, and practically it was a challenge to all States, and an assertion of the superior jurisdiction of the Church. As has been instanced during the last thirty years in France and more recently in Spain, a concordatory 'régime' was rendered by it impossible, for it turned the bishops in all countries into prefects whose authority is only valid so long as it is covered by the Holy See.

Lord Acton, whose views coincided with those of von Döllinger as to the infallibility of the Church and the primacy of the Pope, was strongly opposed to the main object for which the General Council was summoned. He lectured and wrote against the new dogma, but after the promulgation of the Bull he made the requisite 'sacrifice of the intellect,' and gave in his adherence to the definition. He held that his private judgement was subject to the voice of the Church, an attitude which is entirely justifiable from the Catholic, and entirely condemnable from the intellectual point of view. His friend, von Döllinger, was

* Nielsen, vol. ii. p. 374.

intellectually honest and refused to accept the dogma as a Christian, a theologian, an historian, or a citizen.

An effort has recently been made by Abbot Gasquet 'to drop 'the veil of charity' over all that was heterodox in Lord Acton's views, all that was intellectually bold and at variance with the decrees of the Vatican Council. This effort has been very properly met by Father Thurston, S.J.,* who objects to the whole career of Lord Acton being judged upon the evidence revealed in Gasquet's book, which for the most part deals with the comparatively untroubled years between 1858–63, and takes no account of other letters already published † containing revelations startling to the orthodox. One hundred and forty seven out of one hundred and seventy-eight of the letters published in 'Lord Acton and his Circle' are earlier in date than the Syllabus, and it is only after 1864 that the proving of minds was made manifest. The letters, which, after all, have no more general interest than those of any editor of a serious review to his contributors, should not be made to bear so great an interpretation. The motive for publishing them is difficult to surmise, because it can hardly be alleged that a person of Abbot Gasquet's well-known learning and high-mindedness would make them the cover for an attempt to capture for orthodoxy a name that was again and again connected with heterodoxy.

The 'Rambler,' the magazine of the converts, in connexion with which these letters by Lord Acton were written, was designed to meet the wants of a cultivated Catholic laity, but its career was not lengthy. Cardinal Wiseman especially disapproved of its influence and said that it had 'grazed even the edges of the 'most perilous abysses of error.' In 1862 the 'Rambler' became the 'Home and Foreign Review,' and in 1864 it put an end to its own existence. An article in the final number of the 'Review' by Lord Acton stated that the magazine existed to further certain principles and views, and that as these were condemned by the Holy See,‡ 'no Catholic can contemplate without alarm 'the evil that would be caused by a Catholic journal persis-'tently labouring to thwart the published will of the Holy See. 'The conductors of the "Review" refuse to take upon them-'selves the responsibility of such a position.'

It was an article on 'Original Sin' in the 'Rambler' which

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* The Tablet, October 13, 1906.

† Letters to Mary Gladstone (1879–86).

‡ Brief issued by Pius IX. relative to Munich Congress, 1863, censuring doctrines of Frohschammer, but indirectly affecting the views of the 'Review.'

had first got that organ into disgrace, and it is interesting to note in reference to this train of thought that the contempt for natural man displayed in the teaching of the Church was still further symbolised in her selection of Liguori in 1871 as a new 'doctor ecclesiæ.' This man fulfilled the whole law of self-abasement, mental, moral, and physical. He had been canonised in 1839, and the reasons which made him worthy to be doctor of the Church were his setting forth of ethical principles, and the proofs in his writings both of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility. The new doctor had been proved by criticism to have betrayed 'boundless ignorance and levity in his 'quotations from the Fathers of the Church,' and von Döllinger in 1871 undertook to show that the proofs of Papal Infallibility found in his works were 'for the most part spurious, forged, or 'garbled.' It is worth recalling what manner of saint Liguori was, as it is difficult to imagine a type more utterly at variance with the ideals of natural men and of modern society.

At Ciorani he lived for years in a miserable room at the back of a staircase which received light and air only through an opening covered with paper. He sat with a heavy stone hung round his neck and walked with pebbles in his shoes; he sprinkled bitter herbs on his scanty food so as to make it unpalatable; he lay on sharp stones which ran deep into his flesh, scourged himself and wore a spiked belt; he turned his back when talking to women. When he had to act he was hopelessly bewildered and beset by scruples. Ethics were to him principally casuistry. His doctrine of equivocation has been severely attacked by healthy moralists. Newman thought it totally unfitted for the English character, and other Roman Catholics thought it immoral. 'If Liguori's doctrine is right, then the 'narrow way of the Gospel is made broad, or rather it is given 'up and the broad way which leads to destruction is recom-'mended to Christians.' Cardinal Wiseman said that even in his time there was no confessional in England which was not under the influence of the 'gentle theology of this Saint'; and to Cardinal Manning Liguori was '*the* moral theologian.'

The policy of the governing body of the Church, it must be recognised, has been throughout the nineteenth century consistent with itself. The campaign that opened against Liberal Catholicism as interpreted by Lamennais with the Encyclical Letter *Mirari vos* has been carried on by a series of declarations. Not only has 'the death-dealing pest' of socialism been attributed to 'the insane war of Protestants' against the Catholic Church, not only has the modern idea of the neutral State been anathematised, but an attempt has been made to keep modern science

and new thought away from the faithful, and Leo XIII., it will be remembered, reinstated the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas as the foundation of all studies in schools and seminaries. The result of this policy is that where, fifty years ago, there was one Catholic permeated with liberal ideas there are now a thousand. Liberalism perhaps has become vaguer in its aims as it has become more diffused, but it has become popular, and certain priests of the Catholic communion, realising the danger of numberless defections, have tried to prove that the programme of steadily pursued conservatism and repression no more represents the Catholic Church than the programme of the Government in office represents the feeling of the country it governs. Father Tyrrell in particular develops this theory.* 'To quarrel 'with the expression is no reason *per se* for quarrelling with 'the thing expressed,' he says, but this contention is too sophistical even for private use, for the quarrels of dissenters and reformers have generally arisen on questions of conformity, and if there were no expression there could be no religious schisms. He talks of organised Catholicism as striving feebly to formulate 'the inscrutable voiceless life,' 'the eternal truths' and the 'divine 'instincts,' and from this it would seem that for him the Church herself is not infallible. He allows that the truths by which we grow are 'too fundamental and too simple to be involved in 'the fate of anything so contingent as a theological system.' 'Where,' he asks, 'do we find Christ insisting on the spiritual 'necessity or advantage of beliefs that perplex or do violence 'to the senses and intelligence of His hearers, except so far as 'He rebukes their lack of that deeper intelligence which is 'conditioned by moral dispositions and is kin to, if not identical 'with Faith?' Yes, but the religion of Christ is neither monopolised nor manifested in its completion by any Christian Church, and it is to be questioned whether amid the varying forms of Christianity the religion of Christ has ever yet been faintly realised. The Church of Rome, as expressed in the world to-day, finds no champion in Father Tyrrell, whose only argument in her favour is that she stands for the principle of Catholicity—that she is an abortive essay towards that all-embracing religious association which, as a mediating instrument, should secure the fullest and freest commerce between its several members and the whole—that is, between the soul and God. Men of all shades of theological belief may agree with Father Tyrrell when he says, 'Faith is not a sharing in the common

* A Much-abused Letter.

'creed of the visible Church, but in the common vision of the 'invisible Church, which is in a measure that of God Himself.'

Father Tyrrell has given it as his opinion that intellectual men and women should not shut their eyes to the difficulties arising out of the conflict between reason and authority, but that it is their plain duty to criticise Ultramontanism. In this opinion Baron von Hügel concurs, for he thinks it a 'strict 'duty' to give public expression to his own perplexities and conclusions with regard to the Report of the Biblical Commission,* and like the ex-Jesuit, who admits that the conservative positions held by the Curia 'are maintained by ignorance, systematic or involuntary,' he allows that the Report is but another attempt to suppress and emasculate science and scholarship. Both writers are only stating what is the common opinion outside the walls of the Catholic Church, but both letters are by critics of authority within them, and therefore have an interest and a value which they would not have if written by men hostile and indifferent to the teaching of the Catholic Church. 'When authority is dumb or stultifies itself, private 'conviction resumes its previous rights and liberties,' says Father Tyrrell, and by these words his protest, and that of Baron von Hügel, are justified.

The Church of Rome, however, does not share Father Tyrrell's wish to retain within her walls those men who disapprove of her policy and aims, and she has already shown her disapproval of his philosophical attitude in regarding the Church 'sub specie 'æternitatis.' A great deal of commotion has been made over this 'confidential letter,' which of course was not originally written for publication, but for the private edification of an anthropologist. In Italy, where it appeared translated by Professor Giacosa of Milan, assisted by Fogazzaro, before its publication in England, it made a considerable stir. It has been said that Fogazzaro's connexion with the publication of this letter was the real cause of the censure of 'The Saint,' which novel has done more to popularise the hopes and fears of Liberal Catholics than any book since the movement originated. Everyone knows that Fogazzaro is a pious and practising Catholic who, after a lifetime's experience, has deliberately given to the world the outcome of his reflections on the Church. The object of his novel, in so far as it can be said to have a purpose, is to prove the futility of negative criticism of Ultramontanism, and to urge the necessity for some serious constructive movement.

There is practically no plot and no action in 'The Saint,'

* The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch.

the interest of which lies in the types of Catholics it presents, and the aspirations it makes public. Pietro Maironi, the principal figure of the story and the Saint after whom the book is named, is an educated man of the world who, to atone for a sin, is living a life of expiation as gardener's assistant at a Benedictine monastery near Subiaco. In the moment of conversion—after going from the death-bed of the mad wife to whom he had been faithless, to pray in the chapel of the asylum—he sees intensely through his closed eyes the words, 'Magister 'adest et vocat te.' Then and there he made the resolution to obey, to forsake his past and the woman he still loved, and to disappear in some retreat as a nameless penitent. When the story opens he has lived for three years a life of submissive asceticism at the monastery, and has gained the reputation of a saint. A new superior coming to rule over the community will not tolerate him in his unorthodox position, and orders him either to become a monk or to leave the convent. Conscious of no vocation for monastic life, he quits Subiaco reluctantly and goes to a village in the hills, where he remains working for the poor and the sick, and preaching the Word of Christ. Later he goes to Rome, and there finds opportunity of denouncing Ultramontanism and all its ways to the Pope. The other figures in the story are Giovanni Selva, the Catholic philosopher, and his young wife; Jeanne Dessalle, to whom Pietro Maironi had once been lover; Dom Clemente, the saintly and educated Benedictine, sympathising with the Liberal movement but unready to take any action on his own account; the Vatican ecclesiastics and the various auditors and speakers, in the midst of whom the personality of the Saint is made vivid. The text on which the work is founded is that the Church can only be regenerated by holiness and not by intellect. It is suggested that a new Franciscan movement would really stir a world tired of pompous cardinals and imperial autocrats, a world that is more often guided by heart than by reason. Great popular movements as a rule have not been inaugurated by intellectual men, for some means more direct and obvious than pure thought are required if an appeal is to be made to the people. Giovanni Selva, however, believes that something can be done through intellectualism. He himself is engaged in the moral justification of Christian ethics, in an endeavour to show why renunciation, which wars against Nature's laws, torments man, and shuts the door to future lives, should be exalted. He draws the answer from the study of moral phenomena considered in their historical origin and evolution, and gradually through study of the laws of mutual aid among

animals concludes that the mysterious impulse of self-sacrifice is planted in the being of both birds and beasts. He assumes that the instinct must serve some end or purpose, and from this he arrives at the general principle that the renunciation of physical pleasure for a higher form of satisfaction, not only signifies the effort of the species towards a superior kind of existence, but proves the reality of such existence. He speaks of those who renounce as unconscious collaborators with the Power which governs the universe, and of their lives as incarnating the progressive energy of the species. He regards them as conservers of that spiritual element which will eventually create for itself a corporeal form. Such is the philosophical and idealistic view of celibacy, and the contrast between theory and practice in this matter is finely drawn. Selva from his study regards it as if it were the stage for another advance in the evolution of morals, the denial of the physical constituting for him the birth of the spiritual. Dom Clemente and 'The Saint,' seeing monasticism as it is in practice, uninspired by any fervour of renunciation, or any ultimate view of progress, are less sanguine as to its real value, though they too know, like Selva, that self-sacrifice has indestructible roots in the human heart, and that it is a great factor in moral evolution. The convent is no exception to the universal rule of the travesty of ideas in realisation. Once let ideas become embodied and they assume the limitations peculiar to all man's objective creations.

Selva sees the want of spirituality in the clergy and the ignorance of religious teachers with sorrow, and he believes that if a more liberal opinion could be created within the Church it might permeate the whole organisation with new life. He wishes to form a society for this purpose, and organises a meeting at his house to explain his object to men interested in the matter.

'There are many Catholics in Italy and outside of Italy who, with us, desire certain reforms in the Church. We wish them to be brought about without rebellion, to be the work of the legitimate authorities. We desire reforms in religious instruction, in the ceremonies, in the discipline of the clergy, reforms even in the highest sphere of the ecclesiastical government. To obtain these ends it is necessary to create a current of opinion strong enough to induce the legitimate authorities to act in conformity with our views, be it twenty, thirty, or even fifty years hence. Now we who hold these opinions are widely dispersed, and, save in the case of those who publish articles or books, are ignorant of one another's views. Very probably a large number of pious and cultured people in the Catholic world feel as we do, and I believe it would afford the

greatest assistance in the spreading of our opinions if we could at least know one another.' *

The question of forming an association to further movements of reform is discussed by those present. The ambitious Abbé Marinier objects to the scheme as being dangerous. Since it is easier for the governors of the Church to strike at an association than at isolated men, he advises his hearers to remain unbound by any visible fetters :

'I do not believe that any good can be achieved through this league. Associations may be useful to raise salaries, they may promote industries and commerce ; but science and truth, never. Reforms will surely be brought about some day, because ideas are stronger than men, and are always pressing forward ; but by arraying them in armour and marching them forward in companies, you expose them to a terrible fire, which will check their progress for a long time to come. Science and religion progress only through the individual, through the Messiah. Have you a saint among you ? Do you know where to look for one ? Then find him and let him march forward. Fiery language, broad charity, two or three little miracles, and your Messiah alone will achieve more than all of you together.' †

Dom Clemente, the Benedictine with 'the face of an angel,' agrees with Marinier in thinking that a saint alone could accomplish such reforms, and urges that all present shall be the humble harbingers of such a Messiah. Minucci the professor, however, has been made angry by the worldly abbé's timidity, for he wants to 'unwind those ancient cere-cloths in which the Church is smothered,' and 'in which she would be killed if she were mortal.' 'We wish to be united in the living Christ,' he cries with eagerness . . . 'we want our faith to gain in intensity 'even if it lose in extension . . . we feel that Christ is preparing 'a slow but a tremendous religious transformation . . . let us 'band together against the fanaticism which crucified Him and 'which is now poisoning His Church ; and if suffering be our 'reward let us give thanks to the Father.'

Salviati points out that an intellectual reformation is likely to be misunderstood by simple souls, and suggests that they should attempt to illuminate hearts by a Franciscan mission. Selva finds himself torn in two between the moral and the intellectual reformation, and the assembly breaks up without hope of that saint who might, if found, make the whole movement fruitful. Dom Clemente, when he goes back to Santa Scholastica after the meeting, is questioned by his Abbot about the new

* The Saint, p. 43. † *Ibid.* p. 52.

Rosminians, and is forbidden ever again to visit the Selvas. After kissing the hand of his superior in token of obedience the monk takes refuge in the chapel, and there kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament with eyes uplifted to the Tabernacle, he confessed to Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life, that which he had never confessed to living man. He poured out his hopelessness, his conviction that everything in the old monastery, everything except Christ in the Tabernacle, was on the point of death. Instead of being the radiating hearth of Christianity the convent was ossifying in grim age. There the fires of faith and piety, like the candles on the altar, burnt till they consumed their human envelope, without ever sending a warming or an illumining ray through the thick convent walls into the world of struggling and unhappy men. And he wondered how it could be that the divine instinct of self-renunciation, the deepest instinct in human nature, could become so perverted as to lose the power of regeneration.

When Maironi, at the instance of the superior, leaves the convent he goes to the village of Yenne, and there lives a gentle yet strenuous life sowing and harvesting for the widows, or those too infirm to work, and caring for the sick. His fame goes out into the land, and along the white roads of Italy come streaming towards him the sick, the curious, and the sad. Still he wears the habit of a Benedictine lay brother, but the Abbot of Subiaco forbids him its use. Henceforth he resolves to be the layman, the wandering knight of the Holy Spirit, not the priest preaching in churches, but the missionary of the Christ-truth. The priest and sacristan of Yenne shun him as heretic, and he goes forth to preach the Gospel to the people according as Christ shall lead him to speak, in cottages, in the street, or in high places. Drawn by an irresistible impulse to Rome, he there talks with social reformers, sceptics, and fashionable people, and finally gains access to the Pope himself, who is represented as an old and gentle man, sympathising with the Saint's ideas and helpless among his Council. Maironi tells him of the great ills to which the Church is subordinated, saying that four evil spirits, masquerading as angels of light, have entered her precincts to make war on the Holy Spirit. The first spirit is the spirit of lying, which is followed by all those who think that real truth is opposed to religious truth. Worshippers of the letter, they try to force upon adults the food of children. The Saint begs the Pope to show favour to some priest who has fought for sincerity; to make a bishop of some man devoted to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and urges that the Holy Office shall not be allowed to condemn those men who are the glory and the intelligence of the Church, who, with minds full of truth

and hearts full of Christ, fight in defence of the Catholic faith. The second spirit he calls the spirit of domination. Priests cannot bear that souls should traffic direct with God; they make themselves out the only mediators, and souls in consequence become timid, servile, soft, and Catholic liberty is slain. He pleads that the breath of modern life shall be allowed to enter the Church, that the people shall help to elect the bishops as of old; that the bishops shall be ordered to go in and out among the people, and not move in isolated grandeur, or remain shut away in their bishoprics like Oriental princes in their palaces. The third spirit he calls the spirit of avarice. Heads, he sees, are bowed to the wealthy, and persons are respected. 'We must,' he tells the Pope, 'prepare the day when priests of 'Christ will give the example of real poverty. In that day, 'though they be few, they will be the light of the world.' The fourth spirit is the spirit of immobility, and it is embodied in those formalists as fierce as the Jews who crucified Jesus, those idolators of past time who dominate the councils of the Church.

Like Pierre Fromment in 'Rome' he ends his appeal with an adjuration to the Pope. 'I beg you to come out of the 'Vatican. Come out, Holy Father, for the first time, for the 'first time at least to do a work of service. Lazarus suffers 'and dies every day—go and see Lazarus!'

The Pope replies by pointing out his inability to undertake reforms:

'My son, many of these things the Lord had spoken of in my heart long ago. You—God bless you—have to deal with the Lord alone; I have to deal also with the men the Lord has placed around me, among whom I have to steer my course according to charity and prudence, and above all I must adapt my counsels, my commands, to the different capacities, the different states of mind of so many millions of men. I am like a poor schoolmaster who, out of seventy scholars has twenty who are below the average, forty of ordinary ability, and only ten who are really brilliant. He cannot carry on the school for the benefit of the ten brilliant pupils alone, and I cannot govern the Church for you alone and for those who are like you.' *

The Vatican officials, who disapprove of the Pope's lenience to 'the Saint,' are determined that he shall see him no more, and that he shall be removed from Rome. Worn out with persecution 'the Saint' shortly afterwards dies outside Rome, in the house of a free-thinking doctor who befriended him to the end. Jeanne Dessalle, the woman he had loved, is converted from

* The Saint, p. 291.

agnosticism to faith by the extraordinary sanctity of his death. The great novel ends as all Christianity must begin, with the manifested power of holiness. We must never forget that the authority of the Church is not perpetuated by decretal or brief, but by the compelling attraction of its saints. Deep down in the human heart lies a reverence for sheer goodness too profound to be formulated by any creed. The Church was founded on holiness; holiness is, and always has been, the attracting force, though Fogazzaro does not allow to the Vatican ecclesiastics even the saving grace of welcoming holiness when they are confronted with it. Spirit creates shape after its own likeness, and the great hope of the future for the Church lies in the advent of a saint so transcendentally holy as to rekindle the Christ-flame within her, which will not only consume all that is vain in her present embodiment, but which will clothe itself in a form that is the express image of truth.

Fogazzaro's book is a great contribution to the Liberal Catholic movement, for it reminds men that what is needed for the future is construction and not destruction. No book can be valueless which makes us feel the negative value of criticism and the futility of intellectualism when they are confronted with those deeper emotions, those unfathomed aspirations which it is the mission of Catholicism to discover and to preserve.

A clever English novel which, though it cannot take rank with 'The Saint,' deserves to be mentioned, since it throws light on the difficulties of Liberal Catholics. Its name is 'Out of Due Time,' and its story is the story of Lamennais and his companions. Two friends, D'Etranges and Sutcliffe, start a Review; it is looked upon by the official Catholic world of England as coldly as 'L'Avenir' was regarded by the bishops of France. Like Lamennais they appealed to Rome, and there experienced the vexatious delays which had dispirited those earlier pilgrims. D'Etranges, who had believed it possible and necessary to attempt to let in the light of science among the dim vaults of a church shrouded in the darkness of an older day, eventually learns in Rome that his project is considered as 'out of due time.' With the iron in his soul he goes forth an unsubmissive wanderer over the surface of the earth.

His sister, Marcelle, sacrifices the remainder of her life in asceticism and misery that she may win back Paul to the fold. He returns from the East after her death, and on learning how she had devoted her life for love of him, broken in intellect, he is won back, through human affection and sentimental regard for tradition, to that Church which can never be more to him than a living grave. In his 'apologia' for his past life he

tells the old, old story, familiar to all who have known the despair of Lamennais. He confesses to having presumed to teach his Mother, with the wisdom of eighteen centuries behind her, and to his own folly and pride, but he has to allow that the Church has been an overwhelming disappointment. In capitulating to her teaching, he murmurs to himself: 'How can you love God 'whom you do not see if you love not man whom you do see?' For love of the sister he imitates Lacordaire and becomes a Dominican. Mrs. Ward, like the Traditionalists of the early nineteenth century, takes her stand upon sentiment, and is content to bring back erring sheep to the fold through the power of a natural and human affection.

This novel points the same moral as that of Fogazzaro, for it, too, shows the vanity of expecting intellectual effort to reform or modify an organisation that was not in the beginning founded upon intellect, and it is a protest that was needed, for the writings in magazines and elsewhere of Liberal Catholics in England during the last few years have, by the criticism they have embodied, attracted more attention than was warranted by their importance. Interpolations discovered by exegetists and historical contradictions between the Synoptics and the fourth Gospel have been used as bludgeons to belabour the authoritative teaching of the Church, for modern critics seem content, and it is a charge from which Catholic apologists are not altogether free, to set up opinion against opinion, with no thought of the principle underlying such opinion.

Leaving on one side the vexed question of the Bible, might not the hierarchy be content to ignore rather than to condemn knowledge, to grant autonomy for science, and to restrict ecclesiastical authority to faith and morals? For if they remain committed to a discarded system of philosophy, if a book like that of Pohle, suggesting that other planets besides our own are inhabited, or works like those of Loisy are put on the Index, then it would appear as though all priests by reason of their profession must abandon intellectual pursuits and become, as it were, mere ministrants of the sacraments.

In view of such contingencies what may we reasonably expect as the ultimate result of the Liberal Catholic movement? Will Rome ever become liberalised and bring her demands upon the beliefs and consciences of men into line with the intellectual sympathies and developments of the present age? We think it improbable that she will ever relinquish her claim to absolutism, and when Baron von Hügel asks,* 'When

* The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch, p. 54.

'and where has Rome quite finally abandoned any position, 'however informal and late its occupation, and however demon-'strated its untenableness?' we see that he, too, fears the worst. 'If no such cases can be found,' he continues, 'then 'surely Rome stands utterly discredited; for a body that clings, 'in spite of any and all evidence, to simply everything has of 'itself discounted its persistence in any contention whatsoever.'

'Believe what I tell you, and because I tell you,' has been throughout the ages, and is to-day, the first and last word of Rome. It is a matter of importance, but after all it is a detail, *how* that word is pronounced. It may be uttered by an infallible Council or by an infallible Pope. It is equally easy to some men, it is equally impossible to other men, to believe in the infallibility of either the one or the other. Here in England, where we are governed by majorities, the expedient of counting heads seems the natural and necessary method of settling *what shall be done*; a question that has to be answered somehow. But in this present age questions as to matters of *belief* cannot be so decided. The mere process of taking a division implies the 'fallibility' of those who vote, and Selden's caustic reference to 'the odd man' forces itself on everyone's recollection. What, then, are Liberal Catholics to do when this claim to obedience is made upon them? Lord Acton—and we regret it—made his submission. Another lesson, 'a nobler and a manlier one,' was given by von Döllinger. His fearless public action corresponded with his conscientious conviction. He made his protest, and accepted the consequences.

In Roman Catholic countries we have no manner of doubt that large numbers of religious men privately decline to subject their consciences and minds to spiritual dictation. With the spread of education, and the prevalence of public discussion on all subjects human and divine, this cannot but be so. For the educated, the fulminations of Rome and the penalties she can inflict are losing their terrors. And if she is to lead, as she once did, the spiritual aspirations of men she must have recourse to other means than those she employed in the Middle Ages.

The present Pope, who as Patriarch of Venice was considered a Liberal Catholic, since he threw himself into the study of social questions, such as the housing of the poor and the disputes between capital and labour, has shown himself as Pius X. to be the tool of retrograde officials, and the literal executor of the Syllabus. It seems as if he were anxious to bring to an issue all those differences between the Church and the modern State which Leo XIII. had left in abeyance. His Encyclical Letter to France

is a last blow at a National Church.* In refusing to recognise or allow the formation of the 'associations cultuelles,' which he regards as a lay constitution forced upon the Church (although such constitution had been accepted in the case of Prussia on rather less liberal terms), he condemned the last vestige of independence left to the bishops. The Republic in suppressing the Budget of Public Worship made arrangements for vesting the property, and especially the buildings, of the Church in 'associations' which can be regarded by the law as legal personalities. The democratic bodies of Protestants and Jews accepted the arrangement without difficulty, but the Church saw in it a subtle blow at her central authority, and a putting of power into the hands of the laity. In refusing to comply with the formal demands of the State she has completed that abrogation of the Napoleonic Concordat which the State initiated.

Christians who believe in the sacred mission of Catholicism to a materialistic world tremble lest the uncompromising attitude she assumes towards that knowledge which is so much reverenced by everyone to-day may drive the nations away from attempting to scale the mountains of faith to the dead level of rationalism. They know that there is danger in delay, for the strong spirit of religion moving in the world, critical of its ancient temples and its shrines, may create for itself another tabernacle than the Church of the Ages. Human nature will never remain satisfied with materialism, or with agnosticism. We must aspire to something beyond and above ourselves. And in these aspirations reason and intellect should bear their part. Men, no doubt, are more than mere reasoning machines, and the Churches may well appeal to human hearts and feelings :

> Dim as the borrowed light of moon and stars
> To lonely weary wandering travellers,
> Is reason to the soul. . . .'

Still, 'dim' as it may have been, it helped the old pagan philosophers to grope forward towards some, at least, of the hopes of Christendom. Why should knowledge, why should the powers of the mind, be treated as the enemies of religious aspiration and spiritual hope? It is sad, indeed, that there 'where Cicero and 'Antoninus dwelt' should be the home of obscurantism, the headquarters of resistance to the intellectual independence of men. Rome, we are constrained to think, embraces few aspirations of the modern world. Country men taken from the fields sit in

* *Vehementer nos*, 1906.

judgement on scientists, and it seems as though Ultramontanism might sink to be the religion of none but the peasant or the æsthete, that it might even degenerate into a new paganism or into a ritualism as lifeless as the Lamaism of Tibet.

Is it in the power of Liberal Catholics to permeate the Church with their ideas, so that religion and intellectual freedom may work together as allies in the regeneration of man? They have with them the sympathies of multitudes of the best men inside and outside the communion of Rome, but it will not do for leaders of the movement to shrink from facing the real issue. The Ultramontanes have said that there is no halting place between an Infallible Pope and anarchy; it would be truer to say that there is no halting place between belief in authority and belief in man. As we survey the widespread field of Catholicism to discern if we may in the tendencies of the present the actuality of the future, we realise that the practice of the Church to-day is more in touch with life than her theory. It would seem as though modern ideas, while not affecting her thought, were modifying her action. The real life of the Church is, after all, not intellectual but emotional, her actual appeal, no matter in what mental form it is cloaked, is made and always has been made, to the hearts and not the brains of men. She deliberately, and as part of her system, discourages men from living completely—that is to say, from using all the faculties with which they are as men endowed. The authority she wields has the effect in the individual, either of separating his religious from his intellectual life or, of so warping his mind and discouraging honesty, as to make the saying 'that it is impossible to be both 'a good Catholic and sincere thinker' true. Considered in their ultimate appeal to men, dogmas like those of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility which could not be accepted intellectually without jugglery may be quite simply accepted emotionally, as new honours showered upon a beloved intercessor or a fatherly ruler; and the Mass, which Protestants from an intellectual standpoint would consider idolatrous, becomes but the consecration and idealisation in Christ of those intensely human emotions of love, pity, worship, self-sacrifice, in the offering of which each man is offering up himself for his fellow men. Even though authority were to vanish, the sacrifice of the Mass and the veneration of the Virgin might continue, for the emotions and aspirations they symbolise have their sources deep down in the experience of the race. We make no prophecy for the future of authority, but if the mission of the Church is to consecrate souls, if she is to be, as heretofore, the sanctifier of common life, she must so adapt herself as to

include the modern State, which means that she has to reckon with man made completely conscious by the social cataclysm of the eighteenth century. A conjecture as to the origin of evil and a dogmatic scheme based to a great extent on the belief in man's natural depravity, seem no methods for winning to Christianity a humanity eager with hope of progress and earnest with the desire of perfection. Christ, as we know, made no hypothesis as to origins, but He believed in man, and it seems as though the Catholicism of the future must make belief in humanity the corner stone of its building. If the masses of the people are to have their dawning faith in the common soul, their consciousness of their human dignity as men and women made holy, it must be achieved through worship of the great ensample of brotherly love—Jesus, and through vision of the Christ in man which He announced. Then may the new Church, which is to be a consecration of social evolution, arise from foundations not made in the brains of schoolmen, but laid by God Himself in the invisible depths of human hearts.

Art. V.—TRADITION IN ART.

1. *Correggio.* By T. Sturge Moore. London: Duckworth, 1906.
2. *Aims and Ideals in Art.* By G. Clausen. Eight Lectures delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy. London: Methuen, 1906.
3. *The Art of the Italian Renaissance.* From the German of Heinrich Wölfflin, Professor of Art History at Berlin University. London: W. Heinemann; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1903.

Mr. Sturge Moore devotes the opening portion of his recent study of Correggio, as well as frequent passages and pages sprinkled through the remainder of it, to an uncompromising attack on the technical or scientific school of art criticism. He argues that it is impossible, in the nature of things, for science to deal with such subjects as art or genius, because its methods of investigation and study are not of a kind that can take cognisance of such matters. Science generalises. Its glance is a wide one. It has an eye only for collective affinities. Its delight is to classify. The singularities of the individual, those apparently accidental traits which start into being and disappear, it would seem, at hazard, are of no account to it. 'Individuals among animals are assumed (by science) 'to be units, not merely of number but of character, precisely 'equivalent the one to the other; peculiarities of individuality 'are treated as accidentals and of no calculable importance.' On the other hand, it is of the essence of genius that it is personal, exceptional and singular, and in so far as it is this it necessarily eludes classification and comparison: that is to say, it eludes the handling of science altogether. So that science, in dealing with those parts of an artist's work which are susceptible of its analysis, is dealing with the parts only which do not matter and have no real significance. Personal genius is all that counts in art, and this the scientific method can in no way appraise. Hence the only real criticism in art is that which deals with the individual direct, and, itself of a kindred nature, fathoms by an act of imaginative sympathy the processes and impulses of creative genius.

Such seems to be Mr. Sturge Moore's argument, and he enforces it by attempting to interpret the art of Correggio in the manner he prescribes: namely, by sympathetically divining the emotions and conceptions which occurred to the artist's own mind. The attempt thus made, though many passages

might be quoted as suggestive, seems to us on the whole a failure, and that chiefly because of the difficulty, or impossibility rather, of securing the necessary exact agreement between the creative and interpretative mind. To find a critic of such imaginative sensibility that he can re-echo every thought and emotion of the artist, and yet of such imaginative disinterestedness that he will never be inclined to see what he wishes to see and interpret according to his own prepossessions, would be an altogether hopeless task. Mr. Sturge Moore himself is, so far as one man can be, a proof of it. He has a great deal of imaginative sensibility, but, as is usually the case with people so endowed, he has also very marked prepossessions of his own. The consequence is, before we have read a dozen pages we find that instead of Mr. Sturge Moore interpreting Correggio we have Correggio interpreting Mr. Sturge Moore. The truth is that criticism conducted after these methods has not a sufficiently secure basis to rest on. The material it deals with is little more than so much conjecture, which can be twisted about at will and made to assume any shape that is desired.

It is not, however, our intention to analyse at any length Mr. Sturge Moore's critical method, but rather to deal a little further with the possibilities of the scientific, or, as we would rather call it, the rational method, which he appears to condemn. There is something of discrepancy, no doubt, between the terms science and art, and the idea of absolute knowledge as applied to works of genius may perhaps seem inadmissible. If living and personal genius were separable from tradition, no doubt imaginative sympathy would be the means we should have to rely on for estimating it. But we must remember that in the great epochs of art they are not separable. The individual passes, but his example remains to those who come after. These in turn carry on the precepts by which he worked and bequeath them, augmented, to their successors. There thus accumulates a common store of knowledge and of efficiency infinitely greater and more powerful than can fall to the lot of any individual genius.

Moreover, there is this to be said of knowledge thus accumulated, that, far more than individual talent, it is susceptible of an examination which may almost be called scientific, for it engenders principles and laws of which the significance can be appreciated by careful study and which can be formulated and wielded with a certain precision.

It is this reliable and fixed character of the knowledge of the principles of great painting gradually piled up by the Italian Renaissance which makes the study of that epoch fruitful

of real and valid results. Something definite can be got out of it. Were it a question of a time like the present, a time in which all existing art is comprised in the individual experiment, and in which there exists no accumulated and impersonal stock of knowledge, then, no doubt, a consideration of individual methods and ideas might be our only means for gauging results. This is, indeed, the standard we usually apply to contemporary art. No one thinks of judging the Royal Academy by fixed principles. Although some scraps of technical phraseology may be introduced from time to time into the criticisms of the daily press, yet we are all pretty well aware that the real attraction of the art of the day consists, not in its obedience to any recognised law, and in its exposition of the possibilities inherent in such a law, but, on the contrary, in its suggestions of altogether new and fresh ideas, ideas which may be to almost any extent eccentric and extravagant provided they have novelty and freshness: provided, that is to say, they are the outcome of purely individual initiative This quality of individual initiative is, in times like these, the quality that counts. The first thing we ask of a work of art to-day is that it shall startle and surprise us, that it shall attempt a solution of some problem hitherto unsolved, or attain its effects by new and curious processes. We value it in proportion as it turns to the unknown rather than as it cleaves to the known, and the gifts of the pioneer, activity, alertness, a sharp and eager curiosity, are the gifts which insure success. And very probably we are right. He works best who works in the spirit of his age, and in an age confessedly experimental the artist who possesses the instinct of the experimentalist—who possesses that alertness and curiosity we spoke of—may rightly be held to excel. It is to such an age that the standard of criticism proposed by Mr. Sturge Moore, a standard of criticism taking note of individual genius, particularly applies. But there are ages to which it does not apply, and qualities which it is by no means competent to appraise. It is entirely incapable of gauging the significance of the great creative epochs of art, and we lose a great deal of the significance of such epochs if we so attempt to apply it. Clearly to perceive this, clearly to distinguish the gulf that separates traditional from experimental art is, as it seems to us, the first essential in all useful art criticism.

And yet there is, perhaps, no harder task. Has the reader ever attempted to realise what it must have been like to live during the ascendency of, let us say, the great Gothic tradition, when one passionate impulse ruled supreme, and all buildings throughout, not nations only, but all Western Europe, were

governed by so strict a uniformity that it was impossible to so much as imagine any other way of building, and every structure planned or thought of was, as it were, as good as finished before one stone had been laid on another ? We are accustomed greatly to admire these constructive epochs and, amid the present apathy and indifference, to envy an age when architecture was a vital interest and the life of the whole nation flowed into those structural moulds and shapes which are still the choicest and most valued of our national possessions. And we judge reasonably, for that age is above all to be envied when art is a living power and most closely united to the national existence. But at the same time let us acknowledge that, at the time when tradition counts for so much, the individual counts for very little. By the attenuation of the mouldings, the pitch of the arches, the pattern of the tracery, we date the building with confidence and assign it its place in the whole scheme of its particular evolution. Our eye is on no human builder as we make these calculations, but on that greater architect whose instruments men are, whose schemes they obediently carry out, and whose slow developments and modifications of style are independent of and unruffled by the whims and caprices of individuals.

And although it is true that the tradition of the Renaissance was not so powerful and inflexible as that of the Gothic era ; although Italian painting does not obliterate and swallow up the individual as Gothic architecture does ; although we speak of the genius of this artist or that, yet there exists in our minds the consciousness that all these works are in a sense the fruit of the Renaissance tradition—of that accumulated stock of knowledge, that is to say, which was handed on from painter to painter and from one generation to another, and which increases and swells in its power and influence by the very absorption of individuals and their free dedication of their talents. It is this tradition which supplies us with a standard behind, as it were, the individual artist, guiding and directing our judgment, so that, when we are confronted with a work of which we ignore the authorship, we can yet as a rule, with tolerable confidence, assign it its position and function in the whole scheme of Italian painting, not judging it by the share that any particular painter has in it, but by that more solid and reliable share—that share which Mr. Sturge Moore has such contempt for, but which probably comprises about nineteen-twentieths of the greatness of any great work of art—which tradition has in it. It would be no idle stretch of the imagination to allow ourselves to picture the genius of painting during such a period as a distinct personality, with its own accumulated knowledge, its own slowly

gathered experience, its own expanding power. Such a tendency to allegory, indeed, has always been characteristic of creative epochs. And although it is a habit with us to ridicule such impersonations as conceits, altogether affected and unreal, we should perhaps feel otherwise if we had had experience ourselves of the authority of a great tradition. To us, set free in this experimental age of ours to follow our own whims, to display our own inventions, to collect from time to time, it may be, in little groups round conspicuous figures, groups that speedily dissolve as the master's presence is withdrawn ; to us who have no tradition behind us, upholding and sustaining us, directing our energies and controlling our vagaries, the idea of Painting, figured as a personality, must naturally seem unreal. But it was not unreal to the great Italians, who were conscious of the constant supervision of such a presence, who were trained from boyhood in obedience to its rule, and whose ambition it was to be ranked among its loyal instruments and servants. And not among its loyal only, but among its willing and actively co-operating instruments and servants ; for while it is important to separate the tradition of a great creative epoch from experimental art on the one hand, so is it equally important to separate it from stereotyped convention on the other. There are and always have been traditions in art which, whatever value they may once have possessed, have become arbitrary and meaningless, and which, in their petrified consistency, represent the force of custom and nothing more. Egyptian and Assyrian art are the two standing examples of this kind of cast-iron conventionality. They have a cold strength about them and a certain inanimate durability, due to the unquestioned authority of the convention that dominates them. They are witnesses to authority, if ever there were such ; yet certainly none of us would ever make the mistake of confusing Egyptian or Assyrian art with the art of a great creative epoch. Something more than mere authority, evidently, something more than the transmission of certain precepts from generation to generation, goes to the making of vital and permanent art. And if we consider those periods to which by common consent the world looks back as creatively great in art, we may easily perceive in what this other necessary quality consists. We can detect at such times as these a balance and interaction of traditional and individual influences, tradition being constantly vivified by personal initiative, and personal initiative constantly controlled and disciplined by tradition, so that the appearance of art during such intervals is equally removed from the iron immobility of pure convention as from the spasmodic and irregular action

of pure individualism. If we, looking back at the palmy days of Greek and Italian art from our experimental standpoint, are struck by the coherence and continuity of their methods, a critic viewing those methods from the standpoint of Egyptian or Assyrian routine would be equally struck by their freedom and flexibility. It is this flexibility which differentiates vital art from conventional, and this flexibility is due to an ever-recurring influx of personal thoughts and emotion, which is constantly being fused with the main tradition itself, moulding, adapting and expanding it, while at the same time never rebelling against or breaking loose from it. That is to say, the tradition which rules at these great moments, rules with the free consent and help of the individual. It extorts not a slavish, mechanical obedience, but thoughtful, intelligent co-operation, and, offering to the individual a fair field for the exercise of his talents, it implicitly undertakes that its own precepts shall satisfy his reason and intellect.

Here, then, the outward, visible difference between flexible tradition and hard-and-fast convention brings us into touch with the inner or intellectual difference between them. Hard-and-fast convention, claiming a blind, unreasoning obedience, may be as unreasonable as it likes in its own methods. It imposes itself as a yoke. Those who practise it practise it automatically and without question. But flexible tradition, existing on intelligent support, must itself be intelligent. It must by reason appeal to reason if it is to gain the support of free men. Consequently, the art of the great creative epochs, differentiated from experimental art by the allegiance it owes to a powerful tradition, is differentiated from conventional art by the fact that this tradition is essentially of a rational character—that is to say, that it proposes to its disciples a sound and reasonable theory of right practice in art. If the reader will eke out our argument by his own recollection of Renaissance art in its general progress from Giotto to Raphael, he will be conscious, we believe, of the presence of some such theory as we have suggested—a theory or main idea of art's proper function, authoritative yet essentially rational, gradually expanding into perfect utterance, and commanding the allegiance while exercising the full talents of successive generations of artists.

What is this theory? Let us ask our readers' indulgence while we suggest an answer to the question. It was Mr. Sturge Moore's quarrel with science, as we pointed out to begin with, that it is always prone to generalise, to select the essential traits, or those belonging to the species, and to discard the accidental traits, or those belonging to the individual. This is

certainly true of science; but it is true of much else besides science, and, among other things, we are not sure that it is not true of art, at least of that art which is the offspring of the great creative epochs. The reader has probably remarked that since the revolt against tradition of fifty years ago we have come to understand by the phrase 'truth to nature' something quite different from what that phrase had previously meant. We had come to understand by it, that is to say, a more or less literal imitation of natural objects and effects. According to this view, the visible and outward aspects of nature are all of nature that we can ever know, all of nature that exists or can exist. Would you carve in stone or paint on canvas a vine 'true to nature,' you can do no better than study any wild growing specimen that clambers over porch or pergola. Every actual vine, being a work of nature, must of course be true to nature, and a careful study of what is true to nature must be true to nature itself. This would seem to be a self-evident doctrine, and the pre-Raphaelites preached it in season and out of season. But here the theory of selection comes in and suggests another view of the matter. Probably everyone acquainted with them has been struck by the effective simplicity of the vine wreaths of Byzantine sculpture. These wreaths are to be met with on sarcophagi and altars, or fitted into the spandrils of arches, or making a smooth band round the arch face, or, in short, wherever decorative carving is required. Venice and Ravenna are particularly rich in them. The treatment of the vine is always the same, and consists of a supple winding stem, into the alternate convolutions of which are inserted a flat five-lobed leaf and a bunch of grapes. Simple as such a treatment is, with nothing of that 'lifelike' character which is the result of literal imitation, we much doubt if any literal imitation can give the spectator as full and strong a consciousness of the character of vines as those childlike representations give. Remote from any individual specimen, they yet seem to embody the fundamental characteristics of all individual specimens. Such, indeed, is their intention. They are merely an example of that theory which runs all through Greek art even more markedly than it does through Renaissance, that all natural objects are only experiments, approximating more or less nearly to the inward model or idea on which Nature works, but never realising it, and therefore never to be literally imitated. The aim of art, according to this theory, is not to imitate nature's work, but through her work to divine her intentions. To do this it must compose its design of the few features which all examples of a given species own in common, and the image thus obtained will

be the model which nature herself works on, the central type which in all her individual specimens, with their endless differences and imperfections, she is attempting to realise, never with complete success. Thus the flexible stem, the five-lobed leaf and grape bunch of the Byzantine vine represent the attributes common to all vines. In the words of our formula, the Byzantine sculptor has selected the essential traits, or those common to the species, and has discarded the accidental traits, or those peculiar to the individual, and the simple and telling image thus created is endued with the infinite suggestiveness of a central type.

We have taken an instance of this kind of treatment from sculpture ; but sculpture, as it has not the freedom of painting, so it demands a far more careful and severe selection of attributes. However, if we carry our formula into the sphere of painting, and apply it to such an epoch as the Renaissance, we shall find that it operates, and as a law of art holds good here too. The steps by which the process of selection is carried out need be no more than indicated. If the reader will consider the subject of landscape as treated by Raphael with the thought in his mind of there being in every scene and every feature of such scene qualities typical and, as it were, characteristic of that kind of scenery, he will perceive that in these seemingly simple and formal representations there is significance and even a profound kind of naturalism. The few and carefully defined shrubs and bushes that cluster on the summit of a knoll or fringe the edges of slopes, and the light, symmetrical acacias or other trees, of what kind is often doubtful, with their sparse foliage and threadlike branches outlined against the sky, have that relief and clearness which are so familiar to us in Tuscan landscape. They render an effect which strikes the chord of memory and stirs a whole multitude of dormant associations. In the same way, the blue distances and the ripple of small far-off hills, reiterating again and again the delicate curve of the descent to the plain, reproduce a main impression of how many of these Italian views. And though it is true that the plants and few starry flower-heads in the immediate foreground are often treated with great exactitude, yet it is evident that here, too, selection has played its part. Such flowers and plants as these are not ' natural ' in our sense of the term. They never grew wild. They are too symmetrical, too simple, too perfect. They are Nature's models rather than her works. Indeed, as it is easy to see, none of all the component parts of these landscapes are literally realistic. There never were in nature just such perfect little shrub-fringed knolls as these, or trees of such

formal and exquisite refinement, or distances so sweetly and transparently clear. Such a landscape is not real in the sense of being literal; yet is it not in a deeper sense more real than any literal representation could possibly be, and does it not convey far more forcibly the character of Italian scenery—its refinement and distinct articulation, its fertility rather delicate than lavish, its insistence always on form and structure, on what is clear-cut and exact, together with that purity of distance which arises from the quality of the atmosphere? It may be said to consist of but three or four simple elements, but these elements are common to all Tuscan and Umbrian scenery, just as the three or four attributes of the Byzantine vine are common to all vines. These are the natural characteristics which have made their influence most deeply felt, which have impressed themselves on human nature, and which would seem to have endued the genius of the inhabitants with a corresponding appreciation of the significance of form. They are the elements, moreover, which abide most faithfully in all our minds; for memory itself is an artist and involuntarily treasures up the characteristic aspects of nature to remember it by. The idea of this scenery, which remains with us and represents to our imagination the real and true Italy, is constructed, just as Raphael's pictures were constructed, of a selection of essential traits, and the sense we have of the truth of Raphael's representation is conveyed to us by its correspondence with our own inward vision.

The same holds good in regard to the figures and groups of persons to which those landscapes usually form the background. The faces are not individual faces. They have not those minute singularities which are peculiar to individual physiognomy and differentiate each human face from all others. They sink back into the groups they belong to and mingle easily with the other faces round them. And this the more because the sentiments and emotions which animate them are almost always of a steadfast and permanent kind, and represent states of being rather than transitory impulses: sadness, supplication, serenity, tenderness, a dignified and calm authority, rather than curiosity, fright, amusement and the like, being the emotions most frequently depicted. And this, of course, is especially the case with regard to the principal personages depicted, the saints and Madonnas and Apostles, for in these tradition has the largest share. They stand for pure sentiment, and no literal individual traits are allowed to intercept it.

In yet another respect, and that, perhaps, the most important of all, this severe selection of what is permanently and pro-

foundly significant, and rejection of all that is of passing and limited interest, reveals itself, namely, in the structure or composition of the work. There is no quality which lays a hold so gradual, it may be, yet so powerful and lasting, on the mind as this, and at the same time none which it is so difficult exactly to define. Perhaps the best way of realising what is meant by great composition is to follow, as Professor Wölfflin does in his 'Art of the Italian Renaissance,' the evolution of particular figures, or of some particular incident treated by painter after painter in succession, and to observe the gradual building up of effective design, the elimination of all that was clumsy, unnecessary or trivial, the cultivation of every suggestion and motive which chimed with the scheme in hand, until the whole composition, formed of nothing but essentials, is tuned to the pitch of perfect harmony. The full effect of great composition is realised only by slow degrees. Its very harmony and the inevitability of every part causes the whole arrangement to appear nothing more than natural ; only, the nature that reigns here is a nature less impeded and obstructed, more simple and true to itself than the nature we know in the world. The momentary, contradictory impulses, the petty, unconsidered whims, the meaningless laugh, the excitement about nothing, the vacant glance, all, in fact, of the superficialities and trivialities of life, have been stripped from these grave groups, and their going has uncovered moods of mind, a mien and bearing, of a kind more significant and durable than are to be met with in so-called real life. It is a process as applied to human forms and figures precisely similar to that which we just now saw applied to the choice of features in landscape.

And this brings us to the last point we need here consider, to the fact, namely, that simplicity and greatness of composition are the outcome of greatness of idea. To issue in perfect harmony the idea treated must be of such a kind that it can arouse an emotion capable of animating an entire composition, for it is because this single idea or emotion is so powerful as to be able to kill out or dominate all lesser ideas and emotions that the ensuing composition in line and movement becomes sonorous and significant. There is no greatness of composition apart from greatness of idea. If the idea be weak, it will admit of the intrusion of other lesser and more or less inharmonious and contradictory ideas, and these in turn will take effect on the introduction of conflicting motives and details calling attention to themselves and breaking up the composition. The supply of ideas, or actions of this kind—ideas or actions which can fill the whole mind and engage the whole attention, and so make for great

composition—is naturally limited; and accordingly, during the periods when great composition is in the ascendency there exists an inclination to recur again and again to the same few ideas or actions as subjects for representation. Strike a dozen figures of gods and heroes out of classic art, and you practically obliterate Greek sculpture. Strike a dozen incidents out of Italian art, and you practically obliterate Renaissance painting. The slight and fugitive curiosity which some novel theme might evoke was nothing to those great artists in comparison with the profound and permanent interest which a few tremendous episodes always commanded. Accordingly, every artist, as he pondered his Annunciation or his Resurrection, had before his eyes a long line of the achievements of his predecessors on the same subjects, achievements which, added each to each, had laid down an accepted treatment of such subjects, which time had verified, which held men's hearts and which might not lightly be disturbed. To introduce some slight modification or suggestion was sufficient for the individual. Beyond this he did not aspire. Thus, through the whole extent of Italian art there pass certain groups of figures, tranquil and majestic, subject to no light and variable changes, which by their influence raise and purify the ideal of art, so that even when a novel and more everyday subject is introduced it is dealt with after the same large and simple manner. These are selected subjects, subjects which, among all the medley of incidents or ideas which might occupy the attention of art, are distinguished by a superior significance. They are the essential ideas; the ideas of permanence and power, to be matched with those chosen lines and forms of composition, those chosen traits in human face and figure, and those chosen aspects or qualities in landscape, which we have marked already as evidence of the process of selection.

Even, then, from so brief a glance as we have here been able to take of the subject, the main characteristic of the Renaissance tradition is, it seems to us, legible. The great qualities we have noted of perfect composition and significance in every part belong in their perfection to the art of the Cinquecento and particularly to Raphael. Looking back, however, from this vantage ground, from the vantage ground of the Disputa, or the School of Athens, we can see that it was towards this end that painting had all along been tending. This is that in which all foregoing effort and struggle and slow advance have a share, which is most a genuine fruit of Renaissance art, and which, indeed, seems to be not so much the outcome of any individual volition as the inevitable result of forces already in motion. The genius of Raphael, ductile, assimilative, was in a paramount

degree dependent on the ideas of his age. A willing instrument, a pliant and perfect medium, he gave final and full expression to a conception of art which existed in the world, but as yet brokenly. It was his part to unite and draw together those elements in Italian painting which had most of permanent interest and significance and belonged most essentially to the Renaissance tradition. Setting Venice aside, which in matters of art had a philosophy of its own, it may be said that every great motive which painting in Italy had ever developed found its place in the harmony of Raphael. He might have stood himself for that allegorical figure of painting which the age was so fond of imaging, for he is the measure of what was impersonal and most profoundly traditional in the art of the period.

And, himself the Renaissance tradition, Raphael's art, far more completely than that of any other individual, is controlled by that peculiar balance of attributes which characterises the great creative epochs. An authority strong enough to neutralise individual eccentricities, yet never stiff and tyrannical, always reasonable in itself and appealing to reason in its disciples, such was the invariable character, we said, of great tradition in art. Observe the play of these forces in the genius of Raphael. His attitude is invariably receptive and recognisant of authority. It is the joy of that smooth-flowing life of his that it is a life of consistent self-surrender, of easy and effortless assimilation of the ideas, emotions and processes sanctioned by usage. Yet never, observe, of *blind* assimilation. Raphael reflects with sensitive alacrity the influence of every force with which he is brought in contact, but he never reflects it servilely. On the contrary, he alters, and almost always he greatly improves, what he reflects by omitting what was irrelevant or insignificant and bringing out the meaning and power of the essential features. It is this which makes him so perfect a representative of the Renaissance tradition. He stands not only for the authoritative quality in that tradition, but, and pre-eminently, for the rational quality in it also.

In this doctrine, then, in which Raphael was so perfect, the selection, namely, of the essential traits and the elimination of the irrelevant, we seem able to distinguish that theory or main idea of art's proper function, the influence of which is so unmistakably impressed on Renaissance art.

And here let us pause for one moment to remind the reader of the scope and magnitude of this doctrine. It is a doctrine not artistic and scientific only. The likeness between the phrases 'selection of the essential' and 'survival of the fittest' hints an identification with natural laws and processes which, if the

occasion served, might be followed far; but the same thought works through all human experience. The only century to rival Byzantine annals in obscurity, remarked a writer the other day in the 'Nouvelle Revue,' is the nineteenth. We have the same idea in our minds when we say that the time has not yet come for estimating the character of a recent event or a just departed man of genius. We mean that the essential traits are so apt to be overlaid with a mass of irrelevant detail that until time has worked at them, selecting these and discarding those, we cannot judge of results. Just now we said that memory was an artist in the making of its pictures, and we see that in the arrangement of that long panorama which history hands down to the present from the past time is an artist too. All around us and within us the perpetual sifting and sorting goes on. Selection is an inalienable part of the acquisition of all knowledge, for it may be said that, in all our eyes light on * and in all subjects on which our minds are engaged, the effort to distinguish what is essential from what is accidental is, consciously or unconsciously, present to us in proportion as we are interested in the truth of things or ideas. If art's function be indeed selection, then, she but claims her share in a law which seems to have more to do with the guidance of the universe than any other.

We hope the line of thought we intend to suggest is so far clear. It seems to us that a vital tradition in art possesses a continuity and coherent developement which oppose it to experimental art and deliver it from the personal whims and impulses of which experimental art is made up. On the other hand, it possesses a flexibility which adapts it to the life and thought of its age, and contrasts it with the rigidity of cast-iron conventionalism. And if we ask how it comes to be en-

* In a recent number of the Edinburgh Review, in an article entitled 'Greek Art and Modern Craftsmanship,' it was pointed out that the simplicity which characterises Greek art accords with a certain fixed law of sight which the Greeks made it their business very carefully to analyse, the law, namely, 'that plain surfaces and economy of ornament are conditions of the eye's power of seeing.' The enforcement of this law led, as was pointed out, inevitably to 'the elimination of superfluities and trivialities and the selection of the few essential traits.' It will be seen that in our personal attempt to define the rational principle which is at the root of creative art we are being led to the same conclusions, and to the use even of the same language, as served for explaining the Greek analysis of the laws of sight. The truth is that 'the selection of the essential' is not only a condition of thinking and remembering, but actually a condition of seeing also.

dowed with this character, at once adaptable and enduring, the answer is that it represents the ascendency of a rational theory, the theory, namely, of the selection of the essential and permanent attributes in all things.

We, too, in common with the other nations of Europe, at one time caught from Italy this great and pregnant tradition. It marks in a manner not to be mistaken the works of Reynolds and his associates and successors, distinguishing them by a greater simplicity and massiveness of treatment from the sporadic art of later days. Moreover, it was not only the outward manner of painting that we had acquired at this time. We understood the philosophy of it and grasped clearly the theory on which this style was founded. Never has that theory been better formulated than by Reynolds himself. 'All the objects,' he says—and as the words are a clue to the greatest movement in English art we cannot do better than quote the passage in full—

'all the objects which are exhibited to our view by nature, upon close examination will be found to have their blemishes and defects. The most beautiful forms have something about them like weakness, minuteness, or imperfection. But it is not every eye that perceives these blemishes. It must be an eye long used to the contemplation and comparison of these forms, and which, by a long habit of observing what any set of objects of the same kind have in common, has acquired the power of discerning what each wants in particular. This long, laborious comparison should be the first study of the painter who aims at the greatest style. By this means he acquires a just idea of beautiful forms; he corrects nature by herself, her imperfect state by her more perfect. His eye being enabled to distinguish the accidental deficiencies, excrescences, and deformities of things from their general figures, he makes out an abstract idea of their forms more perfect than any one original; and, what may seem a paradox, he learns to design naturally by drawing his figures unlike to any one object. . . . Thus it is from a reiterated experience, and a close comparison of the objects in nature, that an artist becomes possessed of the idea of that central form, if I may so express it, from which every deviation is deformity.'

Here, as the reader will see, is a very lucid and admirable exposition of that theory of selection which inspired the Renaissance tradition in art. Enforced by the President's teaching and example and the genius of a group of distinguished artists, and supported by the culture of the day, it bore fruit in a school of painting to which we still look back as the one great creative epoch in English art.

And now, finally, that we may grasp the full contrast between art of this calibre and the art of the present, let us glance at the dying out of this great tradition and the manner of its final

extinction. Of many sources of weakness and decline to which traditional art is liable, one must always be its tendency, under certain circumstances and conditions, to a kind of false sentiment, affectation and insincerity. For since the flexibility of tradition depends on individual co-operation, it must need, for maintenance, a supply of individuals capable of appreciating the reasonableness of the tradition and understanding its uses and aims. Should this supply fail, should the art fall into the hands of artists incapable of understanding it and wielding it aright, it must follow that the flexibility of the tradition will die out, that it will stiffen and petrify into formulas and old designs, and cease to express the ideas and life of its age. This was what happened with us. In the hands of the Reynoldses and Gainsboroughs the tradition was wielded with effect; in the hands of their successors it stiffened gradually into a certain pompous formality. We had all the trappings and suits of the grand style without any comprehension of its inward character and purpose. No doubt this result was hastened by the fact that the tradition in question had not grown out of English life, but had been borrowed from a foreign source. Its hold in consequence was a superficial one, dependent on taste and culture, and it easily came to partake more of the character of a fashion than of a genuine conviction. The influence of the classic element, especially, which had all along impeded to some extent the spontaneous utterance of Renaissance art, was accepted in this country in all its dull literalness, and the assiduous adoption of antique ideas, antique dress, antique mythology and poetry and history, soon had the effect of entirely separating the art of that day from English life.

The revolt that by-and-by followed is the most dramatic episode in the history of modern painting. Against an art thus grown pedantic and insincere there arose a little band of men, of boys one might almost say, of genius, united in the resolve to shake off the ponderous and pompous yoke of the antique and once more to restore to art the sincerity it had lost. In their immediate object they were successful. The theatrical properties and worn-out conventions of the classic style yielded to the onslaught, much as, in Milton's hymn, the gods of paganism went down before the assault of Christianity:

> 'From haunted spring and dale,
> Edged with poplars pale,
> The parting genius is with sighing sent.'

Art was once more brought into touch with life; the painter became again the master of his own vehicle; the lost sincerity

was recovered. But for these things a heavy price was paid. For, not satisfied with condemning those forms and appurtenances of classic and Renaissance art which might be alien to the ideas and life of England, the pre-Raphaelites struck at the principle which underlay that art. That this principle was in itself as applicable to modern as to ancient times, to England as to Italy, was a thought they did not entertain. Truth to nature was their cry, but by truth to nature they meant no 'correcting 'nature by nature,' no seeking by careful comparison after 'that 'central form from which any deviation is deformity'; they meant the literal copying of nature's individual experiments.

In a word, what the pre-Raphaelites did was to abolish at a blow the principle of selection from English art by inverting the traditional process. They proceeded to select the accidental traits, or those belonging to the individual, and to discard the essential traits, or those belonging to the species. And, as was bound to happen, with the going of this principle went everything that had gone to make art permanently acceptable and significant. We have already seen how this principle operated in Italian art. We have seen it singling out of all conceivable subjects and situations the few that had durable interest. We have seen it building up its composition into unity and simplicity by the rigid exclusion of irrelevant detail. And in the portrayal of emotions, the evolution of types, the representation of scenery, we have seen it consistently at work discriminating between the essential and accidental traits. Through all these processes the same principle operates, and an injury to it in any one direction is felt in all. The pre-Raphaelites began by dealing with methods of representation. Nature was to be copied exactly; figures and faces, dresses and furniture, all were to be accurately rendered. Thus in representation the principle of selection was abolished, and in its stead was introduced the rival principle of individual imitation. But the new principle did not stop there. It proceeded to invade each department of the art. In a very short time the sense for what was great and permanently interesting in subject and for what was vital in composition entirely died out, and the tradition which had inspired the greatest creative epoch of Christian Europe was laid finally in ruins.

If the reader is inclined to think we overstate the case, a simple test can be applied. All he has to do is to compare the National Gallery, the fruit of traditional art, with the Royal Academy, the fruit of experimental or personal art as instituted by the pre-Raphaelites. He will feel, in the first place, at once that there is a difference between the two, a broad and general difference, not explicable by any equivalent difference in

individual talent or genius. To what, then, is this difference due ? In the National Gallery we have round us the fruits of the great creative epochs of European painting. A certain general similarity in manner and style, felt through all differences, pervades room after room. English, French, Flemish, Spanish, Italian, they are all intimately allied to each other; far more intimately allied to each other, at least, than any of them are to the Royal Academy. We have said that one and the same tradition is at the root of every great creative epoch in art, and here in the National Gallery we stand in the presence of this tradition. It is this which explains the uniformity in spirit and point of view here universally prevalent. And we have but to question this spirit a little to perceive in what its singular influence consists, and on what doctrine the prevailing tradition is based. It is based on the doctrine of the selection of the essential. From picture after picture and room after room the same doctrine is echoed back to us. In subject, in composition, in faces, figures, landscapes we see nothing around us save that which has importance and permanent significance. From all that is trivial, accidental and complicated we are for the time being wholly delivered. Here is calmness and serenity. It is as though we were raised for the moment to the level of a simpler and more pregnant existence. But if from such a scene we turn to one of the annual exhibitions at Burlington House, how instantly the mood changes ! Back like a flood comes the commonplace and the trivial; chaos replaces order, and insignificance of subject-matter, inarticulate composition, and a literal representation of a thousand particular scenes and figures and incidents bears witness to the fact that the principle of selection has ceased to operate.

That this sudden right about face in artistic methods and ideals was the logical result of the pre-Raphaelites' revolt no one conversant with their practice and preaching will deny. At the same time we must add, too, that this admission does not by any means imply an unqualified condemnation of that revolt. It would seem that there are times when a vital principle has become so clogged and involved with the formulas of its own creation that it is practically impossible to clear the ground of the formulas without for the time being discrediting the principle also; and, however great a pity this may be, however much it may throw back and retard the progress of art, it may, if there is no other way of getting rid of the formulas, be a necessity, and on the whole beneficial. To say that the pre-Raphaelites paid a heavy price for sincerity is not to say that that price was excessive. After all there is one condition in regard to art more funda-

mental even than selection. It is that it shall be the expression of the life of its age. By setting it free from the thraldom it was in to the classic and the antique the pre-Raphaelites restored to art the possibility of becoming this. And of this enfranchisement art has availed itself. Whatever modern painting is or is not, no one can question its entire and untrammelled freedom. This, without a doubt, is the primary condition which must precede all healthy developement. Still, there is nothing constructive in this. It is merely a clearing of the ground. Modern painting has entered as yet on no creative epoch of its own. All that has happened is that we have been set free to choose those thoughts, emotions and subjects generally which are fit to inspire art from the life of our own age.

This we are free to do. But the methods to be pursued in doing this remain what they always were. The principles of art do not change. If it is true that the function of art, as manifested in its great days, has always been to separate the essential and permanently significant from all that is accidental and of merely transitory interest, then we may be quite certain that we, too, if we are to achieve anything great, must enter on the same way; that we, too, must learn to apply the same patient, laborious, thoughtful process of selection, teaching ourselves to divine those elements in nature and life which are vital and of genuine importance, and so building up by degrees a tradition, at once durable and rational, which shall direct and control the art of the future.

We cannot therefore agree with Mr. Sturge Moore that the appreciation of the individual genius and point of view is all that matters in the criticism of art. We hold with Sir Joshua, that 'everything which is wrought with certainty is wrought 'upon some principle,' and that this principle admits of definition and a rational analysis. To carry out this task of defining and analysing the principle on which creative art is based is the function of an enlightened criticism, and in an age like the present this function becomes of the first consequence. A criticism that can distinguish between the character of experimental and creative art, that can formulate the theory on which creative art is invariably based, that can, moreover, vindicate the philosophical truth of that theory and keep it steadily in the view of thoughtful people, must, one would think, be of service in saving art from the random impulses that at present beset it, and in directing it to more steadfast and assured ideals. It is for the light it casts on this side of the subject, and the chance it affords criticism of fulfilling this function, that the art of a great creative epoch like the Renaissance seems to us chiefly valuable.

Art. VI.—THE ENGLISH INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

1. *La Révolution Industrielle au XVIIIe. Siècle: Essai sur les Commencements de la Grande Industrie Moderne en Angleterre.* Par Paul Mantoux, Ancien Élève de l'École Normale Supérieure, Docteur-ès-lettres. Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition. 1906.
2. *Lectures on the Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century in England.* By the late Arnold Toynbee. 5th edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1896.

In a small volume which contains the fragmentary and incomplete results of a too short career are to be found some brief lectures on the momentous national movement which the author terms the Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century. They were delivered by Arnold Toynbee in the hall of Balliol College, Oxford, between October 1881 and Midsummer 1882, and form the basis for an exhaustive work on this great subject, one which Toynbee's eager and creative mind had already outlined. But this fragment, in itself of no small value, has borne important fruit; it has stimulated other minds. It contains the germ, as the author freely states, of Monsieur Mantoux's able and striking book, in which he lays before the reader, with abundant and well-verified details, the history of an event more profoundly important than many purely political changes. These details are often obscure and in themselves insignificant, and they group themselves, as the author well says, into confused masses. It is the task of the historian of this far-reaching event to arrange this material, and to place the broad outlines to be obtained from a study of these innumerable facts before the student of great national and economical movements.

One could have wished that the task undertaken and so well performed by Monsieur Mantoux had fallen to the lot of an Englishman; and yet it may be that in that case the survey would have been less impartial; it could not, at any rate, have been more thorough. The classified bibliography with which the work closes would in itself be a valuable asset for the student of the eighteenth century, but we must at the same time express regret that this enduring work is—as is not unusual with our neighbours—without that most necessary adjunct, a well-arranged index. Perhaps it may be added to some future edition, or at any rate to an English translation, which no doubt will presently be published.

At the beginning of his book the author devotes some pages to his search for a definition of the phrase which appears as his sub-title—'La Grande Industrie.' No words can express its meaning to English readers, nor, indeed, for them is it required. The phrase 'the Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century' sufficiently defines an extremely complex event, one which had its origin in economical, social, and political facts, as it had economical, social, and political results. The same words equally limit the epoch, for by the end of the century modern industrial conditions were established.* Machinery, no doubt, played a great part in the movement, but, while it was one element, it cannot be regarded as the single distinguishing feature of it. It is, in fact, at once more accurate and more suggestive to regard this revolution, just as we regard the French Revolution of the same period, as a national event, marked by well-defined features, one which, though it was of the first importance in its effect on the economical condition of England, is no less noteworthy for the political and social consequences which flowed from it.

The eighteenth century is generally regarded as a period of political lethargy in England. It was inevitable that it should be so, for political excitement is only the outward and visible sign of political activity springing from political discontent. The accession of George I. was the most striking mark which it was possible to find of the completion of the fundamental political changes of the previous century. '1688,' says Monsieur Mantoux (p. 77), 'is the end of a long crisis, during 'which the English people had been struggling for sixty years: 'a fortunate crisis, since its end gave to England what none

* 'Nous avons pris le parti, pour des raisons à nos yeux décisives, de nous arrêter aux premières années du xixe siècle ; à ce moment les grandes inventions techniques, y compris celle qui les domine toutes, la machine à vapeur, sont entrées dans le domaine de la pratique ; il existe des usines déjà nombreuses, et toutes semblables, le détail de l'outillage mis à part, à celles d'aujourd'hui ; les grandes agglomérations industrielles commencent à se former, le prolétariat de fabrique apparaît, les anciennes réglementations de métier, plus qu'à moitié détruites, font place au régime du laissez-faire, destiné lui-même à succomber sous le poids de nécessités que déjà l'on entrevoit : la loi qui a inauguré la législation de fabrique date de 1802. Toutes les données sont dès lors posées ; il ne reste plus qu'à en suivre le développement. D'ailleurs, à l'époque suivante, les phénomènes économiques subissent des perturbations qui en compliquent singulièrement la marche : la période du blocus continental et celle des lois sur les grains méritent une étude spéciale.'—Mantoux, pp. 20–21.

'of the European nations then possessed—a free govern-
'ment.' As a matter of fact, however, the epoch of struggle did not end till 1714. During the reign of Anne there was always a probability of the return of troublous times, of the anti-monarchical struggle, and until a Hanoverian Sovereign was seated on the throne the English people did not feel certain that the new order was permanently assured. The accession of George I. struck the national imagination as no other event could have done, and from that moment began in earnest that industrial revolution the political seal of which was set by the Reform Bill of 1832. The indication of the permanence of the changes which culminated in 1688 that was given by the coronation of a German prince had the effect of opening, so to say, the gates which had restrained the national energy from the new industrial course. In previous epochs it had been engrossed by a purely maritime and commercial expansion, as in the time of Elizabeth; in the times of her successors it was engaged in a vital national struggle for domestic freedom. The moment that the English people were satisfied that this indispensable object was securely achieved, the national forces turned into new channels; the result was the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century. It was unquestionably the consequence of several causes each affecting the other, which in the aggregate produced new industries, new classes of men, and changed the balance of the political power. Of these causes the improvement of machinery was the principal; and it resulted chiefly, not from theoretical inventive genius, but from practical mechanical cleverness coupled with typical British energy on the part of capitalists, whose powers of business and capacity of administration were able to utilise commercially the new inventions. The domestic worker was transformed into the factory hand. Defoe, in his description of Bradford [on Avon] and Trubridge [Trowbridge], gives a striking picture of the domestic manufactures of the West in the early part of the eighteenth century, which was presently to be changed:

'These Towns are interspersed with a very great number of Villages, I had almost said innumerable Villages, Hamlets and scattered Houses, in which, generally speaking, the spinning Work of all this Manufacture is performed by the poor People; the Master Clothiers, who generally live in the greater Towns, sending out the Wooll weekly to their Houses, by their Servants and Horses, and at the same time bringing back the Yarn that they have spun and finished, which is then fitted for the Loom.' *

* Tour through Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 41 (ed. 1725).

The same traits were to be seen in the North. 'The Lancashire 'weaver,' says Monsieur Mantoux, 'worked in the country in his 'cottage surrounded by a bit of land; his wife and children carded 'or spun' (p. 195). Domestic manufacturing and small farming were often combined—a charming old-world union, almost idyllic when we look back upon it, but one which beneath its homeliness and its tranquillity hid innumerable evils, abominable hygienic conditions, long hours of labour and unrestricted child labour.

The same causes which destroyed individual handicraftsmen produced a distinct class of capitalists who organised labour, employed it systematically in large buildings, and distributed its proceeds throughout the world. The men who had hitherto been concerned with the distribution of the results of the work of the mechanic had 'neither improved nor directed that work,' they were in fact merchants rather than manufacturers, and they were comparatively few and isolated, though often wealthy. By the evolution of industry they became numerous, and formed a class, one united by common interests and distinguished by broad general characteristics. 'Les créateurs du système de 'fabrique ont créé en même temps une classe, une espèce sociale 'nouvelle.' *

If we observe the woollen or the silk trade, the iron or the pottery trade, and in these four are contained the four chief industries of England in the eighteenth century, the same predominant facts are seen, inventive ingenuity on the one hand, commercial and organising power on the other. John Kay, who was born in 1704, invented in 1733 the fly shuttle which had such momentous consequences for the textile industry—not the first of his ingenious machines; in 1716 John Lombe had made his adventurous journey to Italy and at the risk of his life had brought home drawings of machinery which gave a striking stimulus to the silk trade. The inventions of Wyatt (1733–38), the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves (1765), the water-frame of Arkwright or Highs (1768), and the mule of Crompton (1779) indicate the constant current of new inventions which were being produced by men born at the very beginning of the century. After many failures, which extended from the beginning of the century, the second Abraham Darby, of Coalbrookdale, successfully (1735) solved the method of utilising coal for the production of iron. How much is due to the previous investigations and experiments of Dud Dudley during the seventeenth century and of the elder Darby during the first years of the eighteenth century

* Mantoux, p. 379.

it is difficult exactly to say, the final successful effort is the salient feature to be remembered

"Enfin, en 1755, il atteignit le but tant de fois cherché. 'Il resta lui-même auprès du haut-fourneau pendant six jours et six nuits, dormant à peine, et prenant ses repas à côté du *creuset*. Le soir du sixième jour, après plus d'un désappointement, l'expérience réussit, et la coulée se fit aussi bien que possible. Alors il tomba endormi sur le pont de la chaufferie, si profondément, que ses ouvriers ne purent le réveiller, et le portèrent, chez lui, à un quart de mille de-là."

"L'histoire de cette invention capitale présente plus d'un trait de ressemblance avec celle des inventions textiles. Dans les deux cas, la transformation de la technique est rendue nécessaire par une crise économique. Et cette crise est due à une rupture d'équilibre entre les différentes branches de l'industrie. L'activité relative des petits ateliers de Sheffield et de Birmingham, qui avaient besoin de matière première, l'arrêt de croissance, ou plutôt le dépérissement de l'industrie des mines et des hauts-fourneaux, qui ne pouvait plus leur en fournir, telles sont les causes du mouvement dont l'invention d'Abraham Darby constitue l'étape décisive. Quant à ses conséquences, elles se laissaient entrevoir déjà, du moins en ce qui concerne l'Angleterre. "La nature nous a donné des trésors de fer et de houille. Le charbon de terre est aussi abondant et aussi peu coûteux, auprès de nos forges, que l'est le charbon de bois en Suède et en Russie." L'alliance, désormais indissoluble, de la houille et du fer, ouvrait à la metallurgie anglaise un magnifique avenir." (Pp. 283–4.)

This most important event in the industrial revolution which is thus so graphically and so suggestively described by Monsieur Mantoux occurred, be it remembered, when discoveries and applications of new methods scarcely less important are to be seen in other than the iron trade. The aggregate of them marks with the utmost vividness the unexampled industrial progress of the period, the opening of a new chapter in the development of the English people. The career of Wedgwood alone would be sufficient to indicate the breadth of the movement, since with all his energy and capacity as a man of business the basis of much of his work was purely artistic in the true sense, and he went for inspiration to Greek models. It was in 1769 that he founded a new manufactory at some distance from Burslem. He called it Etruria, and it is to-day the centre of a well-known industrial district. Its name has by this time become popular and commonplace, but it was chosen by Wedgwood to indicate his debt to ancient masters, and on the pottery made on June 13, 1769, the day of the inauguration of the new buildings, were engraved the suggestive words: 'Artes

'Etruriæ Renascuntur.'* These words breathe enthusiasm and ideals, and their inscription on his ware was a pregnant sign of the ideas which actuated Wedgwood and his contemporaries. The English spirit which urged Drake and his fellows to the Spanish Main was pressing the new race on to more peaceful and more momentous adventures which were undertaken with the same courage and patience, the same boldness and hope, as the voyages of the Elizabethan explorers. We can scarcely realise the numerous disappointments, the depressing checks, the clouded hopes which intervened in the careers of men like Wedgwood and Boulton and Arkwright. We honour the skilful inventor and the successful manufacturer; we forget the trials which each passed through, and the men who did not achieve their aim are lost in oblivion. The extent of the industrial revolution is, as we have said, made more significant by the share which Wedgwood and Bentley took in it, and by their application of art to industry, for their work extended over the same period as the discoveries and the organisation which changed the old order of things in the textile and metallurgical trades. In this change national characteristics are pre-eminent; the modest words 'business capacity' conceal various qualities characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, without which the inventions of ingenious minds would have come to nothing. John Wilkinson was an example of these men 'less inventors 'than watchers of inventions, quick to understand their practical 'value and to realise the profit to be obtained from them.' It was he who built at Bradley, near Wolverhampton, in 1754, the first coke furnace, constructed on the model of those of Coalbrookdale. In 1775 he bought the first steam engine to

* 'The throwing-room was where the company assembled, and here Mr. Wedgwood, divesting himself of his coat and hat, sat down before the thrower's board, whilst Mr. Bentley turned the wheel. One of the favourite old servants made the balls of clay ready to his master's hand, and others stood by to assist. Thus environed, Mr. Wedgwood, remembering his old mastery in this highest province of the potter's art, threw with great precision six vases in the black basaltes body, averaging about ten inches each in height and five-and-a-half in the widest part. . . . The body, which is of a bluish tinge of black . . . bears on it, painted in two shades of red, a subject taken from a bas-relief in Hamilton's work 'Hercules and his Companions in the Garden of the Hesperides.' The two borders are from the same source. On the reverse side is an inscription to the effect that it is the product of the first day's work at Etruria, Staffordshire, by Wedgwood and Bentley, and within the fillet above the foot are inserted the words "Artes Etruriæ Renascuntur."'—Meteyard, 'Life of Wedgwood,' vol. i. p. 112.

come from the workshop of Boulton and Watt. The forges at Bradley, where he had been superintendent, became his property in 1772, and he continued to enlarge them, and to obtain fresh foundries in South Wales and tin mines in Cornwall.

'L'ensemble formait un véritable royaume, un État industriel que Wilkinson gouvernait d'une main énergique et autoritaire. Cet État, plus important et plus riche que beaucoup de principautés italiennes ou allemandes, jouissait d'un crédit qu'elles pourraient envier, et comme elles frappait monnaie ; des jetons de cuivre et d'argent, à l'effigie de John Wilkinson, circulèrent, de 1787 à 1808, dans plusieurs des comtés du Centre et de l'Ouest. Le grand maître de forges y est représenté de profil : figure bourgeoise un peu épaisse, qui ferait songer à la vulgarité d'Arkwright, n'étaient les sourcils hautains et la bouche dédaigneuse. Autour on lit ces simples mots : WILKINSON, IRON MASTER.' (Mantoux, p. 305.)

The first Sir Robert Peel is yet another instance. He devoted himself

'to explore the power of mechanical combinations, particularly when they could be converted to the use of his own manufacture, and . . . he introduced among his operatives that order, arrangement, and subdivision of employment which form the marked characteristics of the factory system.' *

Arkwright is a better known example, on whom the fame of an inventor as well as that of a captain of industry has rested. But his celebrity as a man of action is enhanced because it is evident that he was not himself an inventor, but very quick to take advantage of inventions of those less capable than he of utilising them practically. Beginning life as an apprentice to a barber and wig-maker at Preston, he died in 1792 enormously wealthy, having done more perhaps than any other man of his age to apply inventions to practical industry and to organise labour. It is pretty clear now that for a long time he was wrongly regarded as the inventor of the water-frame, which was in fact the invention of Highs, or Hayes, as he is sometimes called. This, however, though very important, was only one of the inventions which Arkwright utilised ; others succeeded, and each was daily taken advantage of by him.

'Ce n'est pas un inventeur : il a tout au plus arrangé, combiné, utilisé les inventions d'autrui, dont il n'a pas eu le moindre scrupule à s'emparer. Les éloges prodigués à sa mémoire par des admirateurs imprudents paraissent aujourd'hui tant soit peu déplacés : il était évidemment excessif de le comparer tour à tour à Newton et à

* Cooke's 'Life of Peel,' i. 6.

Napoléon, et il était assez maladroit d'invoquer son exemple pour prouver que la puissance capitaliste se fonde uniquement sur le mérite personnel et la probité laborieuse.—Mais Arkwright a pour lui d'avoir réussi. Ces inventions dont il n'est pas l'auteur, il est le premier qui ait su en tirer parti ; il est le premier qui les ait groupées en un système. Pour trouver les capitaux nécessaires à la fondation de ses établissements, pour former et dissoudre les associations dont il fit les instruments successifs de sa fortune, il lui fallut un talent remarquable d'homme d'affaires, un mélange singulier d'habileté, de persévérance et d'audace. Pour monter de grandes fabriques, recruter leur personnel, le former à une tâche nouvelle, établir dans les ateliers une stricte discipline, il dut déployer une activité et une énergie peu communes. C'est lui qui, après les tentatives incomplètes ou manquées des frères Lombe, de Wyatt et de Lewis Paul, a créé vraiment la fabrique moderne. C'est en lui que s'est incarné le type nouveau du grand industriel, différent de l'ingénieur et du commerçant, auxquels il emprunte leurs principaux traits, mais pour y ajouter ceux de sa physionomie originale, lanceur d'entreprises, organisateur de la production, conducteur d'hommes. Il représente une classe sociale et un régime économique.

'Son nom restera inséparable des origines de la grande industrie. Toutes les fabriques des comtés de Lancastre et de Derby, à la fin du xviiie siècle et au commencement du xixe, furent construites sur le modèle des siennes. "Nous avions tous les yeux fixés sur lui," disait Sir Robert Peel. Il le savait, et semblait s'appliquer à donner l'exemple de l'ardeur au travail et de l'ambition sans limites. Il travaillait sans relâche, y passait une partie de ses nuits ; obligé de se déplacer à chaque instant, pour surveiller en personne ses nombreux établissements, il travaillait en route, dans sa chaise de poste à quatre chevaux, toujours lancée à grande allure. Ses projets d'avenir étaient gigantesques : "Si je vis assez," disait-il un jour, "je serai assez riche pour rembourser la dette nationale."' (Mantoux, pp. 227–9.)

It would be impossible to sum up the place of Arkwright in the industrial revolution more truly and more vividly than has been done for us in this quotation. He represents the energy and the indomitable courage of the industrial explorer, and he is the type of the modern man of business. Great men lived before Agamemnon, and Arkwright was not the first Englishman to show energy and capacity in the conduct of commercial affairs. Jack of Newbury is a traditional figure ; the weaver of Newbury probably had most of the qualities which tended to the success of Richard Arkwright. But the former was an isolated figure, a man of peace in a warlike time ; the latter was typical, an actor in a great movement, one of a class. Many lesser and similar figures followed him ; there were others in his own age who if they loomed less largely before the eyes of the

world were not less capable of success, each differing in individual qualities, some with high ideals, others aiming only at wealth. But it is not with the mere individual, good, bad or indifferent, that we are concerned ; it is with men who form a body, factors in a momentous national movement. The leaders of it were none of them men of one idea, and in various ways they were interesting themselves collectively in projects which tended largely to the progress and prosperity of the community.

Let us take as one instance the subject of the communication between localities. Before 1759 there was not a single canal in England. By 1777 there were eleven separate systems of new artificial waterways, which were partly due to the personal and pecuniary aid of the new chiefs of industry. Wedgwood and Bentley, for example, were indefatigable in pushing through the project of a canal from the Mersey to the Trent, partly also they were the result of the enlightened views of some of the larger landowners, such as the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Gower. As in the case of the textile industries there was an inventor, and behind him the necessary capitalist and organiser ; the brain of Brindley and the money and energy of men such as the Duke of Bridgewater and Wedgwood were the factors in this developement of the forces of communication. It is a mistake to regard it as something separate from the evolution of particular industries. The basis was the same : it is one of the factors of a complex national developement just as much as were the discoveries of Highs and the organisation of Arkwright ; each factor reacted on the other, and each is part of the same industrial renascence. The English canals in the latter half of the eighteenth century were, as means of communication, of the first importance ; they came into existence to supply a national want, and their decadence commenced when better means of communication, in the shape of railways, supplied the requirements of traders and manufacturers. They fell into the hands and under the power of railway companies chiefly because the primary object of their existence had ceased. If we thoroughly realise their historical commencement, it may be doubted whether they can ever be again of substantial use and importance in a country of the small size of Great Britain. The Manchester Ship Canal is merely an elongation of the Mersey to Manchester. Almost every other canal in England has a superior competitor in a railway, and presently may have others in the shape of mechanically propelled road waggons.

The improvement of the highways of the country was equally a result of the demand for better means of communication in the industrial districts. Sensible men had long complained of

the miserable conditions of English highways. 'At Knutsford,' wrote Arthur Young in 1768, 'it is impossible to describe these 'infernal roads in terms adequate to their deserts.' The road to Newcastle-under-Lyme 'is in general a paved causeway, 'as narrow as can be conceived, and cut into perpetual holes, 'some of these two feet deep measured on the level; a more 'dreadful road cannot be imagined.' This was by no means the only highway of which this ubiquitous and observant traveller had to use strong language. These conditions were equally bad all over England.

Nor was Arthur Young the only person to note this fact or to desire the improvement of local highways. Complaints of them were common. The farmers and peasants who were entrusted with their care 'know not,' wrote a contemporary reformer, 'how to lay a foundation, nor make the proper slopes and drains; 'they pour a heap of stones loose into a swampy hole which 'make the best of their way to the centre of the earth. Re-'monstrances and presentments signify nothing; the eloquence 'of my lords the judges has never prevailed.' * For years past some public-spirited persons had left bequests for the improvement of the roads in the districts where they had lived. But the majority preferred bad roads and local freedom rather than passable highways under the management of the State, so that hitherto there had never been any collective force capable of pushing on the improvement of English highways. This collective impetus, however, came with the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century, and was a distinct result of it. The leaders of it were not the men to put up with the wretched and inconvenient tracks which had hitherto served the purpose of highways. The Government, too, was friendly. The rebellion of 1745 had been made more dangerous by the difficulty, arising from bad roads, of moving troops to meet the Young Pretender. But this, though no doubt a factor favourable to the more easy improvement of the highways, was not the main force. This was the necessity of good roads for the purpose of trade; in other words, the national energy now turned into these channels was the driving power of the movement. When men like Wedgwood began to give their thoughts and time to the subject—the efforts of individual road-reformers such as Dr. Borlase in Cornwall and the Reverend James Bentham in the Fen district had a public opinion to back them up—they ceased to be voices crying in the wilderness. Thus it resulted that between 1760 and 1774 no less than four

* Essay on Roads, Gentleman's Magazine (1752), vol. xxii. p. 519.

hundred and fifty-two Acts relating to roads passed through Parliament. Many turnpike trusts were established, and not a few of the chief highways were taken out of the charge of parishes and were made fairly sound. It cannot, however, be said that, speaking generally, English roads have, as a rule, ever been first-rate. Their management has always been characterised by a want of system and science. But the movement which is summed up in the mere enumeration of a series of Acts of Parliament in regard to roads had immense general influence. If it enabled the pottery of Staffordshire, the hardware of Birmingham, and the importations of Liverpool to be conveyed from one side of England to the other, it equally placed individuals in the north in personal communication with those in the south, it enabled the countryman to visit London and the Londoner to go into the provinces. Without the impetus arising from the industrial renascence men might have waited for a long time for better roads, and the increasing homogeneity of all classes might have been delayed. Perhaps also another and more systematic form of road management might have been evolved. As it was, the efforts of the industrial magnates in these several parts made the care of the trunk highways more skilful, though local management was still left as the basis of the highway system in years to come.

Better communications between town and town, both by land and water, began thenceforth to undermine the local fairs which had hitherto formed so marked a feature in the economical condition of England. A periodical fair in a local town, such as the great fair at Sturbridge, in Cambridgeshire, which lasted from the middle of August to the middle of September; the four considerable annual 'marts' at Lynn, Boston, Gainsborough, and Beverley; the local fairs in the most important towns of a district were simple and primitive methods of trade. They implied a cessation of communication between buyer and seller, between the maker of cloth and the buyer of it, for the greater part of the year. They satisfied the requirements of a domestic system of manufacture, but they were inadequate for the needs of a more elaborate, a highly capitalised system. In the places where they were held they were important occurrences, more important than religious festivals or celebrations of national events. They entered largely into the social life of localities, and they created a special class of travelling merchants who moved from one market town and fair to another with long droves of packhorses. This pre-revolutionary picture gradually fades away in its picturesqueness and its archaism as the industrial revolution gains in power, and as the eighteenth

century closes the old order changes, and under the pressure of the powerful and complex influences which we have indicated we look on a wholly different scene.

When we are endeavouring to form a complete if merely an outlined view of the great movement which has been called the English Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century, we must not omit to notice the growth of the general commerce of the country. This was an evolution rather than a revolution; it would to some extent have occurred had the event which we are describing not taken place. The external trade of England, as Monsieur Mantoux well and tersely puts it, was enlarged, the interior trade was transformed. The industrial revolution quickened business everywhere, it caused new demands, and it opened up new possibilities of exterior exchange. Wedgwood sent his pottery to Russia, Boulton his ironware to Germany. As was to be expected, the commerce of Liverpool, so close to the heart of the industrial centres, is the chief indicator of their influence on English commerce. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the trade of Liverpool was visibly beginning to extend. In 1636 it was of less importance than that of Chester or of Bristol, yet by the middle of the following century Liverpool was famous, and had become the second port of the kingdom. But the influence of the changes in the system of English manufactures is best indicated by figures which Monsieur Mantoux has extracted from some local works. In 1710 the tonnage which entered and left Liverpool was 27,000 tons. It is probable that these figures are not very accurate, but they are quite near enough to the truth to indicate changes. By 1730—that is, in twenty years—there had been an increase of 10,000 tons, but in the next twenty years the tonnage had nearly doubled, amounting in 1750 to 65,000 tons. By 1770 it had increased, as it felt the vivifying effects of interior changes, to 140,000 tons. Even then, however, the inventions and the business power which were revolutionising English industries had not been fully felt, and it remained for future years to enlarge still further the commerce of a port whose local position rendered it essentially sensitive to the changes which were transforming the northern and midland districts of the country.

The impartial historical observer in after years finds it hard to lay hold of cardinal facts, to formulate the main forces of progress. It is even more difficult for contemporaries to appreciate the effect of the actions of men of their own age on the future condition of their country. It is not, therefore, surprising that when we read letters, and diaries, and memoirs

of the eighteenth century we are astonished at the small attention which is given to the details of the industrial progress of the time. That attention was, of course, more difficult then than now, for in an age of bad roads, and of scarce letters, and of occasional newspapers it was impossible for an observer in London, however curious, to note everything which occurred in the rest of England. Yet, under the stimulus of mechanical invention and commercial power, the old order was being steadily changed in the provincial towns and in the rural districts, and the very foundations of society were in process of revolution. Those two united forces—invention and energy—were assisting in the radical changes in English agriculture which took place in the eighteenth century. Some alteration would undoubtedly have occurred without the assistance of these two factors, for general progress of the nation made the communal system of husbandry more and more unsatisfactory. But agricultural changes would probably have been more gradual, and not have been affected by the new commercial atmosphere. When Arthur Young compared large farms to large factories, and when he says that the closer the system of farming is brought to the system of manufacture the better, we at once see the influence of industrial progress on the minds of intelligent agriculturists and great proprietors. It is evidence, and it is evidence only, one fact among many; but, as the proverb says, a straw tells which way the wind blows. For the great volume of national energy which in this period was effecting a peaceful revolution could not be confined within a single channel. It might affect manufactures more than agriculture, but it was bound to show its influence in that field. When Lord Townshend, in 1730, renounced the career of statesman for that of a scientific farmer, and when other aristocratic landowners, Lord Rockingham at Wentworth, the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, and many others of less importance became agricultural reformers, it was a sign that a current of national energy was stimulating a particular industry, and that the arts of peace were flourishing because the thoughts of the aristocracy were less occupied by political affairs. At the same time the results of the industrial revolution had, apart from the question of national force, a distinct effect on agriculture and the condition of the agricultural labourer. The enclosure of the common lands, the separation and division of the 'open fields,' cut away, as it were, many of those who had hitherto been attached to the land and to particular districts from them. These men were at once drawn towards the new centres of industry, and from that moment began the rural migration which has not yet ceased. Monsieur Mantoux appositely quotes

under this head a passage from a work written in 1758, in which the writer describes the continual movement from rural parishes to market towns, and from these to the capital, and how a crowd of men born in the country chose new homes in the towns, and especially in those which were the seat of important industries.* 'L'industrie, c'est en effet, pour ces milliers de 'travailleurs qui ont perdu tout ou partie de leurs ressources 'habituelles, le seul débouché possible. Le travail que les 'champs leur refusent, ils vont le demander aux ateliers' (p. 175). Without these new factories and workshops there would have been a necessity for these men to live on the land; but, as things were, the factory at once absorbed the men from the village. At the same time there cannot be a doubt that the up-springing of manufactories of itself drew men from the land. The factory grew up, not as now in a populous place, but in a quiet rural district.† Of necessity new industries required hands, and farms and fields were the only recruiting-grounds, so that, if there had been no agricultural change taking place, the new and better-paid employment would assuredly have absorbed large portions of the rural population. These portions were not always penniless, for the yeomen whose small farms were becoming absorbed in larger holdings were able to leave their old homes with a little capital in their pockets. Like the best of the modern emigrants, they departed with the hope not only of obtaining employment, but also of enlarging their small fortunes in the new manufacturing world.

The connexion between the departing yeomen and the industrial revolution is very close, but it has more interesting features than that of the supply of manual workers, features which can be presently considered. The cardinal factor, however, of the change was the alteration of the system of trade from the domestic to the general. It was this which, more than any of the other causes, affected so deeply the entire life of the country. Earlier in this article we indicated the importance of this change; it is well to look at it a little more in detail. Everyone is more or less familiar with a modern manufacturing town, its enormous factories, the rigidity of the arrangements within them, the specialisation of work, and outside of the actual factories the streets of monotonous though

* Mantoux, p. 174, cit. J. Massie, 'A Plan for the Establishment of Charity Houses,' p. 99.

† 'Le hameau de Tyldesley, an sud de Bolton, se composait, en 1780, de deux fermes et de huit ou neuf cottages; en 1795 il ne comptait pas moins de 162 maisons, une église et 976 habitants, dont 325 tisserands.'—Mantoux, p. 370.

comfortable houses, built under the by-laws of a local authority, and subject to its supervision in order to safeguard the health of the inmates and of the local community. Of the domestic system the wool trade, 'the great staple trade of the kingdom' in bygone days, affords the most vivid example. It gave employment to large numbers of persons, not in a single district, as does the cotton trade to-day, but in widely different parts of England—in the Eastern counties, in Kent, in the South-eastern districts, in Somerset and Dorset, in the West, and, not least, in Yorkshire. In these parts of England the cottage was the factory. Sometimes a single family would perform all the work, the wife and the daughters equally with the father and the sons, or with workmen living with the family, belonging to the same class as the master. But oftentimes the weaver had to go outside his own household and distribute his wool at other dwellings. As soon as the cloth was woven the weaver had himself to go to the market at the nearest town. At Leeds the street called the Briggate was alive by seven in the morning with men from the surrounding districts. The weaver stood before the table on which his cloth lay, and dealers passed along examining and buying the wares which had been brought in from the adjacent villages. But the small handworker was not solely busied with his wool and his machines. Round the house might often be seen several acres of land. These supported a cow or a horse, their produce assisted to feed the household. The horse, as it were, was part of the stock-in-trade, for on it the weaver rode to market, carrying his wares with him. Monsieur Mantoux quotes as an example of this description the case of a village near Stockport, the land of which was divided between fifty and sixty occupiers, of whom not more than six or seven lived on the produce of their farms, every one of the others adding to their agricultural gains some earnings from work as weavers. And, in a report on the state of the woollen manufactures, it is said that around Leeds there was not a farmer who made a living from his land alone :

'L'agriculture et l'industrie étaient parfois si étroitement liées l'une à l'autre, que tout surcroît d'activité d'un côté supposait, de l'autre, une dimunition équivalente. C'est en hiver, quand le travail des champs s'interrompait, que l'on entendait dans toutes chaumières, au coin du feu, le bourdonnement diligent du rouet. Au temps de la moisson, au contraire, le rouet chômait, et les métiers eux-mêmes, faute de fil, cessaient de battre. Depuis un temps immémorial, dit le préambule d'une loi de 1662, l'habitude s'est conservée d'arrêter le tissage, chaque année, pendant la moisson, à cause des fileurs chez qui les tisserands se fournissent de fil, et qui,

en cette saison, se trouvent tous employés au travail des champs.' (Mantoux, p. 42.)

The change was at once sudden and gradual. It was sudden in that it began in a single century; it was gradual in that it was spread over a number of years, and extended into the succeeding century. It is evidence that the townward migration from the fields was primarily economic, and that the cry of the present day, 'Back to the land!' is in many ways a fatal one. By that we mean that the cause of the agricultural exodus was not primarily shortage of land, whether arable or pastoral, not the shortcomings of landlords, but the creation and growth of a new and immense industrial system which destroyed the old dual and combined agricultural and manufacturing system. That the enclosure of commons and the open fields, the enlargement of farms, all tended to the same exodus there is no doubt, just as at the present time increased facilities of land purchase or hire would have a tendency to cause a certain number of competent men to continue to seek a living by agricultural work in rural districts. But nothing can alter the momentous elementary fact that the industrial revolution was likewise an agricultural revolution, and that however desirable and admirable legislation may be to induce and enable men to till the soil without disturbance and under fair conditions, it cannot bring back the pre-eighteenth century dual system by which a varied domestic manufacture was a strong prop for agriculture, and for agriculture not in one district of the kingdom, but in every quarter of it, and in most dissimilar soils. The domestic manufactures not only brought money into the family till: they gave stability to agriculture, and reduced its risks and uncertainties, for a poor agricultural crop could be counterbalanced by more strenuous industrial labour.

The change, therefore, tended not only to the creation of large urban districts, where facilities, such as the proximity of coalmines, for manufactures were most obtainable, it made the agricultural districts more purely agricultural, diminishing their population almost in proportion to the increase of the urban populations. It settled the modern aspect of England. In 1700 the most densely populated parts of the kingdom extended from the Bristol Channel eastwards to the coast of Suffolk, the county of Wilts having, outside the London area, a primary place in this zone. In half a century these features were altered. Lancashire now began to show a considerable density of population, and the increase in the West Riding of Yorkshire was marked. By 1801 the face of England, as exhibited on a popu-

lation map, had reached its modern condition. The manufacturing counties were densely populated, and were covered by large towns; the agricultural counties had become purely agricultural. Not only was this the case, but the active causes for a change in the fiscal condition of England had attained great force. For the industrial revolution, which we are sketching, was unquestionably the primary and basic cause of the change from protection to free trade. The necessity for the repeal of the Corn Laws first began when the dual manufacturing and agricultural systems began to be replaced by the new factory system. Those who in recent years have advocated a return to protection, so far from moving with the times, are even more antiquated in their theories than is often supposed. The uselessness of their efforts is made apparent when the observer notes that whereas before the industrial revolution there was a community in large districts of England capable of industrial work and of supplying its own necessaries of life, after that great event the industrial centres became too large for the purely agricultural districts to support them. A change, therefore, in the fiscal system of England was a certain and direct result of the change from the old manufacturing order to the new.

But the old system, which began to disappear towards the middle of the eighteenth century, was not a utopia any more than the new. Each had its special merits and defects. The same complaints, however, of small pay and of too long hours were heard before as after the industrial revolution, and the imperfections of society are as visible then as now. It is not our business in these present pages to endeavour to estimate and compare the relative happiness of workers under the old and the new systems; it is to show, from the pages of a particular author, the immense social change produced by the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century. It was not less among the middle class than among the artisans and labourers of the kingdom. The yeoman was replaced by the master manufacturer, who presently found his way into Parliament, often, as in the case of the first Sir Robert Peel, as a sound Conservative.* Sometimes he became a landowner, sometimes even a peer, and some of his family married into the peerage. The industrial revolution, by the fortunate circumstances of the English Constitution, while it changed society, actually fortified this existing Constitution, and positively strengthened the peerage by uniting it more closely to the body of the people. It was thus politically

* The first Sir Robert Peel was elected M.P. in 1790.

not a revolution at all, for while it introduced personal changes, it did not alter the basis of the national system. The most striking political result was the Reform Act of 1832; but, though this was a step towards a more democratic government, it did not alter the established order of the Constitution.

We have just referred to the first Sir Robert Peel. His father was one of those men, partly yeoman, partly domestic manufacturer, from whom the new body of manufacturers, the new chiefs of industry, the mainstay of the upspringing middle class, were recruited. It was from these men largely that the indomitable and calm courage, the patience, and the perseverance which characterised the soldiers of Cromwell originated. They lived habitually a life of toil; their physique, as befitted countrymen, was strong; they were intelligent in mind and energetic in character. They were the very men to carry into practical effect the inventions of ingenious inventors who wanted the qualities necessary for commercial success.

Joshua Fielden was yet another example. He, too, cultivated the paternal acres, and worked at the machinery installed in his house, going sometimes to sell his wares at Halifax; while Jedediah Strutt was also an industrial pioneer, who was the son of an agriculturist and stocking-maker near Derby.

Examples, however interesting, cannot do more than arouse the active imagination which is required if we would realise the great movement which they illustrate, and the study of the lives of individuals, however inspiring, must give place to the observation of events. Thus if we look at the effect of persons in the aggregate, we find that hitherto there had been no commercial homogeneity. Men of business had been few, and had been isolated, so that they had had little political weight except in the city of London. Now the growth of industrialism in the North and Midlands of England was producing a class which was ready to act and work together in the common interest commercially and politically. Its power is shown, among other ways, by the manner in which Acts of Parliament were passed for the creation of canals. As Monsieur Mantoux acutely observes, the English political *régime*, which was based on individual liberty, on political combination, gave ample opportunity to commercial co-operation. The spirit of English political freedom moved into another sphere, and the habits of centuries affected new industrial movements: 'C'est par un mouvement 'tout naturel, et conformement à d'innombrables précédents que 'les grands industriels furent amenés à se concerter en vue de 'certaines démarches pratiques.' The industrial revolution in its results was thus, in a sense, the natural complement of the

political and religious conflicts of previous years, of the capacity, trained by centuries of usage, of industrial action. Nowhere in these peaceful changes in it do we see the least trace of State initiative or of State management. Everywhere it is the individual Englishman who is the sole factor, at some times and in some circumstances strengthened by common action.

Nor could this growth of a class of men springing from the better endowed yeomen fail also to create a new middle class. Men of business and professional men had hitherto been isolated; there had been no corporate social feeling. The number of well-to-do families produced by the new movement, at once intelligent and energetic, gave an intellectual stamp to the new middle class—a self-respect and a reasonable pride.

Thus the industrial revolution, the outlines of which we have sketched, largely by the aid of Monsieur Mantoux's excellent book, was equally a social revolution creating a large and distinct social stratum. Nor should we overlook the effect which it had on literature. As regards literature it produced readers who demanded realism in fiction, and to whom fiction appealed as a special form of amusement. At the very time when this revolution was in progress the novels of Fielding and Fanny Burney, to take only two names, with their lifelike portraits, became the vogue. The work of these writers exactly fulfilled the demands of those readers who belonged to the new class, who were also becoming the patrons of art. In art the English school of portraiture would never have grown so vigorously had it not been for the influence of the revolution which we have described. The spirit of English energy was turned into art, and those who became wealthy by the adoption of new industrial inventions became the financial support of the English school. But all this was not perceived by the people of the time.

Johnson, when he visited Birmingham and walked through Boulton's warehouse, saw nothing more than a shop full of interesting objects. He did not seem in the least to perceive that it was evidence of an industrial birth. And while Horace Walpole was merely chronicling the daily doings of fine gentlemen and ladies in London, this great movement was altering the very society of which he was the observer. The importance of it was nowhere less appreciated than in the West End of London, to which the tittle-tattle of clever diarists and letter-writers has given such undue prominence. That society, no doubt, had its interesting and significant characteristics, but the future of England was being moulded, not in St. James's Street, but among the factories of Lancashire and Warwickshire.

Art. VII.—THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

The Art of Garden Design in Italy. By H. Inigo Triggs, A.R.I.B.A., Godwin Bursar, Royal Institute of British Architects. Illustrated by 73 Photographic Plates reproduced in Collotype, 27 Plans, and numerous sketches in the Text taken from original Surveys and Plans specially made by the Author, and 28 Plates from Photographs by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. (London : Longmans. 1906.)

The old villa-gardens which are scattered throughout Italy are not the least, though perhaps among the least widely known, of her manifold attractions. Many of them, kept up in more or less perfunctory style, are still the summer homes of the Italian nobility; some, a good deal injured by the exercise of modern Italian taste, are thrown open to the public. Not infrequently they are inhabited by English or Americans, who make efforts, often successful, to preserve and add to their charm; now and then they are almost deserted and falling into decay, and this is not their least fascinating aspect.

Those who have ever wandered in the green dusk of those ilex avenues, rested on the moss-grown seats where the lizards slip along the shafts of sunlight, listened to the plash of fountains in the time-worn basins, or basked among the lemon trees on the broad and sunny terraces, will testify to a charm which defies age and neglect, and recalling those scenes, will welcome the fine work which Mr. H. Inigo Triggs has produced ; the most important addition, that has been made to the study of garden craft in Italy, since Percier and Fontaine published their book a hundred years ago. Like those authors, Mr. Triggs, while wishing to awaken or increase our interest in these delightful haunts, in which art and nature are so closely blended, and to convey to others something of the delight in them which he has himself experienced, has also aimed at setting a high ideal of beauty and excellence before the garden designer, and at giving a mass of information in such a way that it shall be of practical utility.

Mr. Triggs devotes an introductory chapter to a very full and interesting survey of garden-making from the earliest times, which he illustrates with extracts from Pliny, Crescenzi, and other well-known authors. This is followed by the description and illustration of some thirty from among the most beautiful villas in Italy. Beginning with the delightful though fantastic erection on Isola Bella and other villas on Como and Maggiore, he goes from the gardens of North Italy

to the gardens of Florentine and Sienese villas, and to those which surround the palaces of Rome and lie upon the Alban Hills and among the spurs of the Sabine Mountains. The list is a fairly complete one, and the villas chosen are typical and for the most part little spoiled.

A book like this depends largely for its value upon its illustrations, and we may say at once that these could not be more excellent. The beautiful series of collotype plates are softer and more distinct than anything of the kind we have seen. The points of view have been chosen with a feeling for composition and the plates have been treated with a softness and an attention to gradation which turns a mechanical process into a fine art. In the terrace-scene in the Villa Balbianelli, on Lake Como, the atmosphere of the misty mountains, the white town upon the opposite shore, gleaming in the lake, the figure of the monk in hoary stonework, poised upon the balustrade and shaded by flickering plane-leaves, make a picture of a delightful tone and breadth.

The photographs by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond are as practical as they are artistic, the text is interspersed with drawings of details, such as vases, jardinières, fountains and other ornaments, and, most important of all, a complete series of plans is furnished, drawn to scale and forming an entire index to the subject. The text perhaps does not always serve sufficiently to elucidate the illustrations. For example, the magnificent double *bocage* of ilex, with its roofing and the pathway within it (one of the finest examples of clipped greenery in Italy), which encircles the grounds of Villa Collodi at Pescia, and which is such a striking feature of the design, would here hardly be guessed at, and the villas of Frascati are mixed up in a condensed account which leaves us with no very clear idea of any one of them.

Gardening does not commonly rank among the arts and crafts, yet it possesses just that kind of value, the attraction and value of an expression of life, or human record, which the arts and crafts possess. It shares, too, in their antiquity; gardens are an inalienable part of history. 'Garths' and 'yards,' the 'Hortus' of the Greeks, the rose garden of the Persians, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the garden of Solomon, the symmetrical designs of the Egyptians, the willow patterns of the Chinese; moulded by climate, by circumstance, by the temperaments of those who made them, reflecting the taste of the world which lay outside their borders, they remain one of the most intimate productions of the minds and hearts of men.

Of the immediate delight in the art, as fresh to-day as when

Theophrastus, four hundred years before Christ, died and left his garden to the common enjoyment of his friends, but entreated to be buried in the ground he had so loved, or when Omar Khayyam prophesied that his tomb should be 'in a spot 'where the north wind may scatter roses,' or Lord Bacon, in a broken-hearted old age, found his best solace in 'the purest 'of human pleasures,' there is little need to speak; nor need we dwell on the health-giving invigoration of the work in the open air, the calmness and tranquillity of a pursuit which takes the worker away from feverish contests, and obliges him to wait on the deliberate laws of nature, teaching how to supplement and control those laws; or on the gratification of the instinct of creation, the enjoyment of dealing with a living organism, which comes to birth, which grows and repays love, which awakens and satisfies the parental impulse and keeps it ever on the alert; nor remind the true garden lover how well the garden rewards affection, and of what perpetual renewal it is capable: that if frost or drought destroy its promise one year, it is possible to begin again the next, with fresh hope and expectation; that experience does not come too late; ingratitude and caprice are not to be reckoned with; that invention and resource are constantly stimulated, and that it is possible to look forward into the far distant future, when promise will be fulfilled to an extent which can only be guessed at. These are considerations which must occur to anyone. The interest of the subject to which we would more particularly call attention is that which, as we have said, it shares with the other arts and crafts: its interest as a human and historical witness.

What is best of construction and design in the gardens of to-day comes to us from Italy, where garden-making followed the vicissitudes of all the other arts, flourished in classic climes, died away during the Dark Ages, and revived once more, as the centuries drew towards the Renaissance. But whence did Italy derive her magic? An eloquent writer has said that 'except 'the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world that is 'not Greek in its origin,' and in sympathy with the spirit of this assertion, one is instant to establish so distinguished a parentage for the Italian garden.

We are consequently entirely at issue with Mr. Triggs's opening proposition that the Greek gardens were not intended for pleasure-grounds, and that the Greeks themselves had little feeling for landscape beauty. It is incredible that the Greeks, who were so well acquainted with every device for beautifying life, and who had developed all the arts on such

equal lines, should have neglected to take advantage of one of the most natural and obvious sources of pleasure. Though no full description of an Hellenic garden has come down to us, we have little difficulty in ascertaining that it was laid out with symmetry, in arcades, avenues and bosquets, with statues and terminal figures, and that it was adorned with sparkling fountains, which spread themselves over the grounds in channels. We have the testimony of Lucian, that the part of the ground devoted to sweet-smelling shrubs and flowers usually projected inward between the back wings of a house, so that the principal apartments, which then, as now, were on the opposite side to the entrance, might look out upon these gay parterres. Groups of myrtles, roses, agnus-castus and other perfumed shrubs, were planted on high ground, in order that their scents might be freely wafted abroad. There was also often a garden of northern aspect, where a fresh, cool air from the mountains could be enjoyed all through the summer. The collection of writings known as the 'Geoponica' abounds in allusions to the arrangement of a Greek garden and to the flowers grown there. The perpetual use made of wreaths and garlands necessitated an elaborate flower-culture; myrtles were grown for wreaths, violets for the violet crown, roses for festal occasions. Actors and dancers appeared crowned with flowers, the guests at every banquet wore wreaths, lovers suspended garlands at their mistresses' doors, and the temples and altars of the gods were daily hung with flowers.

In many gardens, each species of flower had its separate flower-bed, so that we read of white violets, irises, hyacinths, carnations and others, each massed in a bed by itself. The Greeks were versed in the art of retarding or forcing on the blooming of roses, in order to have a supply all through the year, and a succession of lilies was insured by planting the bulbs at different depths. Lilies, a favourite flower in Hellenic gardens, were dyed crimson, as one sees Roman flower-sellers dye them to-day, by steeping their stems in the lees of purple wine. In the romance of 'Daphnis and Chloe' the garden is described as shaded by branches twined so as to form a continuous arbour, and this pergola is commended because it does not obscure the view of the plain and the flocks feeding, 'of 'the sea also and the ships sailing over it,' a view which is numbered 'among the delights of the garden.'

Nausicaa led Ulysses 'to where the garden yields a waste 'of flowers, fenced with a green enclosure all around,' and the traditions of the garden of the Hesperides, of the gardens of Midas in Thrace, in which Herodotus notices the rose of

sixty leaves, and those of Alcinous in the 'Odyssey,' bear witness to the delight the Greeks took in such surroundings.

The origin of such pleasure grounds bears traces more ancient yet, and, like so many things the Greeks assimilated and developed, is to be found on the banks of the Nile. The description of a garden of old Egypt is

'a square area surrounded by a palisade; on one side rippled the Nile, or a canal fed by it, and a row of cone-shaped trees rose between the Nile and the palisade . . . an avenue of palms and other trees traversed the garden in the direction of the cardinal points. The centre was occupied by a pavilion or trellised bower and the remainder of the space was divided into squares, embellished with trees and flowers and four tranquil pools, glistening with water lilies and tenanted by aquatic birds.'

Really, we do not seem to have learned anything so very new about garden design since those days.

But it is not until we approach the Roman epoch that we come to the recognisable prototype of the modern garden, with its elaboration, its range and extent, its architectural quality. Of such a character was that garden of Tarquinius Superbus, of whose wealth of roses, lilies, and poppies Livy speaks, as early as 534 B.C., or the princely gardens which Lucullus introduced, laying out whole hillsides, in Rome, at Baiæ, or where Villa Torlonia now stands, at Frascati, or, as the taste spread, of those pleasure grounds with which the great nobles covered the countryside round Rome, usurping the greater part of the land available for agriculture.

Such circumstantial details have been left us by Pliny the Younger, who owned several villas and loved to spend his time in them, that the task of reconstruction becomes easy. He describes the careful choice of position, on a gentle ascent, so as to command a splendid view, with mountains behind for shelter and 'to bring the cooling winds in summer.' Porticoes open on to a terrace

'embellished with various figures and bounded with a box hedge, from whence you descend by an easy slope, adorned with the representation of divers animals in box, answering alternately to one another. . . . Beyond is the *Gestatio*, laid out in the form of a circus, ornamented in the middle with box cut in numberless different figures, together with a plantation of shrubs prevented by the shears from shooting up too high; the whole is fenced in by a wall, covered by box, rising by different ranges to the top. At the centre of the portico stands a square edifice which encompasses a small area shaded by four plane-trees, in the midst of which a fountain

rises, from whence the water, running over into a marble basin, gently refreshes the surrounding plane trees and the verdure beneath them.'

A plantation of plane trees is backed by box and bay, which,

'forming a straight boundary on both sides of the hippodrome, bends at the further end into a semi-circle, which being set round and sheltered with cypress trees, varies the prospect and casts a deeper gloom, while the inward circular walks, enjoying an open exposure, are perfumed with roses and connect, by a very pleasing contrast, the coolness of the shade with the warmth of the sun. . . . In one place you have a little meadow, in another, the box is cut into a thousand different forms, sometimes into letters, expressing the name of the master. . . . At the upper end is an alcove of white marble, shaded by vines, supported by four small Carystian pillars. From the bench beneath it, the water, gushing through several little pipes, as if it were pressed out by the weight of the persons who repose themselves upon it, falls into a stone cistern underneath, from which it is received into a fine polished marble basin, so artfully contrived that it is always full without overflowing.'

'When I sup here,' he continues, 'the basin serves for a table, the larger sort of dishes being placed round the margin, while the smaller ones swim about in the form of little vessels and water fowl. . . . Fronting the alcove stands a summerhouse of exquisite marble, the doors whereof project and open into a green enclosure. Next to this is a little private recess, furnished with a couch, and notwithstanding it has windows on every side, yet it enjoys a very agreeable gloominess, by means of a spreading vine, which climbs to the top, and entirely overshadows it. . . . In this place too a fountain rises and immediately disappears. In different quarters are disposed marble seats. . . . near each seat is a little fountain, and throughout the whole garden several small rills run along, wheresoever the hand of art thinks proper to conduct them.'

Such was the type of Villa Urbana, of which every rich and noble Roman aspired to possess at least one example. The splendid villas that lay on the slopes of the mountains round Rome testified to the prevalence of a fashion in which emperors had led the way. The villa of Hadrian which occupied a site seven miles in circumference in the Vale of Tempe, or the gardens of Domitian which covered the whole of that hillside at Castel Gandolfo, where Villa Barberini now moulders, were models copied in every variety by successive generations of courtiers.

These gardens show an agreeable diversity in the arrangement of their details, but their structural plan and the details themselves differ but little and are framed practically upon the same lines. The house being taken as the *clou* of the whole

design, everything else united to give the garden the architectural or formal quality. The courts and *loggie* of the house merged into the atrium, a courtyard or peristyle enclosed by a colonnade round which were placed statues and plants in pots or tubs. The hippodrome or exercise ground, the rose garden and xystus, or flower garden proper, were all framed in a setting formed by arcades and alleys, by pergolas and trellised screens, and by clipped hedges, which displayed garden statuary and marble vases to the best advantage. A finely organised system of aqueducts brought pure water from the hills to supply the fountains, which were such a conspicuous feature, and which were so necessary for cooling the air and freshening the grass and for adding the musical sounds of murmuring streams and splashing water to the other delights of the garden. Hardly less important than the architecture proper were the shrubs clipped and pruned by the 'topiarius' or 'arborator' into the forms of men and animals, or the long clipped hedges which bounded the walks, leading to where a pavilion or casino was placed at a convenient distance from the house. As the pleasure in gardening grew, the gardener became the best paid of all the household staff, the cultivation of flowers assumed an important place among domestic arts, the birth of a child, the home-coming of a warrior or the anniversary of a death was celebrated by the planting of a new rose; rose leaves sprinkled the ashes of the dead, decked the tombs at the rose feast which was held in May for the departed, rose leaves filled the cushions of the triclinia or were strewn over guests in the banqueting hall. The use of flowers upon so large a scale made it necessary to bring them from a distance, as the home supply was unequal to the demand, but we can well imagine that the wondrously luxuriant growth of roses in Italy must have been utilised in country houses to satisfy the daily demand.

Moreover the same taste invaded the city, and Rome itself was encircled by a chain of gardens from those of Julius Cæsar and his successors on the Janiculum to the magnificent grounds of Æcilinus Glabrio upon the Pincian Hill. The banks of the Tiber were laid out by one Roman emperor after another, and where we now climb the prosaic ways of Capo le Case, of Via Sistina or Via Gregoriana, the steps echoed and the garments trailed of the guests of Lucullus or Valerius.

In such shades, amid such a choice and exquisite environment, the members of an effete civilisation were startled by the rude mutterings which heralded the approach of those barbaric tribes whose rugged and savage aspect was in such strange contrast to the cultured scenes they invaded. The

Romans were to realise the position of a civilised people in the midst of a barbarous world. No one cared any more to plant or to water; the occupation of the Topiarius was gone. Those villas which escaped early destruction became gradually converted into fortified abodes, and the art of horticulture for many centuries was only kept alive by monks in the comparative peace afforded by convent walls, or practised under difficulties in the courtyards or on the battlements of castles. Many of the old missals have illuminated representations of little cloistered gardens, in which, though they were primarily intended for cultivating vegetables and medicinal herbs, a small plot of ground was reserved for growing flowers to decorate the altar and the shrine of the Madonna. It is curious to think for how long a period this most human and universal of tastes must have served as an outlet for the expression of a love of beauty and of that joy in creation to which we have already referred, what a void it must have filled in lives debarred from all other earthly pleasures, and what a privilege and labour of love must have been represented by the care of the garden; one, perhaps, often enjoyed in trembling, lest too much zeal should lead to deprivation, and the monk who was found to be unduly absorbed in watching the growth of his carnations should be forbidden to see them burst into flower.

In the same way, men and women who in any other state of society would have been able to gratify peaceful tastes, may often have found one of their dearest pleasures in nursing some little plot of ground, niched into the recesses of a medieval castle. It is pathetic to think of these little protected gardens, walled in, circumscribed, but no doubt dear and precious treasures, flourishing in many countries. In England, in the Middle Ages, such little castle gardens existed. In the illuminations of the 'Romaunt of the Rose' (Harleian MS.), the garden is laid out with treillage and grass plot, has an orange tree surrounded by a fence and a fountain throwing out jets of water, which fall into a basin, and beside which sits the *châtelaine* with her lute or her embroidery. The turreted walls rise foursquare and a flight of steps ascends to the barred and guarded gate. In all essentials it resembles a garden which the writer has seen laid out on the battlements of a castle in the Austrian Tyrol, which has been carefully restored to what is believed to be its original character. Here too is a fountain, a shady trellis, a circular seat set round with roses, and in contrast to the high and peaceful seclusion, you may gaze sheer down the walls to a rushing torrent far below, or look across the ravine to the mountain pass, up which long ago were wont

to come danger or succour, hope or despair, to the garden-makers on the turrets.

In such wise the love of gardening was preserved and handed down, till with the first breath of returning security, the joyous art could come forth once more and claim its kingdom in the open. On all sides the garden sprang again into being with a spontaneity which marks it as the natural expression of peace and comparative security. Once more the gardener could ply his trade and green trees were trained to resemble the walls and palisades they superseded. In the picture of joyous living, painted by the fancy of the Tuscan poet, Folgore, as early as the thirteenth century, his youths and maidens quit the city for the villa, and make love in shady gardens, where the fountains freshen the fine grass. In the fourteenth century Pietro Crescenzi of Bologna writes a treatise full of practical directions and minute instructions, from which Mr. Triggs gives some very interesting extracts. He exhorts his hearers to remember 'the great adornment given by such trees 'as are never bared of green leaves,' and explains how around courts and gardens ornaments can be made of green trees trained to look like walls or palisades or stockades with turrets, and he gives the rules for an elaborate system of pleaching, and describes how the trees, when they have grown to a certain height, are to be cut to imitate battlements and houses with green columns. Fishponds and aviaries are to be contrived and the garden is to have a fountain flowing though all its parts and places; and, speaking of the stately plans suited to a palace, 'there ought to 'be made a dwelling-place with walls or bowers of trees only, 'in which the king and queen may sojourn with their barons in 'dry weather.' Boccaccio's tales describe gardens which might have been laid out from Pliny's designs. Broad straight walks, flanked with vines, closed in with red and white roses and jasmine, in such a manner as to exclude the morning and even the midday sun, spaces set round with orange and bay trees. 'In the centre, a fountain of white marble beautifully carved '. . . a jet of water spurted up, which made a most agreeable 'sound in its fall. The water which came thence ran through 'the meadow by a secret passage and was carried to every part 'of the garden.' And the changed fortunes of the garden spoke of a corresponding change in life. The old urbanity revived. Those blooming gardens of which Boccaccio writes were a background for lovers, sitting by the fountains, laughing and weeping at the tales they told. In that fresco of the 'Triumph 'of Death,' by an unknown painter, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, the trellised screen and the orange trees shade a goodly band of

ladies and gallants, sitting in courtly company, conversing and playing on musical instruments; a contrast to the feudal age, when no ground was safe outside the castle moat.

Not gallants only, not worldly pleasure-seekers only, but piety and devout contemplation, were once more emancipated, and Fra Angelico paints dainty enclosures and *loggie*, surrounded by cypresses; Fra Lippo Lippi sets his Santa Conversazione on a marble garden seat; Benozzo Gozzoli, painting the joy of life which he saw all round him, places his angels on terraces gay with flowers and peacocks, and represents them playing in and out of trellised walks and leaning above hedges of roses. Long before the Renaissance had come to maturity, we become aware that the garden had taken its place again in a fully developed, cultured and civilised life, and had assumed once more the characteristics of those haunts of peace and pleasure which had been swept away by Goth and Hun, and of which a thousand years of decay and rapine could hardly have left any traces.

The pleasures of country life, the value of quiet retreats, were appreciated to the full by the refined and eclectic members of an increasingly pronounced scheme of social perfection. As the Renaissance gathered intensity, the 'villa,' a term which in Italy includes not only the house but also the surrounding grounds, became once more a possession of the first importance. The example of Cosimo de' Medici, who was one of the first great princes to turn serious attention to garden-making, was followed so zealously by his successors, that we can count eight or ten Medici villas in the immediate vicinity of Florence, and although these villas have all the restrained character and exquisite quality of the early Florentines, and are small compared with those of the ancients, yet Lorenzo's are on a grander scale than those of his grandfather, and size became with every generation a more imperative qualification.

Grandiose schemes such as the famous Orti Orecellari, laid out by the Rucellai at the end of the fifteenth century, where the Platonic Academy held its meetings and Machiavelli read his discourses, were followed by the gigantic designs of Raphael and San Gallo at Villa Madama, and led up to the monumental edifices which Roman cardinal-princes employed the greatest architects of their time to produce at Caprarola, Bagnaja and Este. These in their turn heralded the outburst of villa-building in the seventeenth century, when every cardinal of the papal court must have his magnificent country seat, and when villas multiplied throughout Italy from the banks of the Brenta to the environs of Naples. These gardens, of which, fortunately, so many, both of the earlier and later periods, are not materially

altered, present in essentials all the features of classic times. The succession of easy terraces, mounted by elaborate stairways, the airy outline of balustrades, the fountains that spring in stone or marble basins, the dark velvet of clipped cypress and box, throwing the rows of sculptured figures into relief, the casino or pavilion, of classic form—all reveal that close application to the needs of a complex life which is the note of the classic garden. These gardens possess moreover a quality which we intuitively divine in the accounts of the gardens of an earlier age: the charm of distinction. 'There is an unity of 'design with absence of conscious effort, a princely grace that 'unites impressive dignity with the modesty that comes of re-'finement and due proportion; a charm only to be likened to the 'human charm of a perfect manner.'

But though the developement of the garden was thus purely Italian, it did not remain confined to Italy. The influence of the art had been carried to England, and our beautiful old gardens owe their main features to the Renaissance and to that earlier taste which was forming before the Renaissance and which seemed to follow instinctively the obliterated ideals which had inspired Greeks and Romans alike.

The intercourse between Italy and England was continued all through the Middle Ages. The lists of illustrious students at Bologna between 1265 and 1294 show numbers of Englishmen among the European nationalities, and travellers in Italy include nearly all the great bishops and prelates of the time, as well as many envoys of Henry III. and Richard Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans. Edward I. passed through Italy on his way home from Palestine and stayed some time in Orvieto. The thirteenth century also saw the introduction of the Cistercian order into England, when Hayles Abbey was founded. In the fourteenth century there were fewer visitors, owing to the wars and especially to the pestilence, but Chaucer, whose mention and description of gardens is so constant and so vivid, was in Genoa, Florence, and Padua in 1393, so that a continuous influence was brought to bear on all manifestations of art, including gardening, and there was no lack of a chain of cultivated and observant men, keen to carry home the newest fashions of their time. English manuscripts of the fifteenth century give illustrations of walled gardens, of trellised bowers and fountains and, as an excellent article which appeared in this Review for July 1896 points out, the bowling green, which was a distinctively English feature, and which was to keep its place in English gardens for the next three centuries, now came into use. We still pass the splendid Renaissance palace of Henry

VIII.'s Ambassador in the Borgo Nuovo, and it was, perhaps, partly owing to his instance that Italian workmen were at this time largely employed on English gardens, and that all kinds of statues and ornaments were introduced.

From this time, too, date some of our most famous gardens; those of Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolsey and finished by Henry VIII., of Nonsuch in Surrey, of Theobalds, built for Lord Burghley.

Thomas Hill, who wrote 'A most brief and pleasant treatyse, 'teaching how to dress, set out and sowe a garden, gathered out 'of the principallest authors of the art,' in 1563, of which seven editions were printed down to 1608, draws his materials mainly from Latin authors, and even goes so far as to recommend an eastern aspect and to discourse on the merits of the east wind, the result of borrowing wholesale from Italian writers without applying his own experience in a different climate to test their advisability. This book, which is dedicated to Lord Burghley, appeals freely to classic writers, and the formal knots of beds, the columns and trellises which it describes or illustrates, seem intended to follow, as far as possible, what was believed to be the Italian taste. Mr. Blomfield, in his well-known and valuable 'Formal Garden,' points out the growth of the English garden in size and importance, in the sixteenth century, when Bacon talks of thirty acres as the minimum for a prince's garden. 'From 'Italy,' he says, 'came the use of balustrades and terraces and 'great flights of stairs and the free use of statuary, a habit of 'mythological allusion in various parts of the gardens, and the 'practice of clipping trees into various shapes and distributing 'them symmetrically.' But in spite of this admission, Mr. Blomfield thinks that the alleys and green walks, the 'deambula-'tiones ligneæ horti,' or covered walks, the labyrinths, conduits, tanks and fountains, and particularly the enclosing boundary lines, were only developements of features which were observable in the medieval garden and in the introduction of which, he, to our idea, under-estimates the early Italian influence. It is sufficiently remarkable that while Italian ornament gained a speedy footing, and gardens in the fifteenth century became distinctively Italian, they displayed no earlier features, except perhaps the bowling green, which had not been common in Italy in ancient times. Gervase Markham, writing in 1635, while repudiating foreign influence, even with violence, himself sketches out a plan, on purely Italian lines, with terraces, alleys and *ronds-points* of dial or fountain. The garden, as in Italian usage, was to be the *encadrement* of the house, and if the clipped hedges were multiplied and the fountains were fewer

than in the grounds of an Italian prince, this was only a natural consequence of the more luxuriant verdure and the less imperative need for artificial watering.

But while Italy provided a well-tried standard, from France the succeeding century brought fashions moulded by the ideas of magnificence and of artificial elegance, of which Le Nôtre, who had been sent to Italy by Louis XIV. to study garden-making, was so able an exponent. His grandiose conceptions profoundly influenced the English gardens of this date, and such examples as Wilton and Badminton have a formality, a monotony and a repetition that mark a disposition to servile copying, rather than the intelligent following of a reasonable fashion. The writer of the article to which allusion has already been made points to the achievement of Le Nôtre at Versailles, as a warning to those who would strive to achieve magnificence from mere magnitude. 'The first impression received from this 'garden—one of wonderment at mere size—is followed by a 'feeling of dreariness and depression from the laboured artifi-'ciality, of ruinous cost, of wasted labour, of a garden that is 'made for display and not for human enjoyment.' 'For state 'and magnificence, but nothing for the true pleasures of a garden,' as Lord Bacon says. Yet France, too, had had its inspiration from Italy. The gardens of Provence differed little from those of Italy, and in the sixteenth century Rabelais dwells on the superiority of Italians in this branch.

In Italy too, however, it must be allowed that by the time of Le Nôtre the baroque and rococo styles had been carried to excess. Not in France only, but all over Europe the same idea is to be found, manifest in a hundred different ways. The eighteenth century was the aristocratic century. Luxury had become a fine art. The existence of the privileged orders was a thing removed and cut off from the life of the nation. And their extreme artificiality, their blending of refinement with deformity, manifest as it was in arts and crafts and furniture and manners, was manifested also in that other art, the art of garden-making, which follows so closely the lead of life. The carefully modelled and tasteful garden figures and vases were replaced by huge and flamboyant images of plaster. The topiary art was daily becoming more ridiculous. In England, aided by French and Dutch influences, the worst features of Italian gardening, the foolish grottoes and the absurd topiary work, were exaggerated past all excuse. An example of the clumsy and incongruous forms into which yews could be cut has been preserved in the gardens at Levens in Westmorland, and affords a curious proof of the lengths to which a fashion could be carried, which,

beginning by being seemly and beautiful, ends by being actually hideous and only worth preserving for its quaintness and its historical witness. The art of gardening had passed out of the hands of artists, and exploited by nursery-gardeners and seekers after the new and eccentric, was pushed to senseless extremes.

In 1713, Pope, in a paper on Modern Gardening, broke out into scathing mockery of these parodies of the lovely gardens of old times. He describes 'an eminent town gardener,' who has arrived at such a pitch of perfection that he cuts 'family 'pieces' of men, women and children. 'Ladies may have their 'own effigies in myrtle and their husbands in hornbeam.' He enumerates an imaginary list of groups offered for sale by auction:

'St. George in Box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon by April.

A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground ivy for the present.

Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

Divers modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted.

A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, through being forgot a week in rainy weather, etc. etc.'

And just as France gave us the grandiose style, from France, too, came that toying with nature, in keeping with the mimic scheme of life which up to the last moment hid the oncoming of the Revolution from the courtiers of Versailles. Horace Walpole, half a Frenchman himself, followed, denouncing the geometrical style of laying out grounds, as stiff and insipid, and it became the fashion of a most artificial age to rave about 'nature.' Nature had no ordered symmetry, therefore gardens, which ought to be a miniature copy of nature, should present a succession of swelling hills and valleys. Instead of straight regular walks, we would rather mix therewith 'serpentine 'meanders.' There soon arose a race of 'natural' gardener-designers, who became all the rage. Kent, Capability Brown, and their followers set themselves to contrive sham landscapes with imitation ruins, to lay out grassy slopes, planted with 'clumps' of trees marking winding paths. 'The gentle stream 'was taught to serpentize.' They even went the length of planting dead trees, to impart a more 'natural' look to a copse. Beautiful old gardens in England and Scotland were swept away in scores to make room for the new principles, and as Italy had sent fashions to England, so England now repaid her by carrying south the latest ideas, and the owners of such villas as the Doria-Pamphilj and the Boboli set themselves to contrive English lawns, gravel paths and groups of ornamental shrubs. The

feeling for fine gardens did not die easily in England. In the 'Quarterly Review' for July 1827, Sir Walter Scott enters his protest against the destruction of the fine old formal garden. In the eighteenth century the beautiful garden of Barncluith, in Lanarkshire, was laid out, 'full of long straight walks, between 'hedges of yew and hornbeam,' and such gardens as Arley, Penshurst and Brockenhurst were created while 'Victorian' gardening was in full swing.

Nor did the violent change from the formal to the 'natural' last long, though while it lasted it is accountable for the destruction of much that can never be restored. Since about 1880 there has been a movement, increasing every year in strength, to return to that old, old fashion, of what surely has a right to its name of the *Italian* Garden, a fashion which must have some deep principle at its root, to enable it to hand down its main features, through ages, centuries apart, and to empower it to take so strong a hold upon men's affections and tastes.

The Latins saw house, garden and nature as a whole, and in their use of all three they preserved a practical ideal quite apart from that of mere magnificence. We are apt to think of the Italian garden as necessarily attached to a spacious and palatial building, and so, indeed, it often is, but there are also numerous examples of Renaissance villas which are neither very large nor very grand. The rooms indeed are probably lofty and airy, but the house is, on the whole, a simple, cream-washed building, with broad eaves; a *summer*-house, *par excellence*, open on all sides to the air and adapted for a large party of people, in which to enjoy the hot days and the glorious nights of the long Italian summer. The rooms within expand into other rooms without, which only differ from the first because they are open to the sky, and the walls are green and growing, instead of being of brick or marble. The host, his family and his guests would often wish to be out of doors, without sacrificing their privacy, and the result was the secret garden, which, usually near the house, always formed part of the scheme of a sixteenth and seventeenth century villa.

Perhaps other people may have mourned, as we have done, over the two *giardini segreti*, which not so long ago lay on either side of the Casino of Villa Borghese, outside Rome. The long windows of an apartment on either side of the house opened on to a broad stone walk from which two or three wide shallow steps led into the gardens, two oblong spaces, shut in by walls and clipped hedges, over which leaned the great ilex trees of the grounds beyond. Fountains splashed in old stone basins, and made a refreshing sound in the green shade; old

box-edged beds were purple with violets in the spring, a quaint aviary and a *stanzone*, or orange house, bounded the further ends. So these retreats had remained since the days of Cardinal Borghese and his friend Bernini, they had seen the 'teacup 'times of hood and hoop,' they had known the gay and graceful presence of the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte and her frivolous circle, and they remained, a little florid in style, but emphatically, 'places of sweet retirement.' And then the municipality came into possession, and the walls and hedges were torn down, a cast-iron railing replaced the sheltering boundaries, a landmark of history was submerged, and the charm of three hundred years had perished for ever.

Just as we realise how well suited these retired spots were to the manners of the age and class for which they were arranged, so too we recognise the appropriate character of the broad terraces, the long groves and alleys, the evergreen theatres, the scenes of sylvan banquets, of social gatherings, of walks, talks and discussions, applied to the more expansive life of courts.

Above all, moreover, and under all circumstances, the Italians realised the value of an enchanting prospect. Wherever possible, they chose a steep or sloping hillside, and they proceeded to lay it out, so as to add dignity to the building of which it formed the destined site. Even the finest houses gained by this principle of extending the architecture by terraces and balustrades and by erecting architectural substitutes in greenery, and the smaller buildings acquired any dignity they might have lacked by the same means. Villas Palmieri and Gamberaia, and Villa Medici near Florence, the Lante villas at Bagnaja, and that belonging to Prince Torlonia at Frascati, are all examples of moderate-sized houses of the Renaissance, which owe their distinction to the manner in which the ground around them is treated, just as Mondragone, Aldobrandini, and Collodi, and many another stupendous creation of Roman cardinals, have their already great size and importance inconceivably enhanced by their setting.

By the repetition of enclosure, terrace, stairway and retaining wall, the eye is deceived in regard to plan and proportion, as satisfactorily as among the winding walks and confusing copses of Capability Brown. In wandering in an Italian garden, we take a long time to discover its plan and extent. As in a house of set purpose, the space is divided by green walls and barriers and archways, and our progress is carefully enlivened by variety. The terraces where the sunshine blazes, promenades of comparative publicity, contrast with the seclusion

of the secret garden, and descend to alleys, guarded by clipped hedges and leading to the shelter of an ilex *bosco*, cool and dark in the most scorching midday. A green gloom, in which marble figures glimmer faintly, gives place to a gay parterre or scented lemon garden. And, as we have said, in planning, the designer keeps the landscape always in his mind ; you can always, to use a painter's expression, 'get out of the 'picture,' the prospect is never ignored. It is perpetually prepared, to break upon you as a surprise. It is led up to as an ultimate purpose ; the cynosure of the dark walk, the *raison d'être* of the *bella vista*. There is no attempt, as in English nineteenth-century 'natural' gardens, to disguise barriers, or to amalgamate the garden with the landscape ; rather the landscape is, as it were, engrossed in the general scheme. So much so, that it is quite impossible to think of Villa d'Este, unfolding its lace-like framework, set with immemorial cypresses, upon the mountain side at Tivoli, without beholding in fancy the glorious view which makes so integral a part of the whole, or to look back to Gamberaia without remembering the 'silver 'smoke' of olive gardens on the slopes of Settignano, or to picture great Collodi, gaunt and baroque, and not to recollect that its plaster statuary, its tea-garden decorations, are raised to the beauty of romance by its splendid green garden-building and the glory of the country side on which it looks. It is the want of this adjunct which makes such an astonishingly correct and, in the main, attractive copy of an Italian garden as the one at Brockenhurst in Hampshire something ponderous and lifeless, and the writer has seen an instance in America, where for the sake of a grand elaborate walk, with seats and recesses, the best of the view was sacrificed, and only to be seen by mounting into a high and hideous belvedere. It must be freely acknowledged that other countries cannot command the outlook which can almost always be counted upon in Italy. The lush English scenery is inferior in austerity of drawing, in refinement of means, and in purity of colour, to the South ; but it takes very little to make a vista ; while there is atmosphere there is hope, and only the painter knows how often the possibilities of what is so important an element in a picture are sacrificed to the desire for groups of ornamental shrubs, or to conscientious scruples about interfering with the overgrowth of woods.

The practical use to be made of the garden and the enjoyment afforded by it were the determining factors of garden design in Italy. The pleasant screened courts for meditation, for confidential talks, above all for love-making, the most conspicuous of all elements in Italian life, the long walks allowing

exercise in the cool shade, the broad terraces for dining on, for strolling in groups, broad enough to allow of several walking abreast, the loggia and belvedere where the host and his friends could sit and enjoy the loveliness of the view, as on the famous loggia at Careggi, where we can still picture Lorenzo discussing the theories of Galileo or criticising a discourse of Poliziano; each and all were features demanded by the habits of daily life and having a special significance.

A garden built and planned as men built and planned their houses, with the architectural principle carried to every part of the grounds, bore that relation to the house which extended fingers do to the palm of a hand which controls all that lies within their area. Water was plentiful, and it too was pressed into the scheme of use and beauty; the fountain cooled the air, added musical sound, gave life and movement, and was itself the most graceful of garden furniture.

And as the corridors of the house had been filled with objects displaying every nicety of design and ornament, men set to work to fill their green courts and galleries with stonework and garden statuary. These adornments however are not treated in any undisciplined or haphazard way. The designers do not bring a fountain and dump it down in the middle of a grass lawn, as is the fate of Mr. Story's great fountain at Blenheim; every detail is placed with balance and consideration and forms a part however small of the initial scheme. Aqueducts prepare the approach to a fountain, or it forms the centre-piece in a retaining wall. At Mondragone the balustrade which surrounds the plateau of which the triple fountain is the central feature follows and repeats in its curves the shape and curves of the fountain basin, showing that they were planned in conjunction with each other. At Bagnaja, Gian Bologna's group of jet-black travertine athletes who hold aloft the 'high mount,' the crest of Cardinal Montalto, forms the nucleus of an elaborate water-garden, every part of which supports and enhances the central interest.

The power and effect of the composition of the old gardens were enhanced by statues and garden figures, placed with the same careful attention. At Este, which in its prime was enriched by so many treasures of antiquity, the pedestals may still be traced, upon which these were displayed separately, to the best advantage. Mr. Triggs's illustrations show how gay and sculpturesque the figures are which harmonise so well with such sweet and sunny surroundings as those of Gamberaia or Castello or Palmieri, how choice and distinguished a nucleus the fountain groups of *putti* in the Villa Pia form to the great area of the

Vatican gardens. But in the mountain reservoir on the outskirts of Villa d' Este, where Anio rushes foaming from the hills to fill a thousand channels, the stone gods and goddesses who recline above the Fountain of Arethusa, the Queen of Fountains, as Michel Angelo called it, are rough hewn from the very rocks over which the torrent sweeps. In stern and mournful Caprarola, figures of heroic size, such as are needed to retain their value on those gigantic balustrades, stand round the five-sided palace, and in that wonderful upper garden, the twenty-eight figures of Hermes and Caryatides, which surround the casino, interspersed as they are with tall cypresses, are given a picturesque and decorative character, which exactly accords with their position and seems to place them midway between art and nature.

These old garden-makers had a perfect understanding of the art of composition, they knew the value of an airy parapet, upon which statues stood out against the blue distance, they would break up the long monotony of evergreen walls with the gleaming white or the time-worn grey of marble or of stone, would enliven the sombre alley with the silver flash of water, and could produce a hundred nicely calculated effects, with an apparent absence of effort that makes them seem harmonious and inevitable. And they made good use of dramatic effect; as the spectator emerges on the loggia in Villa d' Este, the panorama to the west which lies before him is of startling loveliness, but on the left hand the prospect is partly hidden by the archway and buildings of the belvedere, and it is not until he has paced the terrace and comes to the *bella vista* at its end that the even more beautiful outlook across the Campagna, with the bubble of the great dome dimly visible on the horizon, bursts upon him with a fresh surprise. A solemn avenue or pleached alley stretches away, long and sombre, and seems to lead to nothing, but it always turns out to be the approach to some adequate goal, such as it is felt to require: some *isolotto*, with its miniature lake and frame of balustrading, set round with orange trees in pots of rosy terra-cotta, makes a brilliant climax to the cypress avenue; or some theatre, of which the curtain has long fallen forever, but which was once a shrine of merriment, contrasts with the dark masses of ilex woods.

It was the sense of composition, the artistic capacity which they had for seeing all the parts in relation to the whole, that enabled them to foresee the results of their designing. The designers themselves could hardly have beheld their gardens in perfection. The clipped walls which Cardinal Albani planned

to rise so exactly behind his statues, did indeed perhaps attain their perfection of dark green velvet in the thirty years he enjoyed his garden, but great groups of cypresses, the growth of centuries, composing exquisitely to-day with the surrounding architecture, rising in a graduated semicircle round the grotto at the end of the long avenue at Gamberaia, or harmonising with the elaborate scheme of terraces at Este, are arranged with a studied effect and have a value which those who planted them could have known only in imagination. Time has done much and perhaps sometimes more than they dreamed of, yet it was not chance that guided their planning, but the perfectly definite conception they had from the beginning of the effect they intended to produce.

Such being its place in life, it is scarcely necessary to say that the last thing a garden in Italy was intended to be was a place for the display of fruit and flowers. Roses and some few flowers do indeed grow in profusion and form, in some sort, the tapestry of the walls over which they riot, without receiving or needing attention; but what the Italians loved, what they still love, where they have not taken up modern fashions, was and is an expanse of rich and ordered foliage, varied by open, sunny spaces and a stately scheme of stonework, and the lemon trees and geraniums or carnations are disposed in pots as they might be in the galleries of the house.

A vital difference between English and Italian gardens is produced by the English love of flowers; and, odd as it may seem, a wealth of flowers is one of the new elements that we have introduced into these gardens, with all the complications that arise from the necessity for protecting the roses from the wind, or letting in the sunshine on herbaceous borders.

We live in a day when most people have become aware that it is the right thing to aim at some standard of taste, and a book like this, which aims at the practical realisation of such a standard, is sure of its effect. But its full effect will be felt less probably in an old country than in a new one—less in England than in America, where millionaires are discovering, as Roman millionaires discovered before them, that here is a new and fascinating channel for the reception of wealth. England is already equipped with countless gardens, the details of which only undergo gradual alterations. In America it is different; there the number of old gardens is limited, space is of no account, architects and landscape gardeners may begin at the beginning, and the large initial design is oftener in request.

The desire to create something admirable, particularly when

joined to unlimited means, lays one open to the temptation of choosing beautiful models and then losing sight of the 'reason-'ableness' of their design, and as often as not the reasons, the love of beauty combined with convenience, to which the life in Italy gave legitimate expression, are lost sight of in the millionaire's search after grandeur, and a garden is framed and filled with elaborate stonework till it is no longer 'a green 'place.' The thought, however, that has been put into an old Italian garden can still be extracted from it, and the fact that every detail has its reason is worth careful study. Contrast with the hideous boundary walls of the 'cottages' and 'marble 'halls' of Newport, which look as if they were meant to confine prisoners or lunatics, the seventeenth-century wall of Villa Capponi, whose curved and voluted plastered material, with slender stone coping, pedestals for vases, and *clairvoyées* at intervals, is an efficient guard and a beautiful object in itself; or the low barriers forming seats, which bound the bowling-green of Villa Salviati and the terrace of the Vatican garden, or the charming wall, with pillars, and spaces, and buttresses of topped cypresses, round the rose-garden of Villa Palmieri. For our day has been reserved the curse of the gravel path—one of our gifts to Italy, where it now detracts immeasurably from the charms of old gardens. We cannot believe that, if it had been offered them, the old designers would not have rejected so paltry a material. In Plate V. of Mr. Triggs's book, the entrance to the upper garden at Isola Bella, half the beauty of the erection, which is in the ample style of the early baroque, is due to the fine diagonal pavement, warm grey in tone, enriched with yellowing lichen and touches of dark brown moss. The noble flagstones which now cover the courtyard of Villa Pia in the Vatican (Plate XXI.) would be ill replaced by the poor and makeshift texture of gravel; and the beautiful pergola at Pavia (Plate XXIII.) would be still more beautiful if it retained the old stone or brick paving it no doubt once possessed, or even a pathway of beaten earth, mossy and pleasant to the foot, which was the commonest treatment of these walks and avenues, where steep descending paths were broken by transverse ridges of grooved stone to afford a safe foothold.

The pergola, which is one of the features that modern garden-makers delight to copy, was originally a support for vines and a pathway through a vineyard, but in the garden it developed into a promenade in which the walkers, sheltered from the sun, could look out over the prospect. It was admirably understood how far more beautiful and telling a landscape appears when it does not lie bare to the eye, but is enhanced by a framework

and is seen by glimpses; so the pergola was generally in a high and open part of the grounds, and the pillars formed a series of *cadres*, rendering the views they framed more precious. The dark tunnels, damp in wet weather and airless in hot, which one has sometimes seen in England, would have had no meaning. The pergola must be bright and enlivening, the wind must play freely through the arches; nor would it content that it should be rough or muddy underfoot. The ground must be of well-laid brick or stone—pleasant to walk upon, and dry at all seasons.

It is this mingling of romance with *liveableness* which makes so strong an appeal in the Italian garden. The French garden, as exemplified by Le Nôtre, is an outcome of the France of the time. Imposing, showy, decorative, it has all the artificial spirit of the days of Le Roi Soleil and Louis le Bien-Aimé. The fierce light of a Court seems to beat upon it forever. Its great parterres and set pieces are a fitting background for pageants, for *feux de joie*, for a life of publicity. The Dutch garden, on the other hand, is circumscribed, prim, and private as the chamber of a maiden lady, but it lacks romance and poetry. The Italian garden, splendid as it is, contrives to combine something which we can only describe as comfort with its splendour. It is a place in which you long to linger and spend your day. With all its lavish ornament, its size and grandeur, it has a homelike feeling. Here you feel you could sit, like Cardinal Ippolito and his friends at Este, 'talking with familiar 'and homely kindness,' yet those moments are not overlooked which ask for a wider horizon and for the fascination of solitude and mystery. The Italian garden, in its entirety, forms a link between the domesticity of the dwelling, on the one hand, and the beauty or wildness of nature on the other. It expands and amplifies the house; unrestricted space is not essential to it, for however small the extension, it is felt as part of the building, carried out in a mixture of foliage and stonework. Both are a question of the artist's design, and a small dwelling may be as complete as a large one. Indeed, size is of less importance if the surrounding country can be pressed into the scheme, and the garden-maker, like the Romans of classic days and the Italians of the Renaissance, sacrifices trees to secure distance, and gains vistas and perspective, if only into the kitchen-garden.

In reviewing what has been said, it is impossible not to be struck by the fact that the developement of gardening as a fine art has always been the work of a particular class, and that the aristocratic class. It has always, that is to say, marked

a certain phase of culture and matured under the influence of a refined and exquisite sense of the manysidedness of life. 'Men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely,' said Lord Bacon, recognising in this art one of the 'last words' of culture and refinement. It has been the expression of these things in Europe, and in America it is beginning to be the expression of these things also.

A thoughtful and suitable adaptation of a classic garden survives in parts of New England—a garden indigenous to the time and circumstances of its creation. Its prim hedges of box and hornbeam are suited to the climate and architecturally adapted to the straight and elegant style of those 'colonial' houses, those white wooden buildings, slightly varied with red brick, whose Corinthian pillars and Pompeian decorations mark what America looks back to as its aristocratic age. The walks are bricked or paved, and dainty pavilions and tea-houses, furnished with spindle-legged tables and Oriental china, remind one of the descendants of good old English houses who walked there in hoop and powder. The stately, red-brick Georgian house, which the leading American architect, Mr. McKim, has lately erected for Mr. Coolidge at Beverley, Mass., exemplifies how perfectly the style can be adapted to the needs of the country. The house, while full of the comfort required by the severe winter, is provided with a delightful loggia or open-air hall, taking up an entire wing of the building, and admirably suited for use and enjoyment during the great heat of the American summer, which rivals that of Italy. The loggia broadens into an Italian garden, planned upon sloping ground and fulfilling all the purposes we have been advocating.

Convention, it will be seen, plays a large part in gardens planned on these lines, yet within certain limits there need be no lack of that individuality which is one of the greatest charms a garden can possess. The 'grand old gardeners' of the past were individual enough. And in Italy the greatest artists and architects did not deem the art beneath them. Buontalenti and Michelozzo designed for the Medici, the splendid I Collazzi is from the hand of Michel Angelo, Raphael and San Gallo laid out Villa Madama and Villa Papa Giulio; to Piero Ligorio, to Vignola, to Giacomo della Porta and their scholars we owe a whole string of magnificent Roman villas, and these men all had their own ideas and worked out their own conceptions, so that we get the expression of different minds and different periods. The Medici villas are quite distinct in character and detail from such stupendous creations as Caprarola, Este, and the Pitti, and these, again, differ from the more flamboyant

work of the great days of the papal millionaires or the frivolous reigns of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. Often, indeed, various styles are mixed in one garden, but it is as easy as it is interesting to separate them.

Much of the charm of the old gardens in England and Scotland, which seem often to have been as fully the work of the owner as of the professional designer, lies in the individual touch with which they are endowed. They speak of long past summers of thought and loving care, of months and years spent in that pursuit, 'the inclination of kings, the choice of 'philosophers, a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the 'meanest.' The impression that the garden has been really loved gives a charm that mere soulless copying, the revival of a fashion, the arbitrary adoption of the taste of another age, can never impart. You may arm yourself with the most correct plans, may order the finest balustrading, an unlimited supply of vases, the most expensive fountains, but the result is quite likely to be a failure, to be cold, heartless, and empty if the individual human touch, the sincere and understanding mind are lacking, and if some definite and truthful purpose does not inform the whole. What a strange and daring idea was that of the architect of Hadrian's villa to build a long straight wall, with a paved walk on either side, for the perfectly practical purpose of affording a shady or a sunny promenade at pleasure. The idea is so bald in its simplicity, and is carried out in so uncompromising a manner, that we cannot conceive the ordinary person venturing to adopt it, but no doubt it satisfied those critics of a more fastidious day, and it is still a surprise and a gratification.

The scope of Mr. Triggs's book only permits him to touch in merest outline upon the historical interest which adds, to an extent of which it is almost hopeless to gauge the intensity, to the fascination of these old villas. In that land of an old civilisation there is not a corner that is not vivified by histories and personalities, and many of those terraces and parterres have known the footfalls and the trailing skirts of men and women who haunt for us the chambers of Italy's past. Exquisite as these gardens are, what a magic is added to their beauty when we can people them with those who once walked in them, when we can sit in fancy with the kindly Cardinal of Ferrara under the cypresses of Este, listening to Tasso reading the 'Gerusalemme,' or picture the rugged figure of Michel Angelo mounting its terraced steps, or imagine Lorenzo de Medici, most perfect of hosts, gathering round him Poliziano and Pico, Marsilio and the rest, on the loggia of Villa Medici, where we look down

on the self-same scene, with Arno winding past Bramante's dome and Giotto's tower, into the violet haze below Carrara. The long summer of two young lovers, Olimpia Borghese and Camillo Pamphilj, who spent their honeymoon in 1647 at Villa Farnese, while 'all Rome,' all their mannered and artificial world, 'marvelled at their taste,' adds a fragrance and a tender charm to the many memories enshrined in the solemn splendour of the deserted garden which looks down on Caprarola. Every garden in time stores up memories, and it is not for anyone to say that romance and sentiment may not gather round the bedded-out grassplot of the fifties and sixties or hallow the gravel of the Early Victorian 'sweep,' but just as a house collects more intimate associations than a landscape, so the sense of human tenancy will be more pronounced as the garden can be considered essentially a part of the house itself, endowed with that stability and defined purpose of design which marks it as the intelligent work and the habitation of men and women.

In the degree to which the garden thus enters into the life of man, gardening itself may be said to rise to the level of a fine art. It will be objected, perhaps, that in a climate like ours the garden can scarcely become quite so intimate a part of life as it can in Italy. Nevertheless, it may with due management become a sufficiently intimate part. For besides the summer months there are many days all through the year when it is pleasant to be in the garden. Whenever the right measures are taken, wherever there are to be found *loggie* and arbours facing the sun, with ramparts of clipped hedge shielding them from cold winds and sheltered alleys paved with brick or stone for walking, the number of days when it is pleasant to be in the garden is, of course, much increased, and the garden becomes closely associated with a full expression of life, and to that extent becomes more of a fine art. Thus to draw the garden into life is the ultimate ideal of the science of gardening. Carefully held in view, it must enforce upon every owner of a garden the need of a definite meaning for every alteration or addition carried out. Each must be an adaptation of the garden to life, and conduce to a closer intimacy between it and the dwellers in the house. Doubtless if this end were held more clearly in view we should have more in our garden of what is expressive and significant, less of what is incongruous and irrelevant. The success of such a project must depend in the long run on considerations having more to do with life than with gardening; for the life that is to inspire a garden with interest and significance must begin by being interesting and significant itself.

Art. VIII.—ADMIRALTY ADMINISTRATION AND NAVAL POLICY.

1. *Naval Policy: a Plea for the Study of War.* By 'Barfleur.' London: Blackwood. 1906. 8vo.
2. *Memorandum Explanatory of the Programme of New Construction for* 1905–1906. Parliamentary Paper. 1906.
3. *Statement showing present Distribution of Business between the Various Members of the Board of Admiralty, dated October* 20, 1904. Parliamentary Paper. 1905.
4. *A Statement of Admiralty Policy.* Parliamentary Paper. 1905.
5. *The Naval Annual.* Edited by the Hon. T. A. Brassey. London: Griffin. 1906. 8vo.
6. *The Truth about the Navy.* London: Chapman and Hall. 1906.
7. *La Guerre Navale Moderne: de Lissa à Tsoushima.* Par Michel Mérys, Lieutenant de Vaisseau en Retraite. Paris: 1906.
8. *The Battle of Tsushima.* By Captain Vladimir Semenoff, one of the Survivors. Translated by Captain A. B. Lindsay, 2nd King Edward's Own Gurkha Rifles. With a Preface by Sir George S. Clarke, G.C.M.G. London: Murray. 1906.

It is no new thing for the country to be disturbed by a violent controversy on the state of the Navy. That tide which governs the affairs of men affects this no less than other branches of our national life; and as our people have now again learnt how entirely dependent they are on the Navy, they have also accustomed themselves to dread the ebb of its fortunes, and to watch eagerly or even anxiously for the returning flow. The consequences of this are far from ideal. It would, in every way, be better that a uniform level of efficiency should be maintained than that such fluctuations should be allowed. But the history of centuries holds out little prospect of such a consummation, and indeed renders it almost impossible, by enabling us to forecast the approach of the ebb and so warning us to prepare for it. Periods of extraordinary effort thus normally tend to be followed by periods of neglect and false security, which continue until we rouse ourselves with a start on finding that the supremacy on which we have been fondly pluming ourselves is in danger of slipping from our nerveless grasp.

What follows is a matter of familiar experience. It is unnecessary here to refer in detail to the recurring history of naval 'scares.'

To deny that the present agitation as to the naval outlook approaches to the dimensions of a 'scare' would be to profess ignorance of the nature of the pamphleteering campaign which is still in progress. There is no periodical, great or small, which is not affected by it. The newspapers of the breakfast table, the reviews of the clubs, even the 'society' journals teem with articles of more or less interest on naval topics; and the question which each seeks to answer after its kind is the one which we have heard so often: Is all well with the Navy? If we were conscious of a recent cold fit, there would be nothing to wonder at in this recrudescence of the old cry. But there has been no such cold fit; on the contrary, the Navy has, for some considerable time, been basking in the warmth of an unprecedented popularity, and even now the cry that the cold fit is on us is raised by only a fraction of those who profess anxiety. What, then, is the danger which threatens? By an almost unanimous consent, the *matériel* of the Navy has been advanced and developed to an extent hitherto unknown; we have had the regulations governing the *personnel* and whole life of the service radically modified; our attention has been specially and repeatedly directed to the redistribution of our fleets and squadrons; 'reform' has succeeded 'reform,' till there remains no branch of the service which has not cast the skin of a few years, nay, even of a few months ago; and the Government's professional advisers, the members of the Board of Admiralty, are still the men who have given us all these great things. What then, it might well be asked, should be amiss?

A first glance at the controversy scarcely tends to answer the question. The disputants are divided among themselves. Some will have it that the mischief lies in this, others in that direction; here, jealousy for the integrity of the 'two power' standard is to be seen; there, lurks suspicion of the schemes which affect the levy and training of the *personnel*, while from yet another quarter are heard doubts as to the *matériel* of the fleet. Each of these criticisms is at once assailed by vehement and noisy contradictions, till we have a confusion which renders it difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between the essential and the accidental, or to find a clue of purpose in the tangle of cross issues. But reflection suggests that the main problem is really twofold, and that the questions before us may be briefly summarised thus: Is the 'two power' standard endangered? and Has the Admiralty rightly used its opportunities? As to the

former of these queries, this is not the time when it can be profitably discussed. There is already a tendency to introduce party rancour into the debate ; and it should be the object of all who seek to influence public opinion, to hold the Navy, as a national institution, free from all partisan taint. This will be done most effectually as well as most profitably by directing attention to the second question, and asking whether it is not here that we must look for the chief cause of the vague anxiety which certainly exists. We believe that this will prove to be both the more important and the more comprehensive of the two ; and if it shall appear that it is not only so, but that it virtually includes that on which we deprecate discussion, our preference for it will be the more abundantly justified.

We assume, then, for the present that our national safety is not threatened by any intention of the Government to allow the Navy to fall below the standard which experience has led us to believe should be maintained ; and we may do this with the greater freedom since not even the most extreme pessimist declares the danger to be immediate. There are, no doubt, certain vague possibilities out of which such a danger might speedily arise ; but for our present purpose it is sufficient to say that the prophets of ill have but sighted the spectre on the horizon, and are not yet agreed among themselves as to the length of time which must pass before we are brought face to face with it. But the numerous other topics which are introduced, relevantly or irrelevantly, consistently or inconsistently, into the other main branch of the discussion, all point to one conclusion : there is a distrust and suspicion of the naval advisers of the Government ; not a potential, but an existing and well-formulated distrust. It is to the interest of the naval service and of the nation that the attempt should be made to examine how far this sentiment has spread, and what justification there exists for it.

In a letter to the ' Times ' of June 5 last, Mr. Corbett advanced the interesting theory that the Admiralty is an old stock, which is not patient of radical measures, but on which new ideas may be grafted. If conducive to its welfare, they will thrive ; if not, they will wither and die, leaving but a scar on the parent trunk. The true meaning of this would seem to be that the justification of every step taken by the Board must be sought in what has preceded it ; that there must be continuity of policy ; and that no undertaking, however showy, should be judged of itself alone, without reference to the conditions which prevailed at its birth. This is an important point which is too frequently forgotten. We have of late suffered severely from the dog-

matising of publicists, dead to all sense of proportion, whose expressions of opinion might, for the most part, be passed over in silence, were it not for the undoubted fact that they do the Navy a very real disservice by coupling names with administrative measures. It has always been a cardinal maxim of the service that 'the Navy does not advertise'; and the great bulk of professional opinion strongly resents any ill-judged attempts to set aside this salutary doctrine. Whatever the lay mind may do, naval men never forget that, by its constitution, the Admiralty is a Board; that its responsibility is collective, and that, in theory at least, its work represents the product of united effort. That the holding of this view is by no means the same thing as a blind worship of the constitution of the Board, such as the last two generations have known it, is very clearly proved by the opening chapter of the interesting and valuable book, whose title stands at the head of this article: a book happily dedicated to the memory of Vice-Admiral Philip Colomb, the most exact, the most careful student of 'the art of war by sea,' which our generation has known.

The author there refers to the great change in administrative methods introduced by Sir James Graham in 1832, when the old Navy Board was abolished, and its multifarious duties were transferred to civil departments of the Admiralty. It might be thought that, in the lapse of three quarters of a century, we must have passed beyond any danger which could result from this change; but recent experience has conclusively proved that such is far from being the case. It therefore becomes necessary to examine the author's estimate of the changes then introduced. He points out that 'the political and executive authority, originally centred in the Lord Admiral,' after passing through many changes in the seventeenth century, eventually devolved on the Board of Admiralty, 'with whom it remained throughout all the great maritime wars from the end of the seventeenth century to the downfall of Napoleon,' but 'was never exercised by the Board of Principal Officers or Navy Board, which was limited to the administration of the supply services.' *Per contra*, the Board of Admiralty, being composed officially, as well as historically, of the Lords Commissioners for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral, was not directly concerned with supply. Its duties were in the main directly comparable with those which are at present held to be the proper functions of a General Staff, a thing to which, as the voice of complaint unceasingly asserts, the Board of Admiralty, as now constituted, bears but slight resemblance. It would thus seem that the Board has lost those essential

attributes which it formerly possessed. This is, however, not the case ; it has not lost them ; it has merely overlaid them by its undue devotion to essentially different duties which it took over from the Navy Board.

Yet in 1832 some change was loudly called for. ‘ The Navy ‘ Board, and other civil departments which had gradually grown ‘ up, had become so inefficient and unmanageable that the ‘ whole system was thrown into discredit.’ The author's condemnation errs on the side of leniency. They were and had long been sinks of iniquity and corruption, in which peculation and fraud ranked as vested interests. The alternatives which Sir James Graham had before him were either to subject the Navy Board to drastic internal reform, or to abolish it altogether, and bring the several departments under the immediate control of the Admiralty. It was a period of radical upheaval, and the more extreme measure was adopted. The civil departments were brought to the Admiralty, and the chiefs of each placed under the superintendence of one specified Lord,

‘ who brought before the Board such matters of importance connected with his department as required a Board decision. The fatal defect in the arrangement was that all the Lords of the Admiralty were brought directly in contact with questions of supply. Their attention was diverted from their proper *rôle*—the conduct of war—to details connected with *matériel*. It was a peace organisation. The arrangement was specially pernicious in the case of the First Sea Lord, who as the Lord supervising the Surveyor of the Navy was brought more immediately in contact with the dockyards and ship construction. The evil effect assumed more importance when wooden sailing-ships gave place to armoured steamers, as it tended to concentrate his attention on details connected with ships, guns, and armour, and to divert him from his true *rôle* of directing the thought of the service to the best methods of using the new weapons which were introduced.’

This statement of the case seems to be entirely admirable, and pregnant with modern application. The change paved the way to the most dangerous and insidious of abuses—those which result from an excess of zeal and energy. But the present age has no monopoly of zeal, and it might well be supposed that any evils resulting from it must have shown themselves long since. In fact the evils indicated are not new ; they have for some time been recognised as a source of impending danger, and the acuteness with which they are now manifested is a question of degree rather than of fact. Modern conditions are favourable to their growth ; and special consideration has to be given to the enormous developements which—especially

in late years—have taken place in all that concerns naval *matériel*, as well as to the corresponding materialistic frame of mind in which we tend to approach all questions of serious import. To keep ever before it a clear conception of what is really at stake, undisturbed by the distracting influence of departmental detail, demands a great mind; not merely an able mind, but an able mind enlightened and strengthened by the study of the sources as well as of the functions of sea power. It is a need peculiar, in the main, to a state of peace. In time of war, contemporary experience, whether personal or not, forces itself upon the attention, and determines the mental attitude. But in peace time the surrounding influences are widely different; they spring from the workshop rather than from the study of war, with the very natural result of a growing tendency to raise up fetishes and bow down to them. We share 'Barfleur's' opinion that the cause of the present discontents is to be sought in the impression—we will not say conviction—that Admiralty administration, in its most modern form, tends more and more to forsake the essential for the non-essential; to neglect the study of war in favour of the apotheosis of matter; to prize more highly the tools which the strategist and tactician will use than the skill with which they will use them.

Such errors are in themselves sufficient to defeat the purpose with which they are introduced. The burdening the high offices of the Admiralty with a load of unnecessary detail cannot but prejudice the attainment of that efficiency which is the goal proposed; cannot but raise doubts as to whether even the material force which it gives us is the result of a due co-ordination of the essential—the strategist's—with the minor—the engineer's idea. The implication is serious, but it seems to be justified by a study of the known facts.

A further accusation frequently levelled at the existing Board is that of withholding information and stifling discussion. In respect of certain matters of detail, this is undoubtedly true; but on the essential point the Board has, it may be thought, fallen into the exactly opposite error of presenting the public with matter amply sufficient to bear out our contention. In the remarkable Memorandum dated on the very day on which the present First Sea Lord took office, the distribution of Admiralty business, as previously arranged, is contrasted, in parallel columns, with that which was then introduced. Strategy had always been the especial province of the First Sea Lord. In the allocation of duties under the old system, this was provided for by assigning to him:

'(1) Maritime Defence, Strategical and all large Questions of Naval Policy—to advise. (3) Distribution and Organisation of the Fleet. (5) General Supervision of Intelligence Department (including Naval Attachés) and of Mobilisation of Fleet.'

There were also many subsidiary duties attached to the office, the number of sub-headings reaching fifteen; but not one of these contained any reference to the *matériel* of the fleet. The object in view by that system, under which Sir Frederick Richards and Lord Walter Kerr did such excellent work, was to ensure to the First Sea Lord sufficient time for studying the strategic needs of the time and the political situation. The new system has altered all this. There is in it a great show of simplicity, and of relieving the First Sea Lord of many of his fifteen duties, the number of headings being reduced to three. But it is easily noticeable that, instead of lessening his work, it enormously increases it. It gives him supreme control over the other departments, and allows him to assert that control at his own discretion. The duties assigned to his office are, in short:

'(1) *Preparation for War*: All large Questions of Naval Policy and Maritime Warfare—to advise. (2) *The Fighting and Sea-going Efficiency of the Fleet*, its Organisation and Mobilisation; the Distribution and Movements of all Ships in Commission or in Fleet Reserve. (3) The *Control* of the Intelligence, Hydrographical and Naval Ordnance Departments.'

The words which we put in italics have no counterpart in the former scheme; they have no justification in history, and we believe that they have failed to justify themselves in practice. In adding to the duties and increasing the power of the First Sea Lord, the new scheme necessarily detracts from the power, importance and *status* of the Junior Sea Lords, his colleagues, so that it is not too much to say that the change, as indicated, amounts to a revolution in naval administration, and reduces to a mere shadow the old contention, still advanced, that the First Sea Lord is merely *primus inter pares*; that its true effect is, for the first time in our history, to place in the hands of one man all the several functions formerly exercised by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and by the Navy Board; and this, too, at a time when every department of the Navy continually tends to become more and more intricate. If then it should appear that these changes lead to a neglect or want of comprehension of the principles of strategy and tactics, the redistribution of duties will stand condemned. Such a result must clearly be very much a matter of inference; but we have at least one remarkable illustration ready to hand in the almost

total failure of last summer's manœuvres to justify the very exaggerated anticipations in respect of them that were put abroad.

In January 1905 a fleet-redistribution scheme was carried out, of which the chief effect was to call into existence the Reserve Divisions at the different ports; the ships attached to these divisions being provided with nucleus crews in place of the old care and maintenance parties. Much was expected from this change, as it was pointed out that the ships would now be fit to go to sea periodically, which, up to that time, had not been the case. We shall presently revert to the outcome of this measure. At the same time the smaller squadrons on distant stations were reorganised on new lines, and new names were given to the larger fleets near home. The Home Fleet which, out of the most unpromising materials afforded by the port-guard and coast-guard ships, had been formed and organised by Lord Walter Kerr's Board in 1902–3, was now renamed the Channel Fleet. The existing Channel Fleet, now appointed to cruise between the coast of Ireland and Gibraltar, was to be called the Atlantic Fleet, though differing only in name from what our forefathers more correctly spoke of as the Western Squadron. The composition of the Mediterranean Fleet was at the same time modified to meet existing political requirements.

To test the effect of these changes, it was resolved to inaugurate manœuvres on an unprecedented scale; and keen expectation was aroused by the announcement that these were to be world-wide. The continuance of the Russo-Japanese war in 1905 rendered it undesirable that these manœuvres should then be held, but during last summer a scheme which was understood to be the outcome of long study was carried into effect. It merits but scanty notice here. The avowed intention was to illustrate or investigate the measures which should be taken to provide for the safety of our commerce in time of war; and for this purpose an extraordinary number of ships were employed. The details of what took place, and the violation of all known strategical principles that was exhibited, will be still fresh in the memories of our readers; they were fully described in the letters of the several press-correspondents who accompanied the fleets. But the customary official report of the operations has been withheld. 'The Board,' said the Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty in reply to a question in the House of Commons, 'are of opinion that no statement with regard 'to the strategical and tactical lessons drawn from the recent 'manœuvres can be made without detriment to the public 'interest.' Such a decision, so made, can only be interpreted as

a confession of weakness; for if it had been intended that the manœuvres were to be regarded as confidential, they would not have been publicly announced, nor would correspondents have been allowed to be present; it would have been made clear, in advance, that no report could be made or permitted.

In connexion with the framing of a strategical scheme such as that to which we have here referred, we are necessarily led to consider the recent fortunes of the Intelligence Department, and in this task we are guided by two suggestive letters * from Mr. Corbett, the official lecturer on Naval History to the War Course Colleges. From the date of the formation of the Naval Intelligence Department, the Director, having his office at the Admiralty, had always been available for consultation with the First Sea Lord on points of strategy; he could suggest or discuss the general scheme of each year's manœuvres, and had an important share in ordering the way in which it was to be carried out. The inference from Mr. Corbett's letters is that this practice has been dropped; and the details of the transaction, though they attracted little notice and are not generally known, are somewhat remarkable. The changed condition grew out of the establishment, in 1900, of the now familiar War Course. This was at first a purely educational measure, suggested and initiated by the late Rear-Admiral H. J. May, an officer of high repute as a strategist and tactician, and at that time Captain of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich.

The War Course proved, as Admiral May intended it, a most valuable and important adjunct to the studies at Greenwich, and has filled the educational function of a General Staff. According to Mr. Corbett, 'it was a craving for all that a General 'Staff means that was at the bottom of the movement'; and this, although he knew that the other and more immediately important duties of such a staff—the collection of intelligence and the preparation of war plans—were still, as they had previously been, performed by the Naval Intelligence Department. 'Into the department of the First Sea Lord, the officer who by 'centuries of precedent most closely resembles in his functions 'a naval Chief of the Staff, the Intelligence Department was 'inserted.' But this, he continues, proved unequal to the second demand made upon it: that is, to the framing of strategical plans. Thus it resulted that its work became gradually limited to the gathering of intelligence, until

'To-day, in spite of every effort to increase its power, it barely suffices for the current daily needs of the Admiralty. It was, of

* Times, June 5, 9, 1906.

course, never intended that it should supply war plans in the authoritative and originating manner of a General Staff. This function, as everyone is agreed, cannot be separated from the person of the First Sea Lord. But it was intended "when directed" to prepare, in a "purely advisory" spirit, plans of campaign for the "consideration of the Board."'

To this, we are told, it has proved unequal, and we learn, without astonishment, that, 'after all these years of strong endeavour, 'there is to-day no machinery at the Admiralty or elsewhere for 'the manufacture of plans of campaign.' Having thus attended figuratively at the obsequies of the Naval Intelligence Department, we are next called on to provide its successor; no difficult task apparently, for the War Course is ready to hand. It shall wear the fallen mantle, though it cannot but seem strange that an educational body, described as already fully occupied with the instruction of a large number of senior officers, should have leisure for devising strategical plans to meet the varying needs of the moment.

Still more strange must it seem when we reflect that, since the formation of the reserve divisions, the War Course has necessarily been transferred from Greenwich to Portsmouth and Devonport in order to suit the convenience of its students. At Portsmouth the captain of the course cannot but be out of touch with the Intelligence Department, and it is difficult to see how plans to meet actual needs can profitably be framed without access to the mass of information which is presumably collected for that express purpose. Nor is it easy to understand how the frequent consultations on strategical points, which under former Boards were of daily or even of hourly occurrence, can be possible between a First Sea Lord at Whitehall and a chosen adviser who is tied to Portsmouth by the duties of the college, as well as by the command of a ship. There is a very evident geographical absurdity in substituting the captain of the 'Terpsichore,' as a confidential adviser, for the Director of Naval Intelligence.

After all, the Intelligence Department is what it is made; and we do not find in Mr. Corbett's narrative any valid reason for its not having been duly strengthened. We should then have had in effect a fully developed strategical department, a real staff of the First Sea Lord, while steering clear of the foreign name of 'General Staff,' which seems to be repugnant to the conservatism of naval thought. But unless strategy is held to be an exception to the general rule that ability may be estimated by performance, and unless the value of strong presumptive evidence is to be entirely ignored, it must be admitted

that the present Board of Admiralty has shown a singular incapacity for dealing with strategical problems. This is a consideration which cannot be lost sight of when we attempt to estimate the value of the combinations and plans, the meaning of the long and unprecedented silences, or of the strange utterances by which from time to time they have been broken.

We are thus led to form our opinions of the revised Fleet Redistribution scheme which is to take effect during the spring of 1907, of the much-vaunted shipbuilding policy which is giving us the 'Dreadnought' class of battleship, together with cruisers and torpedo vessels of still more disputable types; of the mental attitude which can find economy in casting aside everything which is not of the best or newest fashion, and of the remarkable Memorandum * in which is offered the only attempt hitherto made, officially or unofficially, to justify the daring designs which have signalised the period during which the present Board has sat at Whitehall. Still more recently, a great flourish of trumpets has announced the advent of a new and improved system on which the fleet is now to be distributed. There will be formed, so runs the proclamation, a new fleet entitled the Home Fleet; the efficiency of existing fleets will be amply maintained, and the striking power of the Navy as a whole will be increased. The bait is tempting, and it need cause little wonder that the public should be disposed to take it, without pausing to consider if it is not, like the fly of the nursery song, put to hide a horrid hook. Such a hook, however, the critic may discern; the meaning of the Memorandum is not exactly what, at first sight, it appears to be. The number of ships in full commission, whether in the Channel, in the Atlantic, or in the Mediterranean Fleet, is to be reduced, and the new Home Fleet, whose headquarters are to be at Sheerness, is not to have full crews.

The withdrawal of two more battleships from the Mediterranean is a measure which springs naturally from the political situation; if the ships are needed nearer home, a point on which the Cabinet is the only capable judge, this particular reduction is justified, as was the recall of all battleships from the China station after the victory of Tsushima, and the conclusion of the Japanese alliance, had made it clear that danger need no longer be apprehended in Far Eastern waters. But the treatment of the Channel Fleet is on another footing. The experience of many wars has shown us that the seas of Northern Europe are one, that the sphere of influence of the Channel Fleet extends

* Cd. 3048, 1906, undated.

from Gibraltar—or even beyond it—to the Gulf of Finland, and that all fleets operating in those waters should properly be considered as wings of the Channel or Grand Fleet. Reference has already been made to this aspect of the Atlantic Fleet; and the same idea logically followed up shows us that the redistribution implies the numerical strengthening of our left or Eastern wing, for which the old name of the Home Fleet has been revived, at the expense of the Centre and Western wings. Intrinsically the change would seem to have much to recommend it; the progress of foreign naval developement and the voice of public opinion—the force of which must be considered, even when it acts in opposition to the demands of strategy—both require that the Navy should be kept face to face with the North Sea problem.

But if a North Sea fleet is in itself necessary, what are we to think of an Administration which, while talking of improving the 'striking power' of the Navy, can give us, on our most exposed front, nothing better than a miscellaneous collection of ships, not fully manned, and in many of its units not above the suspicion of having been allowed, by want of the necessary repairs, to fall into a state of comparative inefficiency? Strategically, the change marks a reversion to the idea which inspired the first formation of the Home Fleet by Lord Walter Kerr's Board four years ago; administratively, it does not compare favourably with the work done under the former scheme. Nor should it be forgotten that the proposed extension of Chatham Dockyard has been abandoned, and that the project for the construction of a great naval base at Rosyth has been allowed to languish; with the result that we have not now, and cannot have for some years to come, any base on the Eastern coast equal to the maintenance of a large fleet.

It is not possible to consider the probable efficiency of the future Home Fleet apart from the question of the Reserve Divisions, and of the expenditure on the maintenance and repair of the fleet. The formation of the reserve divisions at the naval ports two years ago did indeed mark an advance on previous organisation. Each ship had two-fifths of her crew and the more important of her officers permanently on board; the divisions were commanded by Rear-Admirals, and went to sea periodically. But although the scheme promised favourably it was not an entire success; partly because the nucleus crews allotted were found by experience to be too small to keep the ships in a state of real sea-going efficiency; partly because, owing to the practice of turning them over to every ship which was preparing for full commission, the nucleus crews were placed at a relative disadvantage in all that concerned their duties on board the ships

in reserve. The advantage that belonged to the system was in fact not confined to the reserve divisions, but was shared by them with the sea-going fleet, and the organisation proved to be scarcely equal to this double claim.

It is now proposed to modify the nucleus-crew system by the introduction of a sliding scale; and though, in accordance with the ostentation of secrecy which the Board affects, no information has been published as to what fraction of the crews is to be assigned to the ships, it is known that these will be divided into three classes. Those in the highest class will have complements considerably in excess of the two-fifths which were allowed under the former scheme, and there will be two lower classes, concerning the organisation of which little has as yet been heard. What is certain is that the ships in the highest of the three classes, constituting the Home Fleet, will not be fully manned, and therefore cannot, without a misuse of terms, be referred to as a 'striking force'; and that the crews appointed to the obsolescent ships in the Home ports will be no larger than is necessary to prevent their grave deterioration. It is difficult then to see in what essential respect these smallest complements differ from the old care and maintenance parties. The general result of the scheme will be that the total number of ships capable of proceeding to sea without the drafting of men from the naval barracks will not be raised above the figure at which it stood prior to the introduction of these so-called reforms. A fleet of ships imperfectly manned, worthless as a 'striking 'force,' has been evolved at the cost of reducing the number of those in full commission. We are, indeed, promised some improvement in the state of repair in which the ships are kept; but on this point we have no satisfactory information, nor the means whereby we can form an opinion beyond the serious reduction of the vote for the maintenance and repair of the fleet, and the pessimistic view of the financial aspect of the situation taken by the late Director of Naval Construction.*

Before leaving the subject of these ships which are deliberately kept short of their full complements, reference may be made to the extraordinary recent developements of the naval barracks. There were, in June 1905, approximately 31,500 men in barracks and shore training establishments out of a gross total of 129,000, and nothing that has recently occurred tends to increase our admiration of the system which has put them there. It may be admitted as indisputable that the barracks are more healthy

* Sir W. H. White on 'Admiralty Policy and the new Naval Estimates,' in the 'Nineteenth Century,' April, 1906.

than the old hulks, that the bluejacket of to-day must necessarily be kept under training for a longer period than his predecessor, and that the partial reintroduction of a form of short service has increased the number of the men under instruction at any one time. But even when allowance is made for each of these considerations the number on shore appears to be excessive, and past experience suggests that a welcome might be extended to almost any change by which the training of the men and the manning of the reserve ships could be combined.

The consideration of the manner in which the ships of the Navy are distributed into fleets and squadrons raises the further question as to whether the units available for distribution are suitable for the duties which they will be called upon to perform. It seems at present to be but imperfectly recognised that the elements of design for a ship of war should depend upon a just appreciation of the principles of strategy and of tactics. Ships should be designed and built with a single eye to the work which they will have to do, and there should be no lurking desire to show how vast is the capacity of engineering methods and appliances. The original draft of each ship, showing the essential features that are required, belongs rightly to the office of the First Sea Lord; when these major elements of the design have been determined, the responsibility for the engineering methods by which they are to be realised passes naturally to the department of the Controller, and, as long as the original constitution of the Board of Admiralty is respected, the First Sea Lord has no further concern with the ship until the question of employing her arises. But we have seen that the original constitution of the Board of Admiralty has not been respected, and we have, therefore, no guarantee that the time-honoured division of responsibility has been maintained.

Consideration of the features of the ships which the present Board is adding to the Navy forces upon us the conviction that the mechanical spirit of the age has made very serious inroads into the department of the First Sea Lord. From an engineering, from a spectacular, or from a statistical point of view the result may be wholly admirable; and since the great majority of observers, leaders of opinion and 'men in the street' alike, are content to regard the Navy from one or other of these standpoints, it is not remarkable that the voice of unstinted praise should be everywhere heard. We cannot join in the acclaim.

The experience of many centuries has shown that the realities of naval war demand certain well-marked types of ship. These are 'capital ships,' whose duty is to act in fleets, to seek out and destroy the enemy's main force, and 'cruisers,' to act as the

eyes of the fleet, to protect or to cruise against commerce, and to perform the various minor duties which war brings in its train. For the capital ship the primary requisite is force; for the cruiser, mobility, in which term must be included not only speed, but radius of action, and the power of numbers which renders wide distribution possible. From these established principles no departure should be made unless it can be proved that the nature of naval war has changed. Recent experience has shown very clearly that the rules which governed the counsels of our forefathers in the days of oak and hemp have remained unchanged by any of the mechanical developements of recent years; but, in spite of this, the shipbuilding policy of the present Board shows a very marked departure from those cardinal principles which are enforced by the whole history of naval war. It is undeniable that there are many pitfalls in the path of the designer of ships of war. When estimating the qualities which capital ships should possess he is racked by conflicting demands. The ships must be individually powerful, or they will not be able to lie in the line against the enemy; they must be comparatively numerous, or the requisite strategical distribution will be impossible of accomplishment. These are necessarily the primary considerations, and must continue to be so, as long as unlimited money is not available.

In former days, when centuries passed and brought but few changes in naval construction and armaments, the golden mean between concentration and distribution was decided to lie in the provision of a small number, about one-fourth of the whole, of ships of the largest dimensions, supplemented by a much greater number of medium-sized ships. Of late years this policy has been declared to be impossible; the argument being that, owing to the very rapid progress which continues to be made in engineering and in every warlike weapon, ships lose their fighting value with age in a far more rapid manner than formerly; and that it is consequently unnecessary, even undesirable, to build smaller ships, since the lapse of a few years must provide an ample number of ships of inferior fighting value. The consequence is that for many years past only first-class ships have been built; and, as the perennial struggle between the gun and the armour which it is designed to penetrate has resulted in a continuous advance of displacements, we have now on the effective list nothing but very large ships, even in the lowest rates. The 'Royal Sovereigns,' of over 14,000 tons, which, when designed, were spoken of as exceedingly large ships, have been relegated to the third, if not the fourth, rate; and the ships now on the stocks are some 4,000 tons larger.

If this increase of size continues to be encouraged, it is impossible to see where it is to end. We are already approaching a displacement of 20,000 tons, as against the limit of 10,000 tons which was maintained till about twenty years ago; and the cost of these ships is increasing out of all proportion to their size. The first-class ship of to-day costs very nearly two millions sterling, which is not twice but three times the initial cost of the older ship of half her size. In the days of our old wars, a ship could not with safety be given a greater length than 200 feet; with iron or steel it is different, and material difficulties no longer fix any limit. We know, from the history of merchant shipping, that 40,000 tons may be exceeded, and the cost of a ship of war of that size could not be less than six millions. Even if the navy estimates were to be maintained at the highest level which the resources of the country will allow, it is evident that they would be incapable of providing more than a very small number of such ships. The result would be a navy which, as representing the apotheosis of *matériel*, would be sublime, but which, as a strategical force, would be an absurdity. It would represent, to an extreme degree, the concentration of power, but it would fail lamentably to provide for that distribution of it which is one of the most essential factors in naval operations. A ship of the largest size is no less liable to accident, and, in view of recent developements of the torpedo, can scarcely be held to be less vulnerable than a smaller one; she cannot be in two places at the same time; she cannot be detached for repair or coaling without seriously weakening the fleet to which she belongs, and her cost—as has been seen—tends to become prohibitive. All these considerations unite in demanding that no advance should be made in displacements, until the necessity of it is shown by very cogent reasons. It is our complaint that such an advance has been made, and that several highly controversial changes in design have been introduced without justification, without any satisfactory explanation.

When, twelve years ago,* we protested against a similar abnormal increase in the size of our ships, it might have been defended on the ground of the ever-increasing weight of armament and of armour. Such an argument cannot now be used, for our largest gun is not appreciably heavier than that of twelve years ago, and the armour of to-day is very sensibly lighter. It is therefore attempted to explain the modern developements by other reasons. The increased range and accuracy of the torpedo have, it is alleged, made it certain that

* Edinburgh Review, April, 1894, pp. 468–73.

future battles will be fought at extreme ranges—six or eight or even ten thousand yards, which necessarily leads to an increase in the number of long-range guns, to the provision of a suitable platform and of adequate protection ; all which force up the size of the ship.

The concrete form of this idea is found in the still unfinished battleships of the 'Lord Nelson' class, which are of 16,500 tons, designed to steam 18 knots and to carry four guns of 12 in. with ten of 9·2 in. To judge by the experience which has been gained with the very similar ships of the 'King Edward' class, there can be no reasonable doubt that the tactical efficiency of the 'Lord Nelsons' will be very great, but their high cost and the consequent limitation of their number must prove a strategical disadvantage which may not be serious, only because other Governments, following our lead, are building ships of the same exaggerated displacement, the same exaggerated cost. We conceive that a navy, whose capital ships were all of this class, would be in a position of extreme danger if called on to wage a lasting war against another, composed of smaller and more numerous ships, of the same aggregate cost and of equally modern design. The danger to each is minimised when, by a tacit agreement, each limits its efforts to a small number of these splendid but absolutely unscientific creations.

But whatever palliation we may admit for such a design as that of the 'Lord Nelson,' we cannot allow that any case has been made out for that of the 'Dreadnought' and her sisters. With those who have sought to belittle the construction of the ship, anticipating or alleging failure in her various trials, we have no sympathy whatever. Judged of from a material standpoint alone, there can be no doubt that the ship is a magnificent piece of work and reflects great credit on all who were concerned in building her. Faults in the design we believe there are, but these are such as follow naturally from the abstract idea which first devised such a ship ; and it is on that idea, on the imperfect appreciation of the needs of naval war which it betrays, that the blame must fall.

It is very generally believed, and has, indeed, been officially stated, that the design of the 'Dreadnought' embodies the lessons of the Russo-Japanese war. As a matter of fact, however, the design was considered by a departmental committee and was ordered to be carried out several months before the great battle of the war was fought. It is a matter of history that the victors did not develope their full powers till towards the end of the contest, and that their methods in May 1905 marked a very great advance on those which they had exhibited

in the preceding August. It is from the battle of Tsushima that deductions as to battleship design should be drawn, rather than from the straggling operations of the earlier campaign.

But if, as is claimed for her, the 'Dreadnought' embodies the interpretation of the war, it might reasonably be expected that, in her most distinctive features, she would closely resemble the contemporary ships of the Japanese. This is far from being the case. Independent of her great size, which is a consequent rather than an integral part of her design, the essential peculiarities of the 'Dreadnought' are the great and uniform calibre of her guns, and her high speed, exceeding by at least two knots that of any previous battleship. In these respects, the Japanese have neither set the example nor followed it; they have not aimed at superior speed, and they have not abolished the so-called 'secondary' armament. Their 'Satsuma,' recently launched, but in design contemporary with the 'Dreadnought,' will steam about nineteen knots and will carry an armament very similar to that of our 'Lord Nelsons.' The Russians too, interested as they must be in observing the trend of Japanese opinion, are here in agreement with it; and if there is a not altogether unnatural disposition to think lightly of what Russia may be doing, we may say that the French, whose designs have often served us as models, are building on the same lines as the Japanese. The one only feature which seems common to all new designs is the increased displacement, the occasional value of which, as a tactical factor, may be admitted, while its strategical weakness does not affect other navies in the way that it does our own.

It was known from the first that the report of the Admiralty Committee on Designs would not be published; and in the belief that we were in possession of information denied to other neutral nations, the decision to withhold it was rightly approved; though not without a hope that the Admiralty would see fit to make some pronouncement in justification of the radical changes which were being introduced. But no such pronouncement was made, and a policy of extreme secrecy was persisted in until it became obvious that the details of the design were already public property. An official Memorandum was then published, confirming what was already known of the 'Dreadnought,' but still withholding all detailed information regarding the other types included in the same programme. The most important sentence of the paper is that in which the Board states its conception of naval war. It runs:—

'Mobility of forces is a prime necessity in war. The greater the mobility, the greater the chance of obtaining a strategic advantage.

This mobility is represented by speed and fuel endurance. Superior speed also gives the power of choosing the range. To gain the advantage, the speed designed for the "Dreadnought" is twenty-one knots.'

It is not too much to say that this passage alone provides ample justification for all the strictures that have been passed on the Admiralty for its want of strategical and tactical outlook. It frees it, at any rate, from any charge of plagiarism, and shows us that the writer, evolving his matter from his own brain and 'concentred all in self,' has not worried himself with reading the many able and suggestive articles on the war and its lessons which have appeared in England and America,* to say nothing of the cogent reasoning of French writers, whose arguments are in essential agreement with those more recently advanced by M. Mérys in his valuable essay, 'De Lissa à Tsou-'shima,' and supported by Vice-Admiral Humann, who, in a preface to M. Mérys' little volume, writes :

'Ah ! la vitesse, la *survitesse* ! . . . Idole aux pieds d'argile, devant laquelle nos ministres parlementaires se montrent trop facilement enclins à sacrifier les éléments décisifs de la victoire, les *seuls* qui comptent et agissent quand l'ennemi est au contact ; nombre et puissance de l'artillerie, gros stock de munitions, stabilité de plate-forme, agilité évolutive. . . . Quelle rôle la vitesse a-t-elle joué dans le combat de Tsoushima ? Et Rodjetsvensky, n'aurait-il pas tiré plus de profit d'une majoration de combustible, arrimé dans de bonnes conditions de stabilité, que du dernier nœud problématique sommeillant dans ses cylindres et acquis au prix de sacrifices que tous les marins connaissent ?'

M. Mérys enforces this and other important lessons. He insists that, to conquer the battleship, it is not necessary to pierce her belt ; it is sufficient to carry guns heavy enough to compel the enemy to load his ship with armour. This requires a certain number of large guns, but leaves ample opportunity for the developement of a secondary armament which, by the rapidity of its fire, will overwhelm the enemy with a cloud of bursting shell. We know now, by the Russian evidence, that it was by this secondary fire that Rojestvensky's fleet was overcome, and that it is far from certain that those ships which were sunk were sunk by the fire of the great guns. 'Les 'dernières guerres,' he says, 'ont montré les effets foudroyants 'de l'artillerie à tir rapide. . . . Le Yalou avait été le triomphe

* Notably, 'Reflections . . . suggested by the Battle of the Sea of Japan,' by Captain Mahan ; in 'Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute,' No. 118 (June, 1906).

'des moyens calibres. . . . C'est encore à eux que Tsoushima 'dut son caractère écrasant.'

It would scarcely be correct to say that round these two points—speed and rapid fire—a controversy has been raging in the English magazines, for the arguments against them, as stated by the writer of a series of articles in 'Blackwood's 'Magazine,'* have never been rebutted, never answered, never acknowledged by the Admiralty, although the 'Times' and other leading newspapers have insisted that the case, as made out, is so logically convincing that persistence in silence cannot fail to produce an unfavourable impression. In relation to which we may consider the attitude of a self-constituted apologist of the Admiralty,† who writes :

'The truth about the navy can only be half told, for to tell the whole truth would be to give away to our enemies secrets beyond price' ; and again, 'It is no use denying the fact that the criticisms have been unanswered by the Admiralty. The reason why the Sea Lords have not answered the speed criticism is obvious. The matter is a technical one, and its discussion involves the revelation of a secret which Continental friends would give a great deal to know. This secret relates to a combination of science and tactics which, for once in the history of England, is not the property of any other Power.'

and compare it with that of Sir Cyprian Bridge, who, in a letter to the 'Times' of November 2 last, wrote :

'In directing attention to the fallacy—as I believe it to be—of "superior speed" in battleships, there is neither intention nor necessity to disparage the "Dreadnought" in herself. No one denies that she is a powerful ship. What is maintained is that an equally powerful addition, both strategical and tactical, might have been made to the navy at less cost, or a more powerful addition at the same cost. The reason of this is that too much money has been expended on an element of secondary importance. . . . Even when divested of all the accompanying laudatory comment, the published reports of the "Dreadnought's" trials show that her designer has attained all that was aimed at ; and she is consequently, and within those limits, a success. There is absolutely no ground for doubting the designer's skill. The question is, was the object arrived at the best that could have been attained ?'

In the olden time, when a state of war was the rule rather than the exception, navies, as we have seen, consisted of ships of the line and cruisers. There was but a small proportion of

* Now reprinted in 'Naval Policy.'
† Vanity Fair, 24 October 1906.

ships of any intermediate type, and the few that were built justified their existence by their aptitude for certain duties—especially for convoy service—and by their cheapness. Putting these on one side, the experience of our forefathers led them to decide that where frigates—that is, cruisers—did not possess a sufficiency of material force for the duty in hand, the object sought would be best attained by supporting them, as occasion required, by ships of the line rather than by increasing their dimensions to a point at which the resulting cost would prohibit the necessary power of numbers. But now, in long years of peace, all this very sound doctrine has been lost sight of.

The Naval Defence Act of 1889 provided the navy with such a proportion of cruisers as our most capable officers of that day, among whom was Sir Geoffrey Hornby, believed to be necessary; and if it erred on the side of increasing the size of some of these ships beyond the limits which experience of war would justify, it did not at least allow the navy to suffer by the extravagance. The greater cost of the larger types of ships then introduced was not at that time allowed to subtract too largely from the numbers which were held to be necessary. But of late the Board of Admiralty has altered all this. There has, since the Naval Defence Act, been an enormous increase in the size of individual cruisers, supplemented latterly by a refusal to build to any but the very largest class.

The climax of absurdity was reached by the Navy Estimates of 1905–1906, which included no provision for the construction of any ship intermediate between the so-called 'armoured 'cruisers' of the 'Invincible' class, and the torpedo craft which have become so essential in modern warfare. For the completion of the picture one touch only was wanted, and that touch is given by the Estimates for the current financial year, which make no provision whatever for the addition of any cruiser, large or small.

But, in fact, the applying the name 'cruisers' to the 'In-'vincible' class is a curious misuse of language. A mere consideration of their characteristics will show how entirely unjustifiable is the type. The ships are of practically the same dimensions and of the same cost as those of the 'Dreadnought' class; indeed, the only essential difference between the two is that the 'cruiser' exchanges one pair of the 'Dreadnought's' 12-inch guns and a large proportion of her armour for a considerable excess of speed. We are again not concerned to deny that the building such ships is a work of the greatest excellence. But to provide a field for the skill of the engineer is not the first object of the navy; and we naturally ask ourselves what use can be made of them. No answer suggests itself, and neither

'Barfleur' nor M. Mérys, neither Captain Davelny * nor Captain Mahan, can help us to discover one.

Regarded individually, these ships are beyond doubt more powerful than anything which has hitherto been constructed to bear the name of cruiser; but even their admirers must allow that strategically they are not cruisers, in that they cannot be distributed as cruisers must be in war; nor are they battleships, for although they are provided with battleship armaments, their protection is quite inadequate for the line of battle, while their extreme length must make them tactically unhandy. The best that can be said for them is that they are nondescripts; but the amount of money which they represent, and, still more, the great numbers of men which they carry, must necessarily inspire an admiral with anxiety for their welfare to an extent which will prejudice their use on detached service. We find, accordingly, as would be expected, that armoured cruisers are employed always in squadrons under flag officers, that they are closely attached to the main battle fleets, and that in the day of action no better use can be found for them than to bring them into the line and allow them to take their chance. So much the worse for them and for the country if they are compromised by their weakness. We agree entirely with M. Mérys' presentment of the case when he suggests that in the late war the armoured cruisers did nothing that battleships could not have done as well, or better. The heavy-armoured cruiser fails, accordingly, as a battleship no less than as a cruiser. As to our latest examples of the type, the three ships of the 'Invincible' class, we have the certain knowledge that together they will cost more than five millions sterling, and that for this sum of money ten cruisers of moderate size—as size is reckoned nowadays—or twenty of small size could be built.

We are strongly of opinion that the higher numbers are essential to the safe conduct of the varied operations of naval war, and we cannot but remember to the discredit of the present Board of Admiralty that they are, on the one hand, refusing to build new cruisers, properly so-called, while they have, on the other hand, thrown aside as useless a considerable number of the cruisers built under the Naval Defence Act. If the ships were worn out they should have been replaced; if they could still have been made effective they should not have been thrown away. The outlook is very far from being reassuring, and the only ray of hope springs from the determination of the Board to build no

* La Lutte pour l'Empire de la Mer, 1906.

more armoured cruisers for the present. It is barely possible that they have become convinced of their past errors, and that a reversion to rational types may follow.

The policy of the Board with regard to torpedo craft shows exactly the same misconceptions. The types in favour exhibit enormous increase both in size and cost. There is already a whole class of 'ocean-going destroyers' in hand, estimated to cost some 143,000*l.* each; there is an experimental ship of 1,800 tons, described also as a destroyer, and estimated to cost more than 280,000*l.*; the very torpedo-boats have been enlarged to such a point that it has been judged advisable to shroud the fact in the smoke of a new phraseology, in accordance with which we are informed that a class of 'coastal destroyers' will be built at a cost of 43,000*l.* each. As might reasonably be expected, this enormous increase has been accompanied by a corresponding reduction of numbers. There has, indeed, been a brave show of torpedo craft in the proposals laid before the country; but during this last summer, when the Parliamentary cry for retrenchment was raised, the construction of whole classes of torpedo craft was abandoned in deference to the claims of economy. The country has a right to expect that the responsible technical advisers of the Government should recognise that extravagance cannot continue undetected, and that it cannot permanently be tolerated in the public services. The uncongenial scrutiny to which the last Navy Estimates were subjected should have given a hint to the Sea Lords that the time has come for closer reasoning and greater exactitude.

If the Board are to regain that confidence which they have forfeited, they must show signs of understanding the nature of the problems they are called upon to solve. We do not expect them to publish their views on strategy and tactics, a course highly prejudicial to the interests of the country; but they may well show their return to wiser counsels by abandoning this craze for record-breaking, by remembering that the weapons they construct are for use, not merely for show, and by realising that such men as Hawke and Nelson, or, in modern days, as Tegetthoff and Togo, found a use, and a good use, for every ship that could be supplied to them. There is no justification for demanding that everything must be of the best and newest and most expensive type, without distinguishing between such essential terms as 'mobility' and 'speed,' and leaving us in consequence with a reduced number of ships in every class. War is more searching in its inquiries than peace; for good intentions it makes no allowance; for honest error it has no pity; for stupidity and blundering it has no forgiveness.

Art. IX.—INSULAR FICTION

1. *The Guarded Flame.* By W. B. Maxwell. London: Methuen & Co. 1906.
2. *Prisoners.* By Mary Cholmondeley. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1906.
3. *The Call of the Blood.* By Robert Hichens. London: Methuen & Co. 1906.
4. *In the Days of the Comet.* By H. G. Wells. London: Macmillan & Co. 1906.
5. *The Man of Property.* By John Galsworthy. London: Heinemann. 1906.
6. *The Belovéd Vagabond.* By William J. Locke. London: John Lane. 1906.

Fiction may be regarded as at once the youngest and oldest of the arts. So old, indeed, that the first true thing said that was not true sums up still the attraction offered to its every reader.

'Ye shall be as gods,' the serpent promised, 'knowing good 'from evil'; and what else does romance proffer, crying from the corner of the streets, from the publishers' offices, but this discerning exaltation, this illusion of divinity, this knowledge a little more than mortal? The novel has all the attractive interest of that one tree of the garden, except that we are now no longer forbidden to eat of its fruit. It has become a commonplace, a necessity of existence, of an existence so depressingly predicable that it desires to distract its own pervasive certainties by the constant suspension of its solicitude in apocryphal adventures. Our measure of the world has been taken, a tailor's tape has been passed about its waist. It has all been divided up among us, even its deserts and oceans, and parcelled out in little painted maps. There are no fascinating deficiencies in our modern charts where once the navigator, in his joyous ignorance, drew demigods and monsters. The world can yield to our discovery no new sensations, no incredible Eldorados, no Islands of the Blest. Save the inviolate spaces about the poles we have sampled everything, from the crawling slime of the deepest seas to the virgin snows of unconquerable mountains, and nothing remains to inspire us but the imagination. We are, indeed, where mankind has never been before, almost at the end of its terrestrial surprises, and compelled to supply the lack of them from our wits.

The result, or one at least of the consequences, may be seen in any library. While romance remained merely a decorated chronicle of what life was, men did not need much of it; but as it became an account of what life would be, as, that is, romance crept out of life and into books, the books became swollen and very many, until this art of fiction, absorbing much that was never meant for its nourishment, and shouldering aside the more delicate brood of fancy, seems determined, by hoisting all the other little winged things out of the way, to have the nest of literature to itself. And just because it is proving itself so notable a supplanter, because, like the ten men out of all the nations who are to take hold of the skirt of the Jew, art and philosophy and psychology and sociology and religion, and a dozen other of the shapes of thought, are taking hold of the skirts of fiction and saying 'We will go with you, we will wear 'your favours, and learn your ways, and come unaware upon 'your myriad lovers'—because, indeed, romance is, once again, romance no more but grim reality, the developements of fiction have an interest for us all.

The phrase used not long ago by one who had won repute alike as a novelist and a publicist, that he turned with pleasure from his severer studies to 'the realities of fiction,' was no idle paradox. Fiction is becoming what poetry was once truly said to be, and what the newspaper merely pretends to be—a criticism of life. Men imagine that they open their paper in the morning to search for facts, and dip into a novel at night to escape from them; but it is the very opposite that befalls them. If they have the good fortune to discover in either that most elusive of mysteries, the thing as it is, the chances are overwhelmingly in favour of their finding it in the novel. The daily paper deals indeed with the daily fact, but deals with it in its own way. It has leanings, social, political, financial, religious, which make it not so much a seeker after fact, as a seeker after facts of a certain colour. It does not always wilfully distort or wilfully ignore; it acquires a habit of vision, and comes only to see what and how it desires. One has but to read the interpretation of any significant event by two papers of opposite persuasions to realise that honest prejudice is as competent a concealer of truth as wilful perversion. To prejudice, of course, all men are liable, but in the choice and use of facts, the novelist is less constrained than the journalist. He desires to put things in his own way, to make life seem to support his own contention, but his mental habit, ill-advised as it may be, is less likely to distort the truth than the journalist's slop-suit of ready-made opinions, and will

admit, as the other does not, of continual amendment and modification.

If it should then be asked, having proved the novel a closer critic of life than the newspaper, what becomes of romance as a refuge from reality for all those poor souls whose lives are mean and gray; one would reply that the very reason romance is what it is for these poor souls must be because for them romance *is* reality. Not their sample of it, indeed, but life as it is somewhere for some one, as it might have been, but never will be for them. The boy is not thrilled by the deathless doings of his hero, or the kitchen-maid entranced by the splendid insolence of society, because such adventures seem impossible to them. No, but because these great deeds appear possible, not only to the richly gifted, but, with favouring circumstance, possible to any one, possible to them.

That is for all the secret of the power and the secret of the mischief of romance; not that it makes men bemused with the unreal, but because it makes the unreal seem merely the unattainable. It cries to the mummer that is in each man's heart, it brings forth the glorious apparel that he longs to wear, it supplies him with the sentiments of which he feels so capable.

For the greater part of every man's life, he is not himself as his neighbours know him, but the bigger, more effective being that he feels he might be. He is a masquerader from his earliest childhood, and often dies with the mask on his face. Hence arises so much that is unexpected in a man's career: the frequent failure, for instance, of his moral brakes to act as circumstance and character seem to warrant; because, forsooth, they have been applied to a bigger wheel than appears; not to the world's conception of him, but to his heroic conception of himself.

And since he lives so much with that conception, he has a permanent need of romance. In old days, when his life was of the stuff from which we now make fables, he could play with legends or dispense with them altogether. Now that every year limits his possibilities, builds walls about him where there once were hedges, he has to live more and more on the plane of pretences, or he could not live at all. He has finished with poetry, since his dwindling feathers could not keep up with the wings of Pegasus. He expects to be flying himself to-morrow, and will succeed in making a commonplace of one wonder more, of boring himself with a fresh facility, a fresh futility; but the wings of his imagination grow weaker, the flights of poesy take him too far. Heaven and hell are too remote from him, he has long since ceased to feel at home in either. The Paradise he

has lost is the world of dreams, the Paradise he would regain is some lowly corner in the garden of romance where he can play at pretending to be himself. But the garden must be near him, the pretence not too exacting. He will go, it is true, for an occasional venture into vanished ages; he will fill the bill in that theatre of his pretensions as a centurion or as a crusader; but that is only because the romantic traditions of such characters are really easier to sustain, and demand less of his imagination, than the more exactly drawn figures of his contemporaries. They seem to him hewn in the rough of human nature; but he loves them because they have the conventions of his century and the costumes of their own. In reading of them he can feel at once domestic and splendid, the combination most dear to him. Thus, wherever he may turn for it, what he seeks in fiction is not a new heaven and earth in which to wander, but a becoming and exalting illumination of the old: he wants his pulse quickened to what he conceives to be its normal pitch; he asks of romance to believe it reality.

We have been speaking of the demand on the art of fiction as it is made everywhere to-day in the Aryan world: but in considering how that demand is met one must commence at once to discriminate. It is met indeed everywhere in a different manner, and measured by different requirements and different ideals, by each subdivision of the various races in Europe —Mongol, Semitic, Caucasian, and Indo-Germanic. But the difference most interesting to us is not that between each of these; but that between us and all the rest of them; the difference between insular and continental ideas, not as to conduct, but as to our attitude towards it in art, out of which has grown in half a century what one would be disposed to christen an 'all-British' convention in romance.

Biology could have warned us that some such deviation was to be foreseen. It is Nature's way with islands. An island is the one fitfully effectual check which she is able to oppose to the slow inexorable impulse which drives the vital energy forward in prescribed directions. For a brief while she can use the encircling sea as a temporary stay upon developement, and thus maintain, in each isolated preserve, shapes and functions already doomed by circumstance. She can even contrive in her artificial exclusions not only to evade the tendency which is compelling developement elsewhere, but in these sheltered backwaters of being to direct it into diverse and often opposite directions. And this check, curiously enough, appears not to operate only in the material world, where it receives from locality

such obvious assistance, but in the intellectual where it receives none.

To-day, thanks to the steamboat and the telegraph, a sea border counts for little in the way of detachment, yet in the evolution of more arts than one our insularity has had a determining influence, and in none can that influence be more sharply detected or more distractingly felt than in the art of fiction. It will be felt, moreover, at this hour more than ever before, since there seems likely to be a break in that spiritual succession which has produced in England masters of romance able to resist the disintegrating influences of insularity and to offer a standard of comparison which would not be accepted at home from continental writers. Stevenson and Pater are gone, Mr. Meredith has ceased to write, Mr. Kipling is preoccupied with children, work comes from Mr. Henry James at increasing intervals, Mr. Thomas Hardy has turned from romance to transcendental drama, and for the present their successors do not seem to be forthcoming.

Promise of fresh talent there very often is : the work of younger men with an outlook of their own, and a desire to express life in the terms of their own understanding. We could place a hand on some half-dozen books in recent years all of hopeful augury ; but in each case we have seen the writer succumb in his succeeding efforts to this British convention in the manufacture of fiction. The cause may, of course, have been a lack of power, and our hopes have been stimulated merely by an instance of that imitative faculty which often, by casting the tint of his temperament over the method of his models, makes a man's first efforts in an art wear a deceptive impress of originality. Still it is curious that elsewhere the promise of the younger men goes the way of exaggeration and eccentricity, wilfully accentuates itself and wages a foolish war on the formalities before finding its own appropriate expression ; whereas with us it seems anxious to escape the damning label of originality, to acquire as soon as possible the correct deportment of romance, and practise this goose-step of the mode.

On this inclination it would be easy patriotically to moralise. It is part, doubtless, of the tendency which has kept us solid as a people, the passion for uniformity, the distrust of caprice. In religion indeed we permit every man to be a law unto himself ; we even break each other's heads, and go heroically to the stocks, and if need be to the stake, for the right of the individual to believe what he pleases about his soul's concern. But we atone for this laxity by compelling conformity in every other direction. A man may believe what he likes, but he may

only admire what is good for him. Mrs. Grundy smiles admittance at the turnstiles of our galleries, the Censor is still enthroned above the proscenium, and though either functionary is but symbolic of admirable intentions—the chaperonage of Apollo—and though neither does perhaps the mischief credited, the principle for which they stand, the protection of the Arts, the discouragement of Free Trade in ideas, is precisely that which contributes most to our insularity, and labels our fiction, in the appreciation of the Continent, as intended solely for home consumption.

To define the British convention with regard to fiction would be to venture on unprofitable generalities. It is not its sentimentality, its domesticity, or its propriety, that especially distinguish it, though our novels for the most part have these qualities and occasionally have them admirably. Its particular requirement, the quality it most insists upon, is a false air of reality. It wants everything 'like life.' This would seem a creditable ambition, but the phrase hardly means what it seems. Its devotees desire that presentation of life which in another art would find its equivalent in a coloured photograph. The fidelity required is thus not to life, but to the appearance of life; the likeness is not to the man as he is, or even to the man as he may be, but to the man as they can recognise him. They think this quality of superficial imitation is the touchstone of great art, whether they find it in a book or in the details of a picture. A transcription of the curate's mannerisms moves them with the same kind of pleasure as the simulated glimmer of a painted brocade, and in describing either as 'so wonderfully like life' they have offered the most significant criticism of their understanding.

The mistake which they make is thus rather in the estimate than in the requirement. To imitate life in art is no easy matter, and the talent which can achieve that imitation is second only to that which can interpret. But to imitate the surface of life is a mere journeyman's attainment, and may reach an almost incredible delicacy and perfection without being estimable as an art. The photograph offers, indeed, as a simile an exact comparison. It is produced by a mechanical process, yet in the selection and arrangement of a subject, in its elucidation and working up, requires not only very considerable skill and patience but an artistic ingenuity and a sound observation and appreciation of effects; and when these qualities are applied to the rendering of a landscape or the delineation of a figure, the faithfulness of the result may be altogether admirable.

But art has another way; it desires not the look of the facts,

but the feel of them ; it exaggerates, and intensifies, and omits, and rearranges. It plays, with cognisance and prophetically, the very tricks of memory. It makes mountains more monstrous, perhaps, than truth could report them, the woods profounder, the seas more tragical, the river more serene. But because it leaves, in its transcription of miles of space to a sheet of paper, only the significant and the essential, it contrives a picture which reproduces our sense of the scene without being in any exact particular ' like ' it.

This difference of likeness and unlikeness may be realised even more eminently by the comparison of the photograph of a head with some masterly sketch of it. Instead of the delicate suavity of the photograph, its elusive outline, its intricate planes, its exacting fidelity, the sketch gives but a few hard lines which not only are not in nature, but seem almost the exact opposite of those that are. Yet whereas the photographer's categorical imitation succeeds only in rendering the appearance of a moment, an immobile, indeterminable mask, the artist, imitating nothing, writes a life history behind his lines, tells of all that in the past has gone to the mask's making, hints at what in the future it may wonderfully disclose.

And this difference, this life-likeness without life, this life-unlikeness with it, is exactly reproduced in the schools of fiction.

How often is the objection urged to the work of the real masters of dialogue that no one ever speaks as do their characters ? What is this objection but a demand for mechanical imitation, and an indifference or a dislike to art ; a preference of shorthand reporting to the skill which would put behind words the mind's ceaseless, complex, and inconsequent manipulations, and which tries not so much to render the phrase as a sense of the subtle mechanism by which it was spoken ? In dialogue every word is wasted which, however it may advance the scene, does not contribute to character, and no word should be set down, however much it may contribute to character, which is merely static in its effect. Such a requirement is, of course, fatal to all photography in letters. Only art can do such things, and art one is sometimes inclined to think is the most detested alien in England. Perhaps one should only say the least desired, but sometimes the vigour of the disclaimer seems almost to amount to a dislike.

In fiction, at any rate, there is but small demand for it ; indeed, the writing of fiction seems rarely recognised as an art. That it may possess a technique which, like a painter's brushwork, counts for something in the effect, and cannot be acquired without practice, appears scarcely suspected in this country.

That there is an equivalent in the novelist's arrangement of his material to the 'handling' of the artist seems not at all to be considered even by those who are supposed to be the public's instructors, and style—that only preservative from the corrosion of the centuries, that amber of the temperament in which alone the fly of fancy can be kept from the decay of time—style is regarded not as an essential and inseparable part of literature, a guarantee of its genuineness, the hall-mark of the Muses, but as an intrusion, an affectation, resented by many and desired by none in the four-and-sixpenny samples of British fiction. When thus depleted of all it can owe to personality, we have the typical novel of the British convention, a purely mechanical product, placed in its hundreds annually upon the market at the appropriate season—coming in with the celery and disappearing before the green peas—of blameless intent and of conscientious workmanship, superficially resembling life, while representing it fundamentally with no more penetration than the coloured photograph, or with all the full colour, the hard contrast, the bright improvement on reality for which the chromograph is prized.

The novels at the head of this article have not been selected to point the moral of an unimaginative demand; they happily represent among them forces which have done their utmost to resist it; and they find a place here for quite other reasons. Yet the influence of that demand may be traced upon almost all of them, widely as they differ in manner, in subject, and in intent.

The only one of them which may be said to satisfy exactly its requirements is 'The Guarded Flame,' which is as completely illustrative of the mischief wrought by the British convention as in work of a certain quality it would be possible to find. In conception it is excellent, as unimpeachable as its charming title. The guarded flame is the spirit of Richard Burgoyne, a great worker, 'a biologist, a physiologist, a physicist, a naturalist, 'a botanist, a geologist, a paleontologist, a morphologist' combined in one; the only man to whom 'the oneness of objective 'and subjective phenomena was clear,' whom Tyndall had compared to 'the flame of truth,' and on whose wisdom the learned world was waiting. He is close on seventy when the story opens, and twelve years earlier had married Sybil Randle, a girl apparently of fourteen, to provide her with a home and himself with an amanuensis. He does it with the kindest intent—his biographer succumbs throughout to the charm of his colossal selfishness—and furnishes the tragedy which overtakes him by completing his household with John Stone, a

young medical student, and his niece Effie. At the crisis of the story the philosopher is seventy-six, his wife thirty-three, his assistant thirty, and his niece nineteen.

Burgoyne, seeing that his niece's affections are set upon Stone, persuades the young man to offer her marriage. But Stone is in love with the philosopher's wife, and presently discovers that she returns his affection. Here, then, is an admirable situation. Psychologically, Stone does not count; he serves merely as an escapement to the movements of the two women. But what more delicate opposition could be desired than the contrast of these—the girl's fresh, generous, unsuspecting love, the wife's jealous, eager, despairing passion, the one elate for the life to come, the other goaded by the life that has been to taste even the stain in her belated draught of joy; the disturbance of their affection, almost maternal and filial for each other, by the intrusion of the man they both adore, and, for the elder woman, the clash of honour, gratitude, shame, and pity with dull anger for the man who has filched the joys of womanhood from her.

But the author will have none of it. It is almost incredible that he should be blind to the opportunities he has created if the British convention had not obscured his understanding. Here is the real stuff of drama, and he turns from it to revel in pathological details of the philosopher's illness, which read like reports in a medical journal, and in stupid extracts concerning it from imaginary newspapers. To the growth of Sybil's affection for Stone he does not devote a sentence; he does not even admit to this woman of thirty-three a suspicion of her own secret; it bursts upon her, and upon us, unreproved, unsurprising, from an utterly unexpected kiss. He shirks likewise all that leads to Effie's share in the catastrophe, the slow dawning of doubt in her childish mind, its conversion of her innocent speculations into suspicions, the terrors that gather as these harden into certainty. The clap of Effie's suicide is almost as unheralded as that of Sybil's kiss; and though a certain dramatic effect is obtained from these surprises, it is only obtained by the sacrifice of truth.

Of course, the author may explain that he did not desire psychology. It would seem, then, a mistake to have courted it by a situation which has otherwise very little interest. But such a reflection would betray ignorance of the public to which the British convention appeals. That public craves the shadows of such tragedies, but will not endure the substance of them to be revealed. It has no objection to using the terrible relations of these four poor people to produce the needful

tension to carry it through the story, but it would shrink from having its dim sense of that tragedy more sympathetically enlightened, though, indeed, an extension of that enlightened tenderness to human trouble can alone exonerate the handling of tragedy by art.

But 'The Guarded Flame' appeals in other ways to the tastes of its public. The explication of Richard Burgoyne's work, which is very well done, though an excrescence on the story, offers, with references to phylogenesis, cerebro-spinal axes, the medulla oblongata, Golgi's method, and other matters of which it has not the haziest cognisance, a delicate flattery of its intelligence. The long, dreary description of Burgoyne's illness, the minute particulars of his treatment, and of his physician's opinions, rouse a responsive vibration from a generation which lives in a preoccupation of ill-health; and the verbatim report of the coroner's inquest, which admits of no artistic justification, panders to that appetite for grisly misfortune which looks for a meal in every morning's news.

So much for the positive demands of the convention. One realises its influence on the other side in considering this study of a mind, superlatively great, which does not exhibit in the entire book one proof of greatness. Kind, patient, self-controlled, qualities all of value, but not a single illuminating phrase, not the dimmest vista of a more wonderful horizon! Richard Burgoyne is plainly constructed from text-books, and his mentality does not seem to stretch even as far as these. Of the style in which his story is written one wishes one could say as much. The text-book conscientiously applied might at least do something to mitigate the confusion of Mr. Maxwell's tenses, might suggest a purging of that 'dramatic 'present' which has surely never, even in the most feminine hands, been accorded such a dreary licence.

On Miss Mary Cholmondeley the British convention falls with a less obliterating effect. It persuades her away from an art of which her earlier efforts proved her to be eminently worthy; it leads her to spoil the charming atmosphere of a secluded caste, which she can create with such admirable touches, with the lurid body colours of melodrama, which she is less well qualified to handle. But the reason why her work offers less harsh evidence of the ravages of the convention is because, if one may so put it, the convention has passed through her on the way to her art, has been accepted as an affair of conduct rather than of presentation, and has thus been mollified and diluted by her temperament before being applied. And for the British convention as a rule of life there is a

good deal to be said. It makes, no doubt, for self-complacency, for an attitude of patronising comparison towards the rest of the world, but it makes likewise for much that is fine in manners, for an illusion of permanence, a serene perspective, and acquires by the very superiority of its assumptions an exacting decency and sense of duty. It is as the interpreter of that convention, an interpreter at once humorous and sympathetic, that Miss Cholmondeley is at her best. To be at once its mouthpiece and gentle critic, to show us its sanity, its futility, and its charm, should be her ambition, instead of killing the delicacy of its effects with a patchwork of strident and discrepant tragedy.

Of the three 'strong' scenes in 'Prisoners,' the least exacting, that between Lord Lossiemouth and Magdalen Bellairs, alone makes any real demand upon our credence. That we do not reject it is only because Lord Lossiemouth is a stranger, and his strangeness consequently beyond our comparisons. Even thus, plunged upon us without all the disadvantages of a past, Miss Cholmondeley does not succeed in making him credible. But even had the adjustments been finer between character and circumstance in the first 'strong' scene and the last, we should have wished them presented in a different manner; less direct, less blatantly effective, depressed in tone and with their crudity of movement further removed from the dim serenity of the country life in which they find a setting. It may have been a sense of the incongruity of that life which prompted the selection of Italy for the hatching of the tragedy from which the tale emerges; its improbabilities could not have breathed in English air.

It is her comment on and her attitude towards the life she draws so well which can be counted on to supply whatever aptitudes may be missing from her types or her story.

'Michael was not a thinker. He was a man of action, whose action . . . was unsheathed only by instinctive feeling . . . never by reflection, judgment, experience. He could not really think. What he learned had to reach him some other way. His mind only bungled up against ideas, hustled them, so to speak, till they turned savage.

'Wentworth's attitude towards life, of which he was so fond of speaking, was perhaps rather like that of a shrimper who, in ankle-deep water, watches the heavily freighted whaleboats come in. He does not quite know why he of all men, with his special equipment for the purpose, and his expert handling of the net, does not also catch whales. That they seldom swim in two-inch water does not occur to him. At last he does not think there are any whales. He has exploded that fallacy. For in a moment of adventurous en-

thusiasm, counting not the cost, did he not once wade recklessly up to his very shoulders in deep water, *and there were no whales—only pinching crabs.*'

Thus her portraits of the brothers, and it would be impossible in that light humorous fashion to show us anything more essential to their illumination. And it is with the same certainty, the same delicacy, the same comprehension that all her outlines fall into place. The sketch of Colonel Bellairs, looking at Wentworth ' with the suspicion which appears to be the one light shadow ' that lies across the sunny life of the bore,' needs no elaboration, and what could be better than this picture of the Bishop's breathless existence ?

' He had never had time to marry. He had hurried to the altar when he was an eager curate, with a pretty young bride who was a stranger to him, whom his mother had chosen for him. During the years that followed what little he saw of her at odd moments he liked. After ten years of what he believed to be married life she died . . . kissing his hand, and thanking him for his love, and for the beautiful years they had spent together.'

Great is the temptation to quote from Miss Cholmondeley. There is often more detachable wisdom, humour, and sympathy in one of her books than in half a dozen others which are really better fiction ; and if she could achieve a subtler tone-relation, work altogether in quieter colours, rid herself of a tendency towards personal superintendence, and let her gift of delightful commentary find its full expression, she might do work which would rank very high indeed.

The same temptation does not assail us in dealing with Mr. Hichens's story. That is by no means in its disfavour, for the aim of a novel may well be concentrated in making a big effect, of dealing a thumping blow at our consciousness, to which it will subordinate all the pleasantries of style, all the reflective graces in drawing character. Such an aim may be credited to ' The ' Call of the Blood,' though the author's preoccupation with minor interests somewhat impairs its fulfilment.

The story is a study in psychology, and the author does not, like Mr. Maxwell, recoil from the situation he has created. He sees it through ; he faces the dregs of its unpleasantness, he even accents the sordidness of his climax by robbing his hero of every passionate excuse.

Here, then, it might seem we have an historian of the emotions uncoerced by the British convention. But his immunity is apparent only. The convention drives him to Sicily—just as it drives Miss Cholmondeley to Italy, Mr. Locke to Paris, Mr. Wells

to Utopia, and Mr. Maxwell to silence; for it is the most curious feature about our insular susceptiveness that we can study in other countries, in the future, or in the past, what it would outrage our sensibilities to imagine in England.

So Mr. Hichens goes to Sicily. He does not need Sicily in the least for the consummation of his tragedy; indeed, by pretending to he very much weakens its effect. The call of the blood may come to any of us without assistance from a Sicilian grandmother, and almost demonstrably to one who, as handsome and as commonplace as Maurice Delarey, marries at twenty-four, for no explicit reason, a woman ten years his senior, 'five feet ten inches in height, flat, thin but strongly 'built, with a large waist and limbs which, though vigorous, 'were rather unwieldy;' whose face was 'plain, rather square 'and harsh in outline, with blunt almost coarse features,' and who, despite her intelligence, her 'look of swiftness' and 'large, 'interesting, but slightly prominent brown eyes,' was 'a plain, 'almost an ugly woman.'

That such a young man will hear from his blood on the subject of his indiscretion, will meet his Maddalena and will succumb to her attractions, is as predicable in Pentonville as on the slopes of Etna, especially if the woman he has married forsakes him for a fine sense of duty in the first week of the honeymoon; and the only reason which could have induced the author to take a cottage for the newly wedded pair on Monte Amato must have been a desire either to avoid the heavy protective duty levied by the British convention on home-made immorality or to provide the opportunity for tourist-tinted prose of which he has somewhat indiscriminatingly availed himself.

Far from Sicily being needful to his thesis, the argument suffers from its introduction a distinct disservice. If southern blood or a southern sun be required to explain Maurice's unfaithfulness to his wife before the honeymoon was over, the interest psychologically is as much at an end as if a love potion had been requisitioned. Having selected a peril, at the mercy of which all humanity may be accounted, it was folly indeed to narrow the issue to those with some particular proportion of phagocytes in their veins.

In another particular also he seems to mistake his psychological opportunity. The interest of the story depends on the man's temptations and the man's excuses; on, that is, the particular quality of the forces and resistances which bring about his infidelity. To understand those we particularly require to know the reasons which should have secured his faith, which

must be likewise those which prompted his marriage. The woman's reasons are of no importance; since the woman endures no ordeal and undergoes no developement. Besides they are sufficiently obvious. The motives which prompt a plain middle-aged woman to marry a godlike young man, however they may impugn her intelligence, may be left to the conjecture of the least imaginative reader. Yet it is her reasons which are given with such an amplitude of analysis that we are led to expect an issue to the story which will account for such exhaustive information.

It is obvious that Maurice will be false to her; but unless she learns of his infidelity, and has therefrom to construct a fresh base for her affection, the elaborate drawing of her character on which the author expends so much goodwill is thrown away. But that reconstruction is never required. Maurice dies in, so far as his wife is concerned, an odour of sanctity and affection, and our cultivated expectations come to nothing. The book begins with promise of a psychological romance, a study of exceeding interest; it ends in a commonplace, even a sordid tragedy before that interest begins to burgeon. Sordid, because the man's infidelity is not only without excuse, but without adequate inducement. His betrayal of Maddalena has not even passion to commend it, and seems, in the end, almost entirely prompted by a distaste for her father's familiarity; which is not only a poor excuse for such a crime, but robs our ears, when most alert for it, of this compelling call of the blood.

Something clearly baulked the author of his ultimate design, and, face to face with a magnificent situation—the man desperately fighting the carnal love to reach out a hand again to the spiritual, the woman frantically rebuilding her ruined world to achieve some sheltering tenderness for herself and him—decreed the throwing over of Maurice into the water, and the abandonment, in sentimental retrospect, of the real clash of souls, the promise of which had sustained our plodding interest through so many Sicilian landscapes. Are we wrong in attributing to the influence of the convention what may be a mere personal insufficiency; but to that influence, to its persistent and detruding pressure, it is possible that the insufficiency may be referred. The habit of proscription, practised for years, may dull the sense to dramatic culminations, and the practice of deference to the convention rather than its immediate interference with his plans may be held accountable for Mr. Hichens's failure. That, however, can hardly explain the fashion in which he permits all the import to evaporate from Maurice's infatuation,

sketched in its beginning with such poetical evasion, or his missing of the opportunity in that moment of brooding drama when Hermione looks out unaware upon the fair to which, crushing out the last decency of his affection, her husband has escorted his inamorata.

In the next two books named at the head of this article we escape with relief from the shadow of the convention. In Mr. Galsworthy's because his objective is an elaboration of the convention itself as it lays hold on life, and in Mr. Wells's, because, with a delightful but apparently unpremeditated insouciance, he turns his back on it. But the two books have something more in common to make a claim on our regard. They both have that endowment of virility—a vanishing quality in British fiction—which marks them unmistakeably as the work of men. By what import and signs that quality may be detected it would take too long to tell; but it may be avouched for as confidently as—things no less elusive—an easterly edge in the spring sunshine, or the salt scent of the sea. It is not to be known by any lack of subtlety or tenderness, nor with complete certitude by its dealings with sentiment, nor by the breadth and *abandon* of its humour, and appeals less by the selection than the handling of a subject. It cannot even be said to look at the game rather over a man's shoulder than a woman's. We have a masculine writer in Mr. George Meredith, and one acutely sensitive to the woman's point of view; and the same may be affirmed of all the great masters of fiction, for, though we have attempted none but negative definitions, masculinity is a positive quality, and not the absence of something else.

In 'The Man of Property' we welcome the sense of it, even though it occasionally intrudes some of its least desirable attributes, and that, despite of it, the story is not altogether a success. Success, indeed, in the enterprise which Mr. Galsworthy has attempted would be a very considerable affair; for he has attempted to offer us 'evidence of that mysterious concrete 'tenacity which renders a family so formidable a unit of 'society, so clear a reproduction of a society in miniature.' He has collected his evidence, but fails to marshal it to the best advantage. He succeeds in making his family formidable, but he has not altogether succeeded in making it human. For so big a task he seems to have allowed himself too cramped a canvas. His family has many branches, and he tries to interest us too definitely in them all. His detail is spread over all his picture, which has obliged him, in order to obtain some sort of balance, to force all his incidents, as it were, into the middle distance. He achieves, as a result, a wide range of

life and space, for which, however, he has to sacrifice his foreground, and for that sacrifice his achievement scarcely atones. We obtain, as some compensation, the presentation of a story, pieced together from shy glimpses of it in the world's eyes; just the vision of it with which in real life we should have had to be content.

There is not much we could definitely affirm concerning Bosinney's love affair with his patron's wife. Irene Forsyte is elusive enough to make any love affair unsubstantial, a piece of soft passive feminine attractiveness, whose final desperate rashness only seems as incalculable as everything else about her. We see but seldom, and are shown nothing to account for, the influence she exerts over her lover. She does little more than look at him out of her unfathomable eyes, she hardly seems to want him, she tries even to keep him off. Yet the man comes to her, comes from the girl and the career which had promised fulfilment for all his hopes and his desires; and we watch, without enlightenment, but with appreciation, the fatal foolish progress of the affair.

Only with its conclusion have we cause to quarrel. Mr. Galsworthy kills the architect, runs an omnibus into him; and Irene goes back, tamed and dazed, to her injured lord, to take up life, from which everything has gone, as if nothing had happened. So, no doubt, it might have befallen; but to solve his crisis with an accident is scarcely worthy of the author's courage. But to use an accident, though in a measure due to the sufferer's condition, as a loophole of escape from a desperate situation, is to accept too large a service from blind chance. It may be objected that without it the book could not have been ended. But who would desire the book ended? Its outstanding quality is an absence of manipulation towards ends. And is any book ever ended, or could it be ended, save by wholesale slaughter of all its characters? Is death after all anything more of an ending than marriage, with which it seems to be assumed romances should conclude? Life does not always play the moralist; but life, with Philip and Irene in penniless close quarters, would have satisfied even the moral expectations of the men of property.

Here is an aspect of the family—a reflection at a ball, after young Gathercole, when introduced to a Wallflower—

'after screening her empty card, wrote on it the name of Gathercole, spelling it passionately in the district that he proposed, about the second extra.

'Mothers, slowly fanning their faces, watched their daughters, and in their eyes could be read all the story of those daughters'

fortunes. As for themselves, to sit hour after hour, dead tired, silent, or talking spasmodically—what did it matter, so long as the girls were having a good time! But to see them neglected and passed by! Ah! They smiled, but their eyes stabbed like the eyes of an offended swan; they longed to pluck young Gathercole by the slack of his dandified breeches, and drag him to their daughters—the jackanapes!'

It is with that air of humorous sympathy that Mr. Galsworthy looks at the world. His sketches of character are as lucid and almost as delicate as Miss Cholmondeley's. Here is one of an old woman.

'A great talker, when allowed, she would converse without the faintest animation for hours together, relating with epic monotony the innumerable occasions on which Fortune had misused her; nor did she ever perceive that her hearers sympathised with Fortune, for her heart was kind.'

In the great Forsyte family we are to feel typified the man of property; by no means the mere hard business machine, but the soul of settled things, of convinced conditions; unimaginative but not remorseless; hard-headed rather than unkind; but the sworn foe of the fanciful and of all unbusiness-like beauty; sensitive rather to the price of things than to their value, but able to allow a certain margin in its payments for qualities which it is consciously unable to appraise.

The Municipal Council, by which, as the author puts it, 'Love 'had long been considered, next to the Sewage Question, the 'gravest danger to the community,' like all small public bodies is the solidified expression of Forsytism, and in every branch of the family we are shown with real apprehension the strength, the weakness, and the humour of its point of view, and the presentation only misses a real importance by the lack of incisiveness in the relief of its numerous figures, and a failure to communicate a sense of what one may call the family's oppressive weight and molecular progression.

The link with which we have connected Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Wells applies but to the one quality which they have in common. Outside their masculinity there is little to suggest comparisons or resemblances.

In describing himself as 'curiously not interested in things, 'and curiously interested in the consequences of things,' and as being 'even a little insensitive to fine immediate things 'through this anticipatory habit,' Mr. Wells has succinctly explained why he is not what he should be as a writer of fiction. What exactly might have been the scope of his romantic gift,

had not that anticipatory habit led him to slight it, is not easy to say. In 'Love and Mr. Lewisham' he has given us a study of first love which in its freshness, delicacy, and cynical tenderness is as good as anything of that kind in the language, and what is best in his latest novel seems chiefly reminiscent of its charm.

Its best and second best is, like the story, divided by the Comet.

Before the Comet we have life as it is lived to-day in the foul squalor of crowded labour, drawn with all the significant precision and suggestiveness of which Mr. Wells is so much a master: life, sordidly repulsive and hopelessly depressed, yet conceivably lovable; life condemned by every critical faculty, yet clung to with unreasoning passion. No one can take us so low into the depths, yet leave with us the sympathetic understanding of how men live there. After the Comet we have life as it should be to Mr. Wells's understanding—beauty, enlightenment, co-operation replacing the old dark ugly fight to live. Doubtless Mr. Wells does justice to the change since he ardently admires it, but he fails altogether to make it seem alluring. In this by his very argument he could scarcely have expected to succeed. It needed the green vapours of the Comet to make men desire the new life, how then should it seem attractive to those who have never breathed them? It is easy enough to make out a case against things as they are, easy too to propose obvious ways of bettering them, but almost impossible to create a new range of emotions towards the altered scheme. 'Our laws and 'customs sound,' says Mr. Wells, 'like a record of some nasty-'minded lunatic's inventions;' but of what is the phrase proof —even granting it—but that our delight in life, in life the most austere or the most seductive, has very little to do with law and custom? To any humane soul this picture of the passing of poverty and oppression must seem in theory a desirable thing, but as food for fiction it is sadly without flavour.

To a reasonable being, bred in Utopia, Nettie, slight, light, lovely Nettie, no longer the slave of sex in 'the great age of 'Light and Reason,' with her smiling welcome and her hands extended to 'a world of lovers,' might perhaps appeal; but we confess to a better liking for her, in the green woods and gardens, breaking with fickle sweetness her poor lover's heart, and outraging the nasty-minded lunatic's inventions by flying in unsanctified companionship across England with a new admirer; and admit even finding poor Willie a more interesting figure half insane with his love, and groping after her with his impotent revolver and misappropriated funds, than as the husband of a 'blue-clad white-aproned benevolence,' with his

old 'cruel proprietary' affection stripped of 'its base wrappings, 'of its pride, its suspicions, its mercenary and competitive 'elements,' waiting to take Nettie to his heart again.

In turning his back so lightheartedly on the British convention in those final chapters, Mr. Wells seems scarcely to have realised its very formidable existence. He certainly had cause to object to its pursuing him through the green vapours into his Utopia, since Utopias have hitherto been recognised as cities of refuge even from the avenger of Mrs. Grundy's blood.

Perhaps a little of Mr. Wells's resentment at his treatment by the Conventionalists was due to their disregard of his disclaimer. He tells us in his epilogue that he realised how the green vapours had 'dehumanised the world,' and confesses as he stood 'amidst 'these fine, perfected things' to 'a moment of rebellious detesta-'tion.' That moment may enable him to understand our desire to keep him among the humanities, to be stimulated towards Utopia not by his telling us what in some other world it is, but what in this world of ours it isn't. To realise the badness of things is after all the best incentive to better them, and the first part of Mr. Wells's book, which does not allude to it, is much more likely to breed a determination for Utopia, than the latter part which expounds its perfections. We can but hope that Mr. Wells has sown the last wild oats of his anticipations, and that his curious interest in the consequences of things will induce him to give us, in place of guesses at those consequences, some more illuminating studies of things as they are.

Mr. Locke in the 'Belovéd Vagabond' would seem by its scheme and cast to have made a bid to escape from insular traditions, yet none of the other novels shows more plainly the restraining finger-prints of the convention. It is a story of vagabondage, but of vagabondage to which not the most exacting chaperon could have made a difference. Delightful, unreal wanderings of delightful, unreal people, who have palpably no acquaintance with the life they lead.

It might all have happened so much more credibly in fairyland than in France, since in fairyland there would have been no necessity to reform at a moment's notice a dirty drunkard first into a fine gentleman, and then into a farmer. Or, if there had been, in fairyland one can believe in these transformations. But in France? In fairyland too it would have been so natural for Paragot to live for years with a woman, unconscious that she was one, till the story drew to a close and the auspicious moment came to marry her. But in France?

Of course, it had at the least to be France; the Channel, if no more, was needed to divide such delightful dreaming from

British common sense. Where in Bermondsey, for instance, would poor Blanquette have been ? Even the insistence on her modesty under such conditions would have seemed an outrage. In frivolous France people may play with these incomprehensible and perhaps not very wholesome ideals ! But not in downright England ! We know over here what would have happened. And the drunkard's reform seems more fascinatingly conceivable if he gets fuddled on absinthe in the Café Delphine than if he swills beer in the Red Lion.

The likelihood of these things really matters not a jot in such a charming and impossible tale ; one could pardon a thousand more improbable, did they but owe their origin to the caprice of their creator. But against this depressing reformation of one who had, however little he may have known of the road, at least the spiritual equipment of a vagabond, all that is vagabondish in one's soul protests.

' I have been dead. I have come to life. My soul regains ' its limitless horizons,' exclaims the vagabond when, flinging the emblems of respectability after a brief experience of it from him, he returns, like the sow, to his wallowing in the mire ; and we are better able to believe him than when, a few years later, waving his pipe over his geese and his garden, he cries, ' Isn't ' all this the Holy of Holies of the Real ? ' It may be, it very possibly is ; but to put the tender sentiment between Paragot's lips is not to celebrate but to desecrate reality.

It is on these equivocations that the British convention insists, and Mr. Locke's book serves admirably in conclusion to point the moral of its influence, since the sacrifices made to propitiate it are more than commonly destructive and less than commonly defensible. Here is a book, and a book of many sterling and delightful qualities, spoiling all the promise of its scheme, and converted into a mere prize-plum for optimists, because it has been written for the British public whose holy of holies in reality is not reality but a painted photograph.

And so the convention prevails ; prevails, be it understood, not over the men whose work will endure, who are indifferent to all national impulsion and restriction, but over those who occupy the more important place, in popular esteem, in the appreciation of the omnivorous consumers of fiction whose conclusions are qualified rather by appetite than by taste. The risk art runs from the second-rate arises not from the public fondness for it, but from a misapprehension of its importance ; and the mischief wrought by the British convention, both to readers and writers, is assisted in this country by the paucity of a disinterested and determinate assessment of literary values.

Art. X.—THE STATE OF RUSSIA.

1. *Russia in Revolution.* By G. H. Perris, author of 'Leo Tolstoy, the Grand Mujik,' &c. London: Chapman & Hall, 1905.
2. *The Russian Empire and Czarism.* By Victor Bérard. Translated by G. Fox-Davies and G. O. Pope, with Introduction by Frederick Greenwood. London: D. Nutt, 1905.
3. *Russia.* By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E. 2 vols. (New and enlarged edition.) London: Cassells, 1905.

Many people are apt to identify revolution with the particular form it took in France at the end of the eighteenth century, and look for the execution of a sovereign by an infuriated people, and something more or less equivalent to the storming of the Bastille, as accompaniments, without which, to their mind, the term is hardly applicable. For this reason amongst others they fail to appreciate fully what has taken place in Russia during the last two years; and continue to discuss, from various points of view, the possibility of revolution there when, as a matter of fact, that great event is progressing rapidly, if fitfully, before their eyes to its inevitable completion. For, whatever the outcome of the present crisis, the old *régime*—absolutism pure and simple—is passing, one might almost say has passed, never to return; and the change from autocracy to representative government, however limited, brought about by manifestations of violence due to the utter breakdown of Tsarism at home and abroad, does in fact connote a revolution, though the Emperor's head be still on his shoulders and the Winter Palace unsacked.

Meantime, on the eve of the election for the second Dooma, the questions put by all foreigners who take an interest in Russian affairs are: What is the actual state of things? What will be the composition and fate of this new representative assembly? And, above all, what of the future? To the first of these questions an answer more or less full and accurate can be returned with no other difficulty than arises from the superabundance of materials. The second and third tempt to predictions for which no available knowledge offers any certain base, and in regard to which even the best informed observers, if they are wise, will speak with a caution little likely to satisfy the demands of inquirers eager to know at once what time alone can show. But while abstaining from any positive statements in the dangerous region of prophecy, data may be furnished and certain opinions offered with a view to helping

readers at a distance to form their own conclusions, or, at least, to follow events as they occur in Russia with intelligent appreciation.

Let us see, to begin with, what the Revolutionists are doing; what form their activity is taking; and, on the other hand, by what measures the Government is endeavouring to check their progress, re-establish order, and assure its own supremacy. That the state of the country now, compared with that obtaining at any previous period since January 1904, is quieter, more peaceful, is beyond dispute. For some time there have been no *pogroms* nor any open attempt at rebellion, no mass meetings, no strikes on a large scale. In short, social, commercial, and industrial life, taken as a whole, has to a great extent resumed its natural course. We know that the recruiting for the year has passed with little disorder, and with fewer abstentions and evasions than usual. We hear that the revenue returns far exceed the most sanguine expectations and are estimated to leave but a small deficit, if any, on the ordinary Budget; and, in certain branches, business has never been more active and prosperous. But how far and how deep does the improvement go? To what extent is it due to the merely repressive power of the State? To what extent to reaction? And for answers to these questions let us turn first of all to the Press, which, though treated once more with considerable severity, is still allowed to publish much, both in the way of news and of opinions, that in days not long past would have involved immediate suppression of the offending organ, and brought condign punishment on editor and writer.

If we take up almost any one of the daily papers, whatever its political convictions may be, we find in large type such headings as 'The Revolutionary Party,' 'Arrests,' 'Murders,' 'Robberies under Arms,' 'Executions,' and rarely a day passes that there are not under each of them several items of news. From October 17, 1905, the date of the Emperor's historical manifesto, to October 17, 1906, it has been computed—we cannot guarantee the figures—that 17,000 people were killed or wounded in connexion with the revolutionary movement; of these about 4,000 were Government representatives, officials, soldiers, policemen, &c.; the rest Revolutionists or chance victims; 215 people, it is said, were hanged, 314 judicially shot, 741 killed in punitive expeditions. Soldiers, including Cossacks, number 750; policemen, 452; police officers, 226; Civil servants, 123; officers, 109; gendarmes, 96; Governor-Generals, 8; Governors, 33; and police inspectors, 60. The number of bombs thrown was 244; there were more than 2,000 cases of robbery under arms and 1,500 of agrarian disorders;

23,000 people were arrested, and 118 depots of arms and 183 secret printing presses seized.

Since then we have had the attempt on General Reinbot, Chief of Police, at Moscow; on General Rennenkampf at Irkutsk —both on October 30 (o.s.); the assassination of General Polkovnikoff, commanding the garrison at Poltava on November 4; the attempt on General Goloshtchapoff, ex-Governor-General of Elizavetpol, at Tiflis, on November 8; the murder of Preestaff Sheremetieff in St. Petersburg, November 22; of Count Ignatieff at Tver on December 23; and, as stated, numberless other murders, attempted murders, robberies, &c.; while, owing to the establishment of field courts-martial, the list of executions has been exceptionally heavy.* For since the Government, finding that it could still rely on the army and the police, recovered its courage, stern repression has been the order of the day, and people are shot or hanged right and left, not only for any act that can possibly be construed as overt rebellion, but for mere attempts at armed robbery, even unattended by bloodshed. If we turn to other statistics we find it stated, and this time officially, that during the twelve months ending November 1, 1906, over 30,000 persons were dealt with administratively—that is, fined, imprisoned, or exiled without any semblance of a trial, without any real opportunity of proving their innocence. It may well be asked, How can all this be, when the Emperor's manifesto of October 17 (30), 1905, proclaimed thenceforth a reign of law and liberty—liberty of the Press and of conscience, inviolability of the person, the right of public meeting and of association? The answer is that all this is done under cover of various 'exceptional states'—the state of war, the state of siege, the state of extraordinary protection, and the state of increased protection, which together embrace a large part of the empire and are still being extended. Thus, Cronstadt, early in November, was declared a Governor-Generalship, and put on a war footing instead of in a state of siege; the state of extraordinary protection was applied to Yalta, town and district; that of increased protection was prolonged for a year in the provinces of Penza and Koursk, and extended to the province of Samara. The Imperial manifesto of August 11, 1904—a year before the granting of a Constitution —abolished corporal punishment where it still existed—*i.e.* in the army, the navy, and amongst the peasants, whether Russian or alien. Yet in the middle of November 1906 we read that

* During August, September, October, 465 men were shot or hanged.

General Meller-Zakomelski, the new Governor-General of the Baltic Provinces, has abolished the corporal punishment hitherto administered by the 'punitive' expeditions. Comment, surely, is needless. Now, this arbitrary, extra-legal procedure, by 'administrative order' or otherwise, calls for special attention, for it has always existed in Russia alongside the established law of the land, and has been, with a few notable exceptions, such as the trial of the regicides in 1881, the rule in all political cases since the abortive trial of Vera Zasoolitch, in 1878, for the attempted assassination of General Trepoff. It cannot be gainsaid that this abominable system is responsible to a vast extent for the exasperation that has culminated in the present crisis. As Joubert pointed out long ago, the natural demand of man is not liberty but justice, and it is only when justice is denied that liberty assumes in his eyes the position of supreme importance. The Russian Socialists—or a large section of them—avowedly turned the current of their activity to political channels only because they found by experience that political revolution was the indispensable preliminary to the success of their social and economical propaganda. Hence their partial alliance with the Radicals, whose political aspirations and ideals they despise, save only as a means to quite other ends.

It is a mere truism, of course, that no man can safely be trusted unchecked with arbitrary power—witness recent experience in Africa, where representatives of the most civilised Powers (England, Germany, Belgium) have proved it over and over again. What, then, can be expected of comparatively barbarous Russia? The secret history of 'justice' by administrative order will never see the light in its entirety, for the records must necessarily fail; but enough is known to make us shudder at the hideous cruelty of a system that puts the liberty, the lives, the honour of thousands of men and women in the hands of their fellow-creatures in circumstances that tempt them continually to the abuse, whether to serve public aims or gratify private passions, of the power thus wickedly conferred. How pitiable it is to recall the humane wish of Alexander II., expressed on granting the judicial reforms of 1864. 'My desire,' said he, 'is to establish a justice that shall be swift, righteous, merciful, 'and equal to all!' Had that wish been fulfilled, it can be no exaggeration to say that Russian history would read very differently, and if, fourteen months ago even, Nicholas II. had given justice such as this, instead of only promising it once again, the wild struggle for liberty that has since shaken the fabric of the Empire to its foundations would not have taken place; or, at worst, would have assumed a much milder

form. It is lamentable that not one of the many counsellors who in turn have swayed the Emperor's mind had the sense and courage to urge so obvious, so righteous a means of conciliating public opinion; or, possessing these qualities—of which, however, there is no hint—lacked the persuasive power to ensure its acceptance.

It is evident from the above that the improvement claimed by the Government and its adherents is at best only comparative; that lawlessness still prevails; that the spirit of revolt is by no means quelled. On the other hand there are very definite signs, and even proofs, of reaction in certain directions; while in others, more doubtfully, its existence is eagerly claimed by the Government and the Right. Reaction, indeed, amongst those of naturally Conservative tendencies who were led away by enthusiasm at the first cry of 'liberty,' but have since taken fright at the red spectre they helped to evoke, is so natural as to need no confirmation. We know that it could not be otherwise.

Such bloody deeds as the murder of the Grand Duke Serge, of M. Plehve, of General Minn—the individual assassination, that is, of highly unpopular men—met with general approval, and doubtless drew many to the ranks of the revolutionary parties. Rightly or wrongly, it was held that they deserved their fate. The assassins, however misguided, displayed a heroism and self-devotion worthy in itself of the highest praise, and no one suffered but the appointed victim. But terrorist acts such as the throwing of bombs in crowded streets, on the railways, at M. Stoleepin's residence, in many cases with only robbery in view and quite regardless of how many innocent people—men, women and children—might suffer, have, coupled with the alarming increase of mere hooliganism, had the opposite effect, driving back hundreds and thousands to the Conservative, or at least to the mildly Liberal fold. Such recusants belong mostly to the *bourgeoisie*—the shopkeepers, clerks, petty employees, &c., who in Russia, however, are far fewer in number, proportionately to the total population, than in any other civilised country—but they include, too, a goodly contingent of representatives of the higher social classes. Equally naturally, the landed proprietors, alarmed at the inclusion of expropriation in the programme even of the more moderate Left, have repented by no means leisurely of the Liberal attitude they assumed in such haste. It is admitted by the organs of the anti-Government parties that the Zemstvos have gone over to the Right, and partly even to the Extreme Right. The admission, indeed, was made already on November 6 last, on the second anniversary, that is, of the famous Zemstvo Session of 1904,

when the demand for a Constitution was first publicly formulated. Loyal addresses are now the order of the day, and the Zemstvos recently set about the expulsion from their ranks of all former members of the Dooma who had shown themselves partisans of the Left, or simply unsound on the question of land; the process being carried out, according to a writer in the 'Tovarishtch,' in the most systematic and ruthless manner. The nobility of Toola, for example, excluded M. Mooromtseff, late President of the Dooma, and when another of their members, M. Levitsky, protested, applied to him the same drastic treatment.* In the so-called 'frontier' provinces no such exclusion was necessary or possible, for the simple reason that no such democratic elements existed—in the Zemstvos, that is—a fact due to the totally different conditions there obtaining; landowner and peasant being of different nationality. This local peculiarity gives the former a great advantage, for, being thus sharply divided from the peasant by race as well as by class, there is no question for him of compromise, and no complication of issues can arise. Thus in the Baltic Provinces the German Baron, formerly the *bête noire* of the Russian Chauvinist, finds nowadays his best friends in the Russian authorities, his zealous protector in the Russian commander of some 'punitive expedition.' And so the whirligig of time brings about its revenges. The Teutonic knights and their descendants lorded it over the Lettish and Esthonian peasantry from the first year of the thirteenth century until quite recently, and all the time the Church, both before and after the Lutheran Reformation, was likewise wholly in the hands of the Germans. It was a favourite policy of the Muscovite party during the last reign to egg on the peasant of the three provinces against his alien landlord and alien pastor, and favour him in every way possible at their expense. It was their hope, if the pun may be forgiven, that, in case of German invasion, every Lett would prove a hindrance. An Orthodox propaganda was inaugurated by M. Pobiedonostseff, who realised fully the prime importance of religion in cases of the kind. Nor had he far to seek for the aptest of illustrations. The Finns of Finland proper were converted to Christianity by the Swedes, and in due time adopted Lutheranism. Their own brothers of the regions to the north of Moscow were Christianised by the Orthodox Church. The former have proved themselves absolutely impervious to Russian influences; the latter have been, or are being, Russianised; slowly, indeed, but surely and com-

* Prince Dolgorookoff was in like manner expelled by the nobility of Koursk on the demand of Count Dorrer.

pletely, as anyone who has travelled in the provinces of Novgorod and Olónetz can hardly have failed to observe. It cannot be said that the above-mentioned efforts of Russia in the Baltic Provinces met with much success, for the inhabitants are a stiff-necked generation, and, cordially as they hated their former masters, they had no mind to abandon their faith, or change one yoke for another. And now, if the Baltic nobility have any sense of humour, they must be hugely tickled by the turn of affairs. Their castles—such of them as are not burnt—are garrisoned by Russian soldiers; they and the Lutheran pastors protected by them against the insurgent peasants, who are being 'repressed' in most merciless fashion by their quondam friends and would-be converters! Whatever happens, it will be long indeed before Lett, Livonian, or Esthonian recalls the anathema he now breathes against Russian and German alike.

It seems, then, that the reaction so far affects mainly two classes only, the *bourgeoisie* and the larger landed proprietors, both of which are naturally Conservative. Their defection, therefore, can hardly be looked upon as seriously altering the situation. It weakens to an unknown extent the Kadets, but can make little difference to the Extremists, who despise the one class as much as they hate the other. And it is doubtful to what extent the 'Liberal' Government of M. Stoleepin, standing as it does in 'splendid isolation'—the butt of all parties and the friend of none—will benefit by the change. In any case the Government is not so foolish as to rely upon it for success in the electoral campaign, and this brings us to the measures taken by the Premier—in spite of his declaration that the Government is outside all parties and that the elections will be allowed to proceed according to law—to secure, if possible, a preponderating 'Right' in the new Dooma and to propitiate the great mass of the people.

In accordance with the Fundamental Laws promulgated at the time that the first Dooma was summoned, no new legislation can take place without the consent of that body, and as M. Stoleepin poses as a strictly Constitutional Minister it is impossible for him to contravene so elementary a principle of Constitutionalism, even were the Emperor willing to go back on his word. But the Electoral Law, as read and acted upon last year, resulted, as we know, in the return of a large majority of most undesirable persons—Constitutional Democrats, Labour representatives, Social Democrats, and worse. The new Dooma must, if possible, be very differently constituted. The anti-Governmental Left must be reduced to more modest dimensions; the Right must, if possible, secure a preponderance of voting

power. Yet the law—M. Stoleepin professes a mighty respect for the law—must be observed. The problem, on the face of it, looks difficult enough, but the Ministry, with that ingenuity which in Russia so often takes the place of statesmanship, solved it at the first attempt in a simple and, as it believed, most efficacious manner. Amongst the paraphernalia of Government in Russia there exists a Senate, whose main function is that of a Court of Cassation, but which also acts as interpreter of the law to the nation. It occurred, or was suggested, to M. Stoleepin that here was a way out of the difficulty. The Senate was set to work to 'interpret' the Electoral Law, and with highly gratifying results. A series of 'Explanations,' dated October 20, 1906, with later additions, deprived by a few strokes of the pen whole classes and categories of the population of their suffrage, and needless to say almost entirely to the detriment of the Left. Thus the peasants who had acquired land through the intermediary of the Peasants' Bank, whether as members of the commune or as individual owners, were declared incompetent to vote as district landed proprietors. They are put on a level with the ordinary members of the village commune, and can therefore only vote at the village meetings instead of both there and at the landowners' district assemblies, as last year. The effect of this in reality is to rob their vote of all significance; for it will, in most cases, only go to swell quite uselessly the presumably Liberal majorities by which members will be elected to the Volostnoi Skhod. It is computed that as compared with last year this will lessen by 52,000 the number of voters, mostly Liberal, in the said assemblies. The same interpretation applies to the Cossacks, a large and important element in the rural population. Further, only actual peasants, tillers of the soil, may vote in the village meetings, the 'Explana-'tions' being directed against those very numerous absentee members of the commune who, though they pay their share of the taxes, work at trades or industries in towns, and are naturally more enlightened and therefore more liberally inclined than their stay-at-home fellows. Again, by a slight change in a single word, the Senate has made a disability, applicable, it was held last year, only to the lowest class of State, municipal, railway, and Zemstvo employees and servants, to all railway men in general—a highly intelligent class, responsible for the great General Strike of 1905. And in other directions the 'Explanations' tend to diminish the number of presumably Liberal voters.

Another measure is the order contained in a circular of the Committee of Ministers forbidding whole categories of people

to belong to or take any part in political organisations stigmatised as anti-Governmental, including, of course, the Kadets or Constitutional Democrats. This prohibition has been applied amongst others to the employees of the Zemstvo of Moscow, who have entered a vigorous protest and declared their intention of appealing to law. It has been applied to the Ksends, or Polish priests, as servants of the Ministry of Foreign Cults, and, it is said, to the whole Russian clergy, as servants of the Holy Synod. On the strength of this circular, too, pronounced by eminent jurists to be illegal, all employees and servants on the network of railways having their centre in St. Petersburg have been forbidden to take part in any political organisations, and the Governor of Moscow in his zeal has gone further still, applying the same prohibition to all elected members of the Zemstvo and municipality.

As the Fundamental Laws gave the right of verifying and deciding as to the legality of any doubtful elections to that body, it would seem strange that the Senate should be called in to interpret beforehand the Electoral Law, were not the reason sufficiently obvious.

Still further measures having the same end in view—to put it plainly, the packing of the Dooma—are the refusal to recognise any longer, or permit meetings of, the Kadet party, and the prosecution of those of its leaders who signed the Vuiborg Manifesto with its misguided appeal to quasi-passive-resistance, a tactical blunder of the first magnitude. Many of these same leaders have determined not to offer themselves as candidates for election to the new Dooma lest they should be afterwards declared disqualified, and the representation of the party suffer thereby. But the new men, whoever they may be, will hardly speak with the same authority as the old.

In the second category, measures designed to propitiate the masses, we have the ukase of October last giving actuality to the liberty of conscience and of public worship, conferred on the Old Believers on Easter Sunday, April 17, 1905, which should go far to convert these long-suffering sectarians into strong supporters of any reasonable Government. They number over 11,000,000, and are undoubtedly, as is usually the case with the persecuted for conscience' sake, for the most part honest, industrious, and peaceable people, sure to prove, now that nonconformity is no longer a crime, an element of strength and stability in the country.

An Old Believers' church—we retain regretfully the clumsy appellation—built in commemoration of the act of grace abovementioned, was opened at Moscow on October 29, 1906, in

presence of several high officials of the Government, and it is not to be anticipated that the persecution of the past two and a half centuries will ever be renewed. Rather, indeed, may we look with confidence for reform in the Orthodox Church itself, whose adherents are already lamenting that the sectarians now have more liberty than themselves, and that in the struggle against nonconformity, being deprived henceforth of Government support, they must rely entirely upon spiritual and moral influences! A more desirable consummation, surely, could hardly be hoped for! The Old Believers are now at liberty to form communities of not less than fifty members, build churches, and serve God in their own fashion, without interference from anyone. The Orthodox White clergy, which includes the whole of the parish priests, are, on the other hand, abjectly dependent on the Consistory, composed, as is the whole hierarchy of the Established Church, exclusively of the Black or Monkish clergy, the legal rights of lay-parishioners to interfere in Church matters being in practice a dead letter. The parish priests in all the tens of thousands of villages in the empire are little above the peasants themselves in social class or education; marriage for them is compulsory; their families are naturally large; and they are dependent for their living on the fees they have the right to exact from their parishioners for the performance of the rites of baptism, marriage, burial, &c., and on the tillage of the soil on a par with the *moozheeks*. They are consequently looked upon with suspicion and dislike by the latter, and naturally have little or none of that spiritual and moral influence which we are now told must in future be their only weapon of offence and defence against heresy. The White clergy are not to blame for this state of things, a state against which the better of them have long protested in vain; but assuredly the holy Orthodox Church must put its house in order if it is to hold even its own in future. Thanks to that Church's neglect, the average peasant has but the most elementary religious ideas; in fact, as a recent observer tells us, to the *moozheek* religion and nationality are synonyms, and if he is ever ready to defend his Church with his life it is because to him Orthodox spells Russian, and Russian Orthodox. His conception of the Deity is still Pagan, or at least pre-Christian. As Peroon to his heathen ancestry, as Jehovah to the Jews, as their favourite idol to all savage tribes, the God of the Russian peasant, and not only the peasant, is in a sense his own peculiar possession. General Stoessel, in his proclamation to the garrison on taking up the command at Port Arthur, declared that the 'Russian' God had always maintained the righteous cause,

and would assuredly do so on that occasion. And at a great conflagration in St. Petersburg, where a small chapel remained untouched in the midst of the flames, a boatman was heard to exclaim 'See! the Russian God cannot burn!'

It has often been remarked that the Russian has produced hardly anything original. The samovar was once held to be an exception, but it derives from Holland. There are four things, however, that he does claim, and rightly, as quite exclusively his own—his race, his faith, his language, and his God.

In regard to the peasants the attitude of the Government is to some extent contradictory. Last year it favoured the widest extension of their suffrage; now, as we have seen, it takes the opposite course—apparently having become disillusioned as to the conservative tendencies of the village. At the same time it seeks by all possible means to win over the peasant to the Government cause; and though, in so far as concerns the present election, this policy is unlikely to have much effect, yet for the future of Russia, compared with which, of course, the success of this or that Government is utterly insignificant, the measures now being taken in regard to the land are of supreme importance.

In the first place the Emperor granted recently some thirteen million acres of the appanage estates, serving as a provision for the Imperial family, as well as a considerable extent of Crown lands, for sale on easy terms through the Peasants' Bank to villagers whose allotments of the communal land were insufficient to support them and their families. And—unheard-of novelty in Russia—the 'Instructions' for the carrying out of this measure, issued on October 28, for the guidance of the Land Settlement Commissions nominated *ad hoc*, were framed so as to enable the sales to be effected with the least possible delay.

It cannot be doubted that the peasants will largely and promptly avail themselves of the opportunity of acquiring fresh land thus graciously offered them, seeing that already they have been steadily purchasing, from or through the Peasants' Bank, proprietary land at higher prices. Thus during the twelve months ending November 3, 1906, they actually completed the purchase, with the help of loans granted by that institution, of 534,689 dessiatines for a total sum of 60,304,750 roubles; or at the rate of 113 roubles per dessiatine, and further transactions had been approved, though not completed, to the extent of over 20,000,000 roubles. This was apart from land bought outright by the bank itself with a view to re-selling to the peasants—namely, 562 estates, containing 830,459 dessiatines, for 102,921,797 roubles, or at the rate of 124 roubles per dessia-

tine—uncompleted transactions under this head figuring for nearly twice as much again.

It is therefore evident that in various ways the number of peasant proprietors—of peasants owning land individually and not merely as members of the commune—is largely on the increase, the movement being favoured by the fact that in present conditions and circumstances many landowners are naturally willing and even anxious to sell their estates. The future for them is uncertain, and the opportunity of selling at reasonably good prices may not recur. Apart from this, the extent of Crown lands at the disposal of the Government is so large that together with the appanage estates it would more than suffice to provide every remaining landless peasant with a sufficient allotment; so that were this the only question, were there no complications, the solution of this part of the agrarian difficulty would be simple in the extreme. But such, unfortunately, is not the case. The grant of new land in, often, far-away places is all very well for certain classes of the population; but for others, and the large majority, it is of little or no use. The peasant, though he sank gradually to the position of a serf, a slave, a mere chattel, whose very life was at the mercy of his master, never acquiesced in the justice of that position. His view of the matter was condensed in the well-known saying addressed to the land- and serf-owning class, 'We belong to you, 'but the land belongs to us,' and to this he held tenaciously until set partially free by the reform of 1861. He then received, on what have turned out to be very onerous terms, a portion—roughly, one half, and the worst half—of his master's estate. With the growth of the population, the increased cost of living, and the impoverishment of the soil, each householder's share in the land thus acquired by the commune has dwindled and deteriorated until it is far from sufficient for his needs. What he wants in the first place is not appanage or any other land at a distance, but the other half of the land his fathers once owned—*i.e.* the property of the local landed proprietor, meadow, field, and forest, lying in the immediate vicinity of his own holding. That is his demand, and 'he won't be happy till he gets it.' Hence the first democratic Dooma, representing to a small extent only the rural population, but eager at all costs to secure its suffrages, declared for the forced expropriation of land held by other than peasants, and without compensation, thus occasioning the *volte-face* already mentioned in the ranks of the Zemstvos. Sooner or later there can be little doubt that expropriation will be adopted, but no merely 'Liberal' Ministry, such as that of M. Stoleepin, will dare even to discuss the idea

of 'no compensation.' Sooner or later the peasants will have the land, that is certain; but, unless the democratic elements get the upper hand completely, some means will be found to compensate, even if inadequately, the present owners, who, in fear of the future, are showing even now that wisdom which consists of 'speaking with your enemy in the gate.'

But the need of the peasant is not only more land. The whole system of ownership is at fault, and it has long been recognised by competent observers that nothing short of the abolition of the communal system of land tenure—not necessarily of the commune itself — can ever raise the *moozheek* from his present miserable condition and restore agriculture to even its former level. Yet a flourishing agriculture is and must ever be the prime necessity in Russia, the indispensable basis of her moral and material well-being. M. Witte is now the object of the most virulent, the most outrageous, the most unjust attacks; in the judgement of history it is probable that he will stand condemned as a statesman for having fostered industry to the almost complete neglect and, to a large extent, at the expense of agriculture. For the peasants form the vast majority, at least 80 per cent., of the population of the whole empire; and in the long run it is they who pay for everything. To what extent they have been impoverished of late years, what is the true state of the rural population as a whole, is at once the most important question of the day and the one most difficult to answer. That it has been impoverished is beyond doubt. It is stated by many authorities that the peasant has reached the lowest stage short of absolute, irretrievable ruin; Prince Obolensky recently declared that 35 per cent. of the peasants were horseless—a fact, if true, of terrible significance; another writer states that of the peasants belonging to the communes 30 per cent. are horseless, houseless, and landless; and the repeated famines in what were once the richest provinces undoubtedly go far to prove the general contention. On the other hand, the very same *moozheek* who was declared bankrupt, who had not a copeck wherewith to meet either taxes or arrears of land redemption, has, in these last years of trouble and famine, found ready cash to a colossal and rapidly increasing amount to spend on vodka, supplied on a monopolist basis by the State, which thus indirectly obtains from him far more ready money than ever it did before. For example, information received by the Governor of Yaroslavl shows that the peasants of that province, notwithstanding the failure of the crops, drank this year 62,924 vedros of vodka more than last, the total amount spent being over three million roubles.

Sir D. M. Wallace so long ago as 1877, in the first edition of his admirable work on Russia, explained the communal system as it obtained there, and pointed out its more obviously weak points, the most salient being the absolute bar it puts to any agricultural improvement. Russian writers have recently laid stress, from another point of view, on the harm that results to morality from a system that disallows real ownership to the vast majority of a popluation dependent mainly on the land. The peasant's ideas as to property, loose in the extreme, are declared to be the direct, the inevitable result of the conditions in which he is placed. The many disabilities under which he suffers, all of which centre in the communal system, are said to be responsible for the admitted degradation of his character; and the abolition of that sytem is expected, therefore, to raise him not only materially but morally. Only when he has property of his own, individually, will he learn to respect the property of others; only then will there be any inducement to exercise the common virtues of honesty, sobriety, industry, and thrift; only then, in short, may we hope to see the *moozheek* put on some semblance of that ideal peasantry imagined and bodied forth by so many writers, Russian and foreign, during the last century.

As a matter of course each party in the present electoral struggle professes to be the only genuine representative of the peasant and his needs; each claims the exclusive possession of a remedy for all the ills from which he suffers—each would have us believe in its power to raise and let loose this mighty and terrible force; or satisfy and keep it quiet. Now the revolutionary propaganda has undoubtedly made some progress in the village, but to what extent is not known to any human being. The Russian peasant as a result of his past and present conditions is eminently distrustful of parties and agitators. He has been stirred to insurrection many times, it is true; his *jacqueries* are terrible to recall; but he was never disloyal. If he rebelled against the reigning sovereign it was always in the name of some pretender, in the legitimacy of whose claim he honestly believed. He is quite disenchanted with the old *régime*, but it is practically certain that he still clings to the belief that not the Tsar but his evil counsellors are to blame; and the success of the recruiting for the new year goes far to show that this is indeed the case. It is probable that he puts little faith in the promises of the Revolutionists; but it has dawned on his intelligence that for some reason or other everyone is inclined to make much of him, to seek his favour. A glimmering, faint as yet, begins to illumine his darkness, showing him to some extent his own

importance. It is pretty certain that before long he will begin to realise his strength; and much, very much, depends on the way in which he may choose to exert it.

For, in any case, the future of Russia depends mainly on the attitude of the peasantry, which, in the long run, shapes that of the army, renewed, as it is, every three years from their midst. It is no wonder, then, that at last even the Government should have awakened to the importance of conciliating the *moozheek*, and that at the present crisis it should be devoting a large part of its attention and efforts to the endeavour to forestall its enemies in the matter of agrarian reform.

We have said that the Kadets and the whole Left declared for forced expropriation without compensation; and at the last permitted meeting of that party in Moscow it was decided to draw up a complete programme of agrarian reform to be presented to the new Dooma. The Cabinet of M. Stoleepin could not, of course, compete on these lines with the Radicals and Democrats, but, as we have seen, it adopted various important measures with a view to satisfying the land hunger of the peasant; and, realising that a great change has come over public opinion, even in the most Conservative quarters, in regard to the communal system, it has—again by the exercise of the ingenuity which in this case perhaps is not so very far removed from statesmanship—practically abolished it; or, to speak more precisely, it has 'done' nothing, having, according to its own acknowledgement, no right to legislate, but it has 'discovered' that, owing to the approaching termination of the land redemption payments, the communal system, in so far as it is compulsory, automatically ceases to exist; that the peasant has henceforth the right not only to leave the commune (that was granted to him in 1903, when the Emperor, on M. Witte's advice, did away with the common responsibility for the taxes), but to claim, as his own individual and absolute property, his share of the communal land. This great reform was published and lucidly explained in the columns of the 'Daily Telegraph' by its well-informed St. Petersburg correspondent many days before its appearance in the official Press of Russia. What its eventual effect will be it is impossible to say; we cannot even tell how it will be received by those whom it is intended to benefit or cajole; but of its vast importance there can be no doubt.

The opponents of the Government are, of course, furious at having the ground thus cut from under their feet. They inveigh against this new infraction or evasion of the Fundamental Laws; and it is difficult for impartial observers to refuse them

some modicum of sympathy. For the fact is patent that the Ministry on the eve of a general election is hurrying through, one after another, reforms of far-reaching significance with little study or preparation, and by methods, to say the least of it, open to serious criticism. To the Socialists, of course, the abolition of the communal system of land tenure is a retrograde step, acceptable only to those of them who look upon the temporary triumph of the *bourgeois* and the 'land-grabber' as a necessary stage in the progress towards the prevalence of their own ideals. To the Individualists it is a long-needed reform. But both agree in condemning the way in which it has been granted, and unite in abuse of the Government. M. Kovalievsky calls it an unheard-of *coup d'état*. One organ of the Left predicts that it will be looked upon as quite the most unhappy memorial of the present Ministry's constructive work.

On the other hand the extreme Right is no better satisfied. Thus M. Sharápoff, in the 'Rouskoe Dielo,' calls the new law revolutionary, and says :

> 'With the dissolution of the commune bloody civil war in the village becomes inevitable. Men will attack one the other hedge-stakes in hand. All animal instincts, all dark passions, are let loose ; woe to the wretched peasant ! The kingdom of the usurer, the drunkard, the hooligan, is at hand ; and these sanguinary elements will henceforth tear the commune to pieces.'

A problem of very exceptional complexity has been cut, we are told, like the Gordian knot. Those peasants who happen to be in the enjoyment of better or larger allotments will naturally make haste to profit by the law as newly interpreted, while those who have little or none of the communal land lose, once for all, their chance of securing their rightful share. The existence of a peasant proletariat receives for the first time the sanction of law, and a wide prospect is opened up for its increase by the temptations now offered to the weaker brethren to sell or mortgage their land. In short, Russia enters into the path trodden with such doubtful benefit by the Western nations, and in course of time the land will gravitate into the hands of the few, while the many will swell the ranks of the acreless proletariat. And, the wish being father to the thought, one critic of the Government adds that the Dooma will now have to face, inevitably, fatally, the forced expropriation of the landed estates belonging to private persons ; for the favour now extended to the more substantial peasants must strengthen irresistibly the claims of the rest. But all these objections and many others apply only to the methods and details of the reform,

and though by no means devoid of weight must be discounted as coming from the enemies of the Government. The Dooma should yet be able to devise some means of averting the worst evil feared—the formation of large estates, the concentration of the land in comparatively few hands.*

The commune, except as an administrative unit, has long outlived its utility ; in the eyes of many it is mainly responsible for the present miserable condition of the rural population. M. Witte himself declared, long ago, that Russia formed an exception to all other countries of the world in that the mass of her people for two generations had been systematically educated in a total disregard of all ideas of legality and the rights of property. He added : 'What will be the historical result of this 'state of things I hesitate at present to say ; but I am pretty 'sure that the consequences will be serious.' And in speaking thus it was the communal system he had in view. Even the 'Novoe Vremya' (November 15 [28]) writes :

'The fetish of the commune brought much evil into our life. It barred all progress in agriculture, so far as the peasants were concerned ; it demoralised their social life, debauched their conception of the rights of landed property, and brought them to poverty and periodic famines. Finally, it opened the way amongst them for the most foolish of agitators, and prepared a Conservative peasantry for *pogroms* and "illuminations."'

The Dooma sooner or later doubtless would have decreed its abolition, either directly or indirectly. The crime of the Stoleepin Cabinet lay in usurping the functions of the Dooma and carrying in hot haste by various ingenious subterfuges measures of first-class importance, merely to curry favour with the most ignorant and most numerous stratum of the population and thus forestall its political opponents. It is certainly strange that Alexander II.'s great work should after forty-five years be completed in such 'hole and corner' fashion, and for such—let us say questionable—motives. But the great thing is that the peasant is at last really free (the term is, of course, always conditional), and the world at large will watch with interest the use he makes of his freedom. Meantime one thing is quite certain, though many will deny it—namely,

* Since the above was written the Government has reaffirmed the law of 1893, by which it is forbidden to mortgage peasant allotments to private persons or institutions. By the ukase of November 15 (28), 1906, they can only be mortgaged to the Peasants' Bank, and solely for the purpose of improving the owner's position as a peasant proprietor.

that the agrarian reform, like all others of recent date, is an outcome of the revolutionary movement. It is doubtful, however, whether it will strike the peasant himself in this light, or if it does that he will therefore acknowledge any indebtedness to the Revolutionists. It is anticipated, on the other hand, that he will evince a gratitude more or less lively, more or less utilisable by the Government of M. Stoleepin. But this, too, we venture to doubt. It is more likely that the Emperor personally will gain such credit as accrues, that the Ministry will endure all the obloquy, and that the indirect but important share of the Revolutionists in bringing about at the present time a reform that would otherwise have been delayed indefinitely will only be recognised by the beneficiaries in the course of years.

We have dealt, so far, with our questions as to the actual state of things in Russia, as to revolutionary activity, and as to the counter-measures taken by the present Government. Let us now see what light can be thrown on the second of our original questions—namely, as to the composition and probable fate of the Dooma.

It is obvious that if any improvement can be noted it is only in comparison with the greater horrors of the past two years. Discontent is still all but universal; but is now directed from the Right as well as the Left against the devoted Ministry, which, while Liberal by profession, is Conservative in aim and despotic in action. The parties that returned a large majority to the last Dooma are being hampered and persecuted; the electorate diminished by Senatorial 'Explanations' backed by arbitrary and repressive measures; the Press bullied much in the old fashion; and the peasant treated, to use an Oriental expression, to 'first the stick and then the sugar-stick.' The Left claims, indeed, that persecution will have its usual result in rallying and uniting its forces; the Right trumpets a reaction that is to utterly discomfit the 'enemies of their country.' Leaders and publicists on both sides are full of fight and fury; but the country, owing to a variety of causes, is undoubtedly more apathetic than last year; and in view of this, of the partial reaction, and of the losses occasioned to the Radical electorate by various Government measures, the Left feels more and more the necessity of combined action as defined by M. Plekhánoff:

'Political wisdom demands from us, now, that we should willingly come to an agreement with the non-proletariat parties in all cases when such a course is requisite to secure victory over the reaction. Whoever, in the name of misunderstood "irreconcileability,"

refuses to do so in effect supports the Government, and therefore acts as the enemy of freedom.'

In other words, where any opposition party is not in a position to secure the return of its own candidate, it should work for that opponent of the Government who has the best chance of success.

To the foreign observer the saddest feature, perhaps, in the whole situation is the striking disregard of common humanity shown by all alike—the Revolutionists with their bombs and Brownings, the Government with its shootings and hangings, the 'true Russians' with their ferocious endeavours to bring about fresh *pogroms*. Truly 'the dark places of the earth are 'full of cruelty.' Only the weak and shadowy Centre still preaches humanity, there alone do we find any trace of Christian feeling; but the day has not yet come for moderation, and the new Dooma will probably show strength—not necessarily numerical strength—only at both extremes.

The tendency, indeed, is to concentration on the Left and on the Right; to division in the Centre, where alone we have a new party—that of 'Peaceful Regeneration,' due to secession from the Octobrists of certain prominent members, led by Count Heyden, who were alarmed and dissatisfied at signs of reaction in the counsels of that party. Well-wishers to Russia would gladly hail the success at the elections of Count Heyden's followers, for that would mean the triumph of moderate men and peaceful methods; but such a consummation, however devoutly to be wished, is not, alas! to be expected.

The advocates of a *bloc*, a temporary alliance of all the parties of the Left for purposes of the present elections, under the banner of 'All the Liberties and a Responsible Ministry'—responsible, that is, to the Dooma—seem confident of success. The fear of such a combination, indeed, is supposed to be at the bottom of the Ministry's desperate endeavours to crush the Constitutional Democrats and conciliate its opponents of the Right. The Labour representatives, who, strictly speaking, formed not an organised party but a group, entered the last Dooma some ninety strong. How will it be now? They were said to have a platform but no programme. Their sympathies were with the Socialists, but they had put Socialism aside for the more practical pursuit of purely political aims. The Senatorial 'Explanations' may affect them to some extent, to the benefit of the Government, but not largely; in any case they cannot be expected to support the present Ministry, but the question is, will they join such a *bloc* or keep to themselves?

The veteran Socialist, M. Plekhánoff, issued on the last day

of October an eloquent appeal for unity amongst working men, who last year for the most part refused to go to the urns. That in Poland, at least, such an appeal is sadly needed is proved by the fact that at Lodz during the last weeks of October no fewer than forty-eight workmen were killed and wounded in party quarrels. A little later, by way of smoothing over the difficulties between the Constitutional Democrats and Socialists, M. Arsénieff, another veteran, urged that it was a question rather of policy than of aim, calling the latter Revolutionists, the former Evolutionists, and maintaining that the difference between their ideals did not necessitate opposition in action.

The Kadets (Constitutional Democrats or party of National Freedom) put forward as the first plank in their electoral platform local self-government, 'a new and interesting feature,' said the 'Tovarishtch,' as this question has hitherto attracted little attention, and the Right makes use of the Zemstvo organisation cleverly enough, while the Left has done little to secure the introduction there of the democratic elements—peasants elected by the Volosts. 'It is true that some individual 'members of the Dooma did put forward local self-government, 'but only with a view to agrarian reform, which they considered 'could be realised in no other way.' Here again M. Stoleepin has endeavoured to steal a march on his opponents, declaring in an interview published in the 'Times' on October 31, that the object of the Government was 'to build up from the founda-'tions; in other words, to create and foster the principle of local 'government.'

At the last election the Extreme Left abstained, but since then there has been a great change, and from the very beginning of the electoral campaign urgent calls to record every possible vote have been made from all sides. Last year the main fight was between the Octobrists and the Kadets; now we have 'a complicated grouping, presenting to the electors incomparably 'more serious and more responsible demands.'

The side issues are, indeed, complicated, but the main issue, after all, is just what it was—namely, is the nation at large ready to pass a vote of confidence in the bureaucratic *régime* or not? And we can hardly be in doubt as to the answer. But the verdict may be masked, the jury intimidated; the Ministry may find itself in a position to keep the extremists in check by the simple expedient of pitting one against the other. One thing, however, is certain—if they do not, if the Left in overwhelming strength attempts to repeat the tactics of last year, or if the two extreme parties between them make things impossible, the second Dooma will incur the fate of the first;

for the Government at present is sure of the army, and so long as that is the case, so long as it can rely on a supremacy of physical force, it will not turn its cheek to the smiter.

It is a strange thing, after all, this loyalty of the army—humiliating, consolatory; something to weep at, to exult in, according to the point of view from which it is considered. The peasant, the workman, is taken unwillingly, torn from home and occupation, drilled and cuffed about in a barrack yard, and in six months he can in most cases be relied on to shoot or cut down his brothers in the street at the word of command. If ever there was a chance of gaining over the troops to the revolutionary cause it was last year, after the disasters of the war, and when the spirit of revolt had spread like wildfire through the country. The revolutionary parties thoroughly understood this. Their chance came with the return of the beaten soldiery from Manchuria; they did their best and scored some successes here and there. But, on the whole, they failed. On one or two occasions troops refused to fire on the mob; there were several instances of insubordination, notably in the Premier Guard Regiment, the Emperor's Own, the famous Preobrazhensky, dating from Peter's boyhood. But the army as a whole remained true to its colours and to its oath, and, being Russian, did the work of suppression, the work it was called upon to do, zealously, ruthlessly, to the bitter disappointment of the Revolutionists. The Russian is, in truth, a barbarian, not because he is incapable of better things, but simply because he is only semi-civilised, and, like all barbarians, he likes killing; the shedding of blood gives him pleasure. We see it in the annals of Russian warfare, we see it in the records of past and present internal troubles. The want of humanity that characterises all parties to the struggle now raging has already been noted; and, were it not tragic, one might laugh at the solicitude of both sides for human life when it is their own adherents that suffer. The conscience of the nation, we were told years ago, and the Dooma repeated it, demanded the abolition of the death penalty. But the conscience of the nation slept when Skobeleff sacked Geok Tepe in 1881, and again when 6,000 unarmed Chinese were slaughtered at Blagovieshtchensk in 1900. The daily executions by drum-head court-martial excite vast indignation on the Left, which has not a word to say against the slaughter of officials, policemen, soldiers, and innocent passers-by in the sacred name of freedom. The Right exults openly in the punitive expeditions and the *pogroms*, with their truly sickening details. Nor is this seeming contradiction due to hypocrisy.

The Russians have not yet reached the stage of civilisation when hypocrisy acquires sufficient value to flourish. It is simply a case of that barbarism through which all Western nations have likewise passed—and not so very long ago, after all. Nor is the cruelty of the Russians of the fiendish type characteristic of Southern Europe; it is akin rather to the dull brutality of the Northerner, due to ignorance and bluntness of perception, which passes away gradually with the growth of civilisation. The good nature of the *moozheek* in ordinary life has become almost proverbial; it has been dwelt on lovingly by so many writers that the opposite manifestations of recent times have puzzled foreigners not a little. As a matter of fact, as all who know the Russian peasant intimately are aware, his kindness of heart and bestial ferocity are equally genuine and equally strong. And the peasant and the soldier are one.

We have already noted the ready way in which the recruits have come in this season—a fact that no one would have ventured to predict a few months ago. The Left is undoubtedly chagrined, but puts a good face on, and pretends that word was sent round through its agents not to interfere with but to favour the conscription as much as possible, with a view to increasing the revolutionary leaven in the ranks of the army. It may be so, but we take leave to doubt it. The fact is that the peasants, as a whole, have not yet got beyond the stage of economic discontent, which manifests itself in various ways, but not in a refusal to serve with the colours, especially at a time when the chance of foreign war is extremely remote. The whole army being renewed in the course of three years, the revolutionists at the commencement of the troubles assigned that period for the success of their propaganda. Within three times twelve months every man in the ranks would have joined after the war, after the dawn of liberty in Russia. Then we should see! But so far it does not appear likely that this prediction will be verified. In the long run, if misgovernment continues, if the peasants, instead of settling down to the cultivation of the land, old and new, under the improved conditions of tenure, continue dissatisfied and take to politics, the army, too, will be affected throughout. Meantime, it will continue to shoot, and slash, and thrust when ordered; and, that being so, the Government of the Tsar will have no hesitation in turning out a second Dooma if it should prove equally as recalcitrant as the first.

Of the Russian navy it would be kinder, doubtless, to say nothing. Yet in our review of the situation it cannot be left wholly out of sight. There are Russians, and in the highest

places, who, echoing a question often heard abroad, ask: 'What 'good is a navy to us?' Why spend more millions in rebuilding a fleet that can have no meaning unless strong enough, in every sense, to engage a first-class naval Power with some chance of success, when the conditions are such as to preclude the attainment of such strength within a reasonable period? The possible enemies of Russia at sea are Japan, England, and Germany. To fight any one of them would require not merely a fleet, but a navy, a navy fitted in all respects to solve the problem that would arise from a conflict with one or other of those Powers—a living organism, in short, with heart and head to inspire and direct, as well as a hand to fight. The ships can be built or bought—that is merely a question of money, and the money will, if necessary, be forthcoming. But can Russia hope to man them as they should be manned? Can she hope to inform the navy, as a whole, with the spirit that would make victory possible, or at least a second Tsushima impossible?

On the eve of the late war the fiftieth anniversary of what Western Europe calls 'the massacre of Sinope' was celebrated in Russian naval circles as if it had been another Nile or Trafalgar. The Russian naval officer, with little behind him but victories cheaply won over the Turk, in which the leading part was played by Scotchmen or Englishmen, and the heroic defence of Sevastopol, where his *rôle* was not even amphibious, had evolved, heaven knows how, an inordinate vanity such as his brother of the army, for all his really glorious past, had never developed. And this vanity blinded him to a large extent to the grave defects of a system of which he was at once the product and the victim. Otherwise he could not have failed to perceive that with corruption and incompetence in the Admiralty and dockyards, with ships obsolete before they were launched (some of those present at Port Arthur and Tsushima were seven years in building), with a *personnel* recruited as to the men from the peasants of the interior and condemned to live half the year in barracks, it behoved him to be moderate in his hopes, modest in his opinions.

But though all this is true, and though one very powerful party advocates the construction of no stronger vessels than modified 'Seniavins' for coast defence, it may be taken for granted that the millions will be found and spent, the fleet rebuilt, the navy reorganised; and it must be admitted that any other course would be unreasonable, unworthy of a great nation which, however dark the present may be, has every right to look with confidence to a not very distant future. Sooner or later the day must come when Russia will once more

hold up her head amongst the nations. It can hardly be doubted that, whatever her form of Government, she will then look upon a powerful navy as a *sine qua non*, and it is therefore incumbent on her present rulers to ensure to the extent of their power the maintenance of the dockyards and all building resources of the country, to replace the vessels lost, to create a new and more adequate *personnel*, and to reform the administration. As to this there can be no question; nor need there be any, we may suppose, as to the intentions of the Emperor himself. The real problem is how to restore that spirit of discipline and devotion to duty without which ships and guns, however numerous, however powerful, are worse than useless.

The revolutionary spirit found its way into the navy long ago. One of the chief conspirators in 1881 was Sookhánoff, a naval lieutenant. He it was who laid the mine by which Alexander II. was to have been blown up had he taken the alternative route from the Michael Palace on the fatal March 1. Since then the enemies of the autocracy have found fertile soil in the ranks of the navy for the spread of their subversive ideas, and, above all, of course, since the disasters of the Japanese war. The part played by the navy in the present phase of the revolutionary movement is too recent and too crying to bear repetition. All we need note is that discipline and subordination are at a very low ebb; the fleet woefully reduced; the administration, so far as we know, much as it was; its councils certainly divided. It will take several years to rebuild the ships; and, in view of what is passing in the country, we shall hardly be wrong in assuming that it will take still longer to restore the *personnel* to even its former level.

Admiral Skridloff quite recently complained, in an Order of the day, that in the lectures delivered by the officers to their men no care was taken to answer those current questions that touched more nearly the interests of the 'peasant sailors,' or could influence satisfactorily the developement of the military spirit and help the men to grasp a right idea of duty and discipline—in other words, the admiral would fight the revolutionary spirit in the lecture-room. But we may doubt the wisdom of officially recognising that the Russian Jack-tar is a peasant first and a sailor afterwards. It is surely not conducive to discipline, at a time such as this, to remind him of class distinctions.

For practical fighting purposes the Russian navy is just now as good as non-existent, and, whatever reforms may be accomplished, for generations to come there will be left the primary obstacle to its complete efficiency—the fact, not always re-

membered either at home or abroad, that Russia has no national seaboard; that all the dwellers on her coasts are aliens in race, aliens in religion. Even if the empire remain united, this disability will continue to exist, while in the event of dismemberment it will be further intensified.

We have so far purposely refrained from mention of the Jewish question, one of the most important of the many that go to make up the complicated total problem of Russia's present state and future prospects. The civilised world has read from time to time with horror and dismay of the sufferings of the unhappy Jews of Russia; and, even in the countries where anti-Semitism largely prevails, humanity has been shocked not merely at the barbarous details of the *pogroms*, but at the fact that people in authority should be capable of devising and organising in cold blood outbreaks that, as they very well knew, would be marked by deeds of bloodcurdling cruelty committed on men, women, and children. The very word *pogrom*, together with the fact of its bodily transfer, in default of an equivalent, to the languages of all civilised peoples, will remain a perpetual monument to the shame of Russia and of the Orthodox Church. Our purpose, however, is not to enlarge on the horrors that have taken place in Kishineff, Kieff, Odessa, and a hundred other places, but to consider the Jewish question in so far as it affects the present situation. And, unless we are mistaken, the results at which we arrive will be looked upon as conveying a most solemn warning against a course of conduct fraught, if persisted in, with even greater horrors to come. We will not attempt to analyse the mutual hatred of Russian and Hebrew, or seek to explain its existence. All that can be said on the subject has been said long ago, and repetition is wearisome. What we have to do is to deal with a series of concrete facts, and to draw from them conclusions.

Of a total population now estimated at 140,000,000 of people the Jews number over 6,000,000, concentrated almost exclusively in the western provinces and in Poland. Distributed over the whole vast empire, this small, though not inconsiderable, percentage of exceptionally able, industrious, thrifty, and physically healthy people would undoubtedly exert a highly beneficial influence on their fellow-subjects, and serve in many ways the best interests of the State. Packed together in what may be called a vaster Ghetto, refused the commonest rights of citizenship, humiliated at every turn, persecuted by the authorities, and subject to recurrent outbursts of popular fury, their existence is an anomaly, a misery to themselves, a menace to the country at large, and is recognised as such alike by friend and

foe, by Tsar and people, by all parties and all classes. Jewish massacres are recorded in the earliest annals of Russia; they have been frequent of late, and are threatening still. Popular hatred of the Jews grows more, not less, intense. The autocratic Government, anxious, we may assume, to do what was just and right, but lacking in statesmanship, achieved little or nothing to ameliorate their condition or to lessen the animosity of which they are the object, and so relax in even the slightest degree the tension of the situation. Now and again, it is true, some one of their many disabilities was modified or removed. At one time the Government favoured a policy of fusion; at another, of increased isolation; now of attracting the Jews to agriculture; and, again, of confining them to the towns. But the trend of legislation, and still more of administrative measures, was overwhelmingly against them, and served but to intensify the unhappy conditions of their being, to the ever-increasing exasperation of the Jews themselves, as well as of the surrounding Russian population. Small blame to them, therefore, if they threw themselves heart and soul into the revolutionary movement; if, thanks to superior intelligence, to aptitude for intrigue, and other mental qualifications, they played in it no secondary *rôle*.

With the downfall of autocracy, to which they had largely contributed, the hopes of the Jews, as of other alien races throughout Russia, rose high. Now, surely, was the dawn of liberty, or, at least, of equal rights for all subjects of the empire; now, at last, might Jew and Gentile look to enjoy that freedom for which both had fought, and longed, and suffered! But not for that did they relax their efforts. They redoubled them rather; and therein lay their most grievous error—excusable, possibly, on the score of generosity, unpardonable as a policy. They may claim that it would have been mean to stand aside while their comrades still fought; but their position was quite peculiar, and they of all others should have accepted the manifesto of October 17 (30), and waited in patience its promised fulfilment. But, so far from adopting this prudent and reasonable course, they persisted in the wild attempt to force the hands of the Government; and to this day the Jews take an active, and seldom a subordinate, part in all the manifestations of revolutionary zeal and violence, thereby reviving, and to some extent justifying, the rabid hatred of the reactionary elements. Their friends, on the other hand, their allies, the 'Intelligents,' represented by the Kadet party, seek honestly to pay their services by putting the removal of Jewish disabilities in the forefront of their Bill of Rights; and the 'Liberal'

Ministry of M. Stolecpin, taking its stand on the Emperor's manifesto, and urged on by financial necessities, was seemingly ready to fall into line. But the mere rumour that the Jews were to receive the full benefits of citizenship roused such fury on the Right, which in this case knows it can rely absolutely on the mob and the mass, on the hooligan as well as the *moozhcek*, that the Cabinet grew afraid; and, taking shelter behind the law it respects so little on occasion, reduced its proposals to the abrogation of certain 'administrative' restrictions introduced in 1882 by Count Ignatieff, whose policy was to result, as he himself boasted, in the emigration, conversion, and destruction, in equal portions, of all the Jews of Russia.

The campaign against the granting of equal rights to the Jews has been conducted with a virulence extraordinary even for Russia in this present time of trouble, when, as we have seen, the worst of passions rage unchecked throughout the land. The monstrous telegrams addressed to the Tsar by various branches of the reactionary leagues and organisations have been published in England, and need not be reproduced here. They are equalled, if not excelled, by the shameful diatribes with which the monarchical newspapers teem, the production of MM. Soovorin, Menshikoff and others, who blame the Jews for all the ills of Russia, including the incapacity of Russian generals and consequent disasters of the war. So unmeasured is the abuse, so wildly improbable many of the charges, that in any other country they would overshoot the mark and cover their authors with confusion and ridicule. Not so in Russia. There nothing is incredible to the ignorant masses, nothing too wicked to find open support in the ranks of their superiors; and, this being so, the Jews, whatever the provocation, act most unwisely in giving colour by the part they play in the revolutionary movement to the accusations brought against them. It may now be too late to prevent renewed disorders, fresh *pogroms*. If the Jews maintain their present activity, if, ill-advised, they and their friends still urge their claims to equality of treatment with the Orthodox Russians, the world may witness, in the near future, massacres on a scale that will put all of the kind that have yet taken place in the shade.

If to all that has gone before we add that the many millions of aliens who, except in the direction of Siberia, hem Russia in on all sides are anti-Russian to a man, that most of them aspire to autonomy, a few to absolute independence; that separatist tendencies are openly manifested in Little Russia with its additional 22,500,000; we shall have said enough to enable the reader to form some idea of the present state of Russia and of

the difficulties and dangers that confront her rulers. We would willingly flatter ourselves that the picture we have drawn is complete, well balanced, well defined. But the subject is too vast, the details are too varied and too numerous, the action too rapid and near at hand to allow of any such accomplishment within the limits set. More than one of the subjects that have engaged our attention could only be dealt with fully in whole volumes. Such is the agrarian problem; such are the many questions arising from the heterogeneous nature of the population, of which the Jewish alone has been more than hinted at. But these have purposely been left to the last, because, though not without their bearing on the present situation, they concern chiefly the future of Russia, that theme of absorbing and universal interest to which we now come.

The autocratic system, then, is at an end. The Emperor, under pressure but not under compulsion, has renounced in all but the name his pretensions to absolute power. Russia, since October 17 (30), 1905, is, in theory, at least, a limited, or let us say not unlimited, monarchy. But beyond that nothing is settled, nothing is certain. The country is still in the throes of a revolutionary upheaval of which no one can tell the issue; and that issue concerns, more or less vitally, not only Russia, but Europe and the world at large.

At this moment we are on the eve of the elections, and if, in England, it is difficult in such cases to foretell, with any certainty, the results of party strife, in Russia, in the present instance, such prescience is impossible. An opinion we have already given; to go further would be foolish. But whatever the composition of this second Dooma, it will not, any more than the first, be fully representative of the country. The Government has taken good care of that, both by its limitation of the suffrage and by its interference in the electoral campaign. Nor can anyone know beforehand what will be its fate, though, should it prove strongly Radical, a shrewd guess may be made.

As to the less immediate future, and more particularly as to that dismemberment of the empire which we have recently been assured is not only inevitable, but imminent, we will, without assuming the prophet's mantle, venture to point out certain facts, suggest certain conclusions, and even, in regard to this or that detail, speak with conviction; and if these conclusions run counter to others drawn from the same premises by certain well-known writers on Russia, whose opinions are entitled to every respect, they are none the less, we may hope, worthy of consideration.

It would be cruel to nail by the ears those whose prophetic

utterances in regard to things Russian have been falsified by the event. The prophets of old were inspired from above ; but now, when the gift is no longer vouchsafed, unless to Berlin, we must rely on the data that can by diligence be obtained. Unfortunately there is in most cases what may be called a 'defiant 'margin' of missing knowledge, the more subtly misleading that its absence is often unnoticed, and it is this margin that only too frequently renders prediction vain. Immediate bankruptcy has been, and still is, the prediction of many. It was proved beyond cavil or dispute so long ago as 1885, by very eminent specialists—on paper—and at frequent intervals since. It is the central theme of the most recently published work on Russia. Yet the service of the loans is not in default ; the gold currency is maintained ; and the revenue returns for the year just ending exceed even M. Kokovtseff's sanguine expectations. It was proved to conviction more than once in the last quarter of a century—again on paper, of course—that millions must die of famine. They did not so die. In 1888 war between Russia and Germany was declared inevitable by every diplomatist and nearly every newspaper correspondent in St. Petersburg, and by many of the principal organs of the Press of Europe. They were not in the secret of Prince Bismarck's hedging treaty. In regard to the late war—its inception, conclusion, the carrying capacity of the Siberian railway, and so on—some of the very highest authorities were utterly wrong from beginning to end ; while the fear of a revolutionary upheaval in Russia was scouted by one who claimed special acquaintance with the country only a year or two before it actually took place. Finally, in the very recent work already referred to, we were informed that neither the Government not the Dooma would venture to do away with the communal system.

All this we adduce not by way of reproach, but to emphasise the dangers of vaticination in regard to things Russian. The late Sir Robert Morier, soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg, on looking out of the Embassy windows one morning, saw something dark and round bobbing about amidst the ice-floes of the Neva. It proved to be the head of a seal, which presently clambered out and sat sunning itself on the ice until scared away by people passing. 'There!' said the Ambassador, who had never dreamt that there were seals in St. Petersburg. 'That is 'Russia all over! Everything is flat, dull, colourless, as the 'frozen surface of that river ; but you never know what strange 'and monstrous thing will emerge at any moment and scatter 'your preconceived notions to the winds!' It is a trite saying that the unexpected happens ; but it is eminently true of Russia.

The main feature in the problem we are now discussing is the ethnic variety of the Russian population. It is argued that only the absolute authority of the Tsars enabled Russia to keep in hand the subject races; and if this is true, the abrogation of that authority can only spell disintegration—the dismemberment of the empire. The autocracy once at an end, the principle of representation once granted, then local self-government, autonomy, tending, in some cases at least, to absolute independence, must follow; for the Poles first, as the strongest and most compact of the various nationalities, and, by logical necessity, for all the rest in turn. A democratic Dooma, whatever the form of Government, cannot deny to others what it claims for itself, cannot go back on the basal principle of its own being and power; for that would be to stultify itself. The conglomeration of races hitherto held together by the strong hand of autocracy must resolve itself into a federacy of larger and smaller States, each with Home Rule, each with the fullest right of representation in the central Parliament, or break up altogether into separate, independent entities; and we are asked to contemplate the resulting state of things—a Dooma containing elements as varied and as numerous as could be got together from all the rest of Europe, as mutually hostile, and infinitely more ignorant. The analogy is misleading, were it only for the reason that, with the exception of Poland and Finland, the remaining nationalities have either no tradition of autonomy or independence behind them, or only in the more or less remote past. But we will not challenge the logic of the argument as a whole; it would be difficult, indeed, to do so. We cannot, however, but think that here, too, that 'defiant 'margin' would in due time make itself felt. What we would call attention to is the ulterior consequence, of which, so far, little or nothing has been said.

Granted that the Russian Empire falls to pieces as a direct, inevitable result of the movement now in progress—what then? Of the 140,000,000 constituting the present population of the empire not more than about 55,000,000 are true Russians. These would be left to their own devices, and what would be the result? The map will tell us. This very considerable population, one in race, faith, language, and tradition, would find itself in occupation of a perfectly flat country, having not the semblance of a geographical boundary; but containing the sources and upper waters only of all the great rivers of European Russia, with no command of their mouths, no access to the sea. It would be surrounded by numerous much smaller peoples, differing from it and from one another in all four particulars mentioned, and

to a large extent mutually hostile. How long would this state of things last? How long would the 55,000,000 of Great Russians submit to such conditions? Is it thinkable that they would do so for a year, for a month, for a day? And if not, what chance would their weaker neighbours have against them? Poland alone contains the elements of a strong and independent State; no one can deny the possibility of Warsaw becoming once more the capital of a kingdom or a republic. But the Polish question is an international one, in regard to which Germany would have a weighty word to say. Little Russia might conceivably establish and maintain a separate existence; we can hardly think it likely. When we come to the remaining nationalities is it conceivable that such comparatively insignificant populations as the Lithuanians, the Letts, the Esthonians, could hold their own against even diminished Russia, and bar her way to the Baltic? The case of Finland is different, for the Finns have proved themselves a progressive and a wise people, and they have a century of autonomy behind them. But even the Finns will need all their wisdom to maintain the position they have lately regained. They can never stand against Russia if it comes to a trial of strength. The Turko-Tartar races, numbering 13,500,000, would, we are told, claim autonomy with the rest, and again we find no fault with fact or argument. But could they, any more than the dwellers on the Baltic, maintain their position against the Muscovite? They ruled Russia for over two centuries, they harried and devastated it for a much longer period. What are their descendants now? In the country, peaceful agriculturists; in the towns, coachmen, *dvorniks*, waiters, old-clothes men. Once the period of their domination passed, have they shown any aptitude for rule; have they ever displayed the smallest capacity for enlightenment, for progress? The answer is—None! Have they produced a single man of genius, of distinction, even, in literature, in science, in art; in the court or in the field; in peace or in war? Not one! They are excellent people—honest, industrious, peaceable, trustworthy; but they have had their day; they have demonstrated both what they can and what they cannot do; in short, they have found their level. They will never again rule Russia; they will never achieve independence; they will never maintain even autonomy, should they, in some convulsion of the Russian Empire, momentarily grasp it.

Napoleon's gibe is true enough in the figurative sense; but literally applied, as many who ought to know better do apply it, it is just one of those frequent generalisations, the more misleading for the modicum of truth they contain. That there is

Tartar, or rather Touranian, blood in the Russian is undoubtedly true. The absorption of the Finnic tribes, to which reference has already been made, is an incontrovertible fact, and in other directions the same process went on for centuries. The Cossacks, again, were essentially raiders, and remained such in the Caucasus almost into our own times. They made no scruple to take unto themselves native wives wherever and whenever they could, and there runs in their veins not only Tartar blood but that of the Caucasian mountaineers—Tcherkess, Tchetchen, Koumuik, and others. But only those quite blinded by prejudice can fail to see that, with all their faults, and however backward they may be, the Russians are distinctly Aryans; so that, paradoxical as it may sound, the admitted infiltration of alien blood only bears witness to the strength and persistency of the original type. Any axiomatic proposition must be capable of demonstration conversely. 'Scratch the Russian and find the Tartar' if you can. Slaver the Tartar as much as you like, you will never find the Russian.

And what of the Caucasus, that Babylonian tower, with the mass of heterogeneous peoples seething at its base? Unity, independence, autonomy, for 7,000,000 of human beings differing in language, race, and religion; from the cultivated Armenian and Georgian down to Khevsoors, Deedos, and other wild mountain tribes, at a lower level of civilisation now than in their own Bronze Age, a thousand years before Christ! Christian, Mussulman, Hebrew, Pagan, speaking a variety of tongues, such as is not to be found on any other equal space of ground on the surface of the globe, from the Arabic used in medrisseh and mosque down to the unwritten marvels of fantastic speech echoed in the remoter mountain fastnesses, whose infinite complexity reminds one that grammar at its highest is the possession of those who have none. The Armenians, with their secret societies, dream of independence; the Georgians of autonomy, the Tartars and tribesmen, doubtless, of recovered licence. But each hates his neighbours. Remove the Russian yoke, let any one race set up for itself, and all the rest will fly at its throat. To anyone who knows the country and its inhabitants, independence, autonomy, in any shape, and above all unity, are impossible, unthinkable. Even the Mussulman majority could not, cannot unite. Shamil for thirty years strove with sword in one hand—his terrible left—and Koran in the other to weld them into the semblance of a nation; for thirty years he ruled Daghestan and Tchetchnia with a rod of iron; for thirty years he defied the might of Russia, and Shamil failed, Shamil fell, not because Russia was strong, but because

neither love of country nor zeal for religion, though both were wrought to the highest pitch, could keep such heterogeneous elements together.

The granite and gneiss of the central chain dominate in turn the limestones, the chalks, and the tertiary formations. What was lowest is highest. We may almost as soon look for a reversion to the original stratification of the Caucasus as to the establishment of any such agreement amongst the peoples who dwell there as would render independence, autonomy, possible. Russian rule or chaos are the only alternatives.

It is charged against the Russians that they are a listless, apathetic race, whence it is inferred that they will bow their heads meekly to the strokes of fate; but here, again, we have to deal with a half-truth only. Just as the individual *moozheek* is by turns good-natured and the reverse, so the Russians as a nation are apathetic in general, wildly energetic on occasion. They have just suffered one of the most cruel reverses that ever befell a great and proud people, and it is the fashion to decry them. But their history bears plainly on the face of it the characteristics of a conquering, dominant race; and the story of the Cossack advance, south and east, is a marvel of successful colonisation, and puts the Russians in this respect on a higher level than any but Anglo-Saxons. It is not, perhaps, very remarkable that the Swedes were conquered on land; but they were beaten, too, at sea—and by Peter's infant navy. The Poles have been shamefully treated by all their neighbours, and Russia in relation to Poland appears in the *rôle* of big bully, to the indignation of Western Europe. It is forgotten that the Poles, like the Tartars, had it all their own way once, and but for their own folly and failings should have permanently secured the hegemony of the Slav race. They drove the Ukraine Cossacks from them by favouring Jewish exactions and Jesuit intrigues. The governing class oppressed the people, yet ruined the country by its own dissensions. The Poles, in short, have yet to prove their capacity for self-government, their superiority in this respect to the Russians; and the fact is emphasised, not weakened, by the admission that they are a cleverer and more cultured people. What is their attitude now? All classes, of course, aspire to national independence; but when was unity known in Poland? Before 1900 Nationalistic views were in the ascendant; Poland was to work out her own salvation. But differences then began to make themselves felt, and after 'Bloody Sunday' (January 1905) it was agreed, though far from unanimously, to work in unison with the Russian Revolutionists on the understanding that their triumph would bring about the freeing of

Poland more quickly than any independent action. Lately there has been a strong revulsion, due, no doubt, to the partial failure of violent means in Russia, and the 'Polish Socialistic 'party' has reaffirmed the former policy, and cut itself loose from the revolutionary movement in Russia. This party, however, by no means carries with it the whole of the Polish proletariat, and its change of front and determination to boycott the new Dooma has already led to scenes of violence and even to much bloodshed, particularly at Lodz.

Of the Tartars we have already spoken, and anyone who knows the history of the campaigns in Transcaucasia will admit that not even the English in India showed greater energy, greater valour, more heroic disregard of numerical odds than the Russians under such men as Yermóloff, Madátoff, Kariághin, Kotliarévsky, Paskiévitch, Mouravioff, and a host of others, against the Persians and the Turks. But the war of 1812, after all, is in itself the best refutation of the charge of racial apathy, and those who can believe that the Great Russians would ever accept the position that must of necessity result from the dismemberment of the empire can have read the story of the Napoleonic invasion but to little purpose. Prince Bismarck was no bad judge of men and nations, and Prince Bismarck feared not only Russia but the Russians.

It follows that if the empire of the Tsars is indeed about to fall asunder, which we take leave to doubt, there will be no peace in Eastern Europe until the Russians have once more dominated the majority of the peoples they now rule. If, on the other hand, the dismemberment so confidently predicted as imminent is averted, we can, unhappily, see no reason to anticipate a speedy return to internal tranquillity. 'Long 'foretold, long last,' is the sailor's warning, and the storm now raging took ages to brew. The change from autocracy to Constitutional Government, the abolition of the communal system, the necessity for a readjustment of the relations between the dominant race and the other varied ethnic elements of the vast population are but some of the factors in a situation that cannot be solved *ambulando*. Lookers-on are ever eager to see the end of the game, and their wishes are apt to father their thoughts. But history will hold the present troubles not so very lasting if a generation sees their end.

Art. XI.—THE FIRST EARL OF DURHAM AND COLONIAL ASPIRATION.

1. *Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham* (1792–1840). By Stuart J. Reid, Author of 'The Life and Times of Sydney Smith,' 'Lord John Russell,' &c. 2 vols. London: Longmans, 1906.
2. *The Report of the Earl of Durham, Her Majesty's High Commissioner and Governor-General of British North America.* A new edition, with Introductory Note. London: Methuen & Co., 1902.
3. *Lord Elgin.* By Sir John George Bourinot. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack. Toronto: Morang & Co., 1905.
4. *Studies in Colonial Nationalism.* By Richard Jebb. London: Edward Arnold, 1905.

In countless histories, memoirs, and 'lives and letters,' all the incidents connected with the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832 have been fully told. These were the heroic years of Whig achievement; and great writers have vied with one another in glowing descriptions of the fierceness of the struggle, and in admiration of the progressive yet firm statesmanship which brought the country through a period of internal storm and danger into the quieter waters of the Victorian age. The portraits of the protagonists in the great strife—Lord Grey and Lord John Russell, Lord Althorp and Lord Brougham—are fixed in the minds of their countrymen. There are no new facts to be disclosed; and there is no new light to be shed upon a period whose history all Englishmen who care about history at all already know by heart. Everyone has heard of the carrying of General Gascoigne's motion; of the readiness of King William to dissolve Parliament at a moment's notice 'though he should have to drive to Westminster in a hackney 'coach'; of the final scene the following year in the House of Lords; of Lord Brougham at the Edinburgh banquet to Lord Grey in 1834. Yet Mr. Stuart Reid has not been afraid to invite us once more to traverse well-worn ground in order to do justice to one of the truest of all Reformers; to whom at the time the most active and advanced wing of the Whig-Radical party looked as a leader, but whose importance and whose influence have been in later times less regarded by his countrymen than they should have been.

Lord Durham, as his biographer points out, was the connecting link between the aristocratic Whig leaders of the Reform party

in London and the irresponsible Radical politicians in the great towns. He was chairman of that small committee of four Ministers which was appointed by Lord Grey to prepare for the Cabinet the first draft of the Reform Bill. Its three other members were Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, and Lord Duncannon. The chairman was the most Radical of the four. The scheme was in the first instance drawn up by Lord John Russell. It was then subjected to much criticism by his colleagues, and, as usually happens in such cases, the draft finally sent to Lord Grey for presentation to the Cabinet was the result of a good deal of compromise as to details. It is noteworthy that the final scheme of this committee proposed the introduction of the ballot and the shortening the duration of Parliament to five years. During the next eighteen months Lord Durham threw his whole weight on to the side of strong measures to secure the passing of the Bill. From the first he was ready to urge the creation of peers to carry Reform in the House of Lords, where the rejection of the second reading of the second Reform Bill in October 1831 by a majority of forty-one had given rise to the fiercest indignation amongst the people. Brougham on the spot wrote to Lord Durham :

'I want to let you know how your favourite measure stands. I have done my endeavour—indeed I never exerted myself more, and am very much knocked up. Lord Grey exceeded himself. I never heard anything like his reply—his opening speech having been first-rate too. The bishops have done for themselves, and that they begin to feel already. They won't vote on many more Bills.'

A comment, as Mr. Reid observes, which shows that amongst Brougham's manifold gifts that of prophecy was not included.

With the passing of the Reform Bill Lord Durham did not cease to deserve the nickname of 'Radical Jack' by which he was known to his neighbours in the North of England. All talk of 'finality' repelled him. 'We must not suffer,' he said in a great speech at Glasgow in 1834, 'the Reform Bill to become 'a dead letter, or, what is worse, merely an instrument of party 'triumph. We must make it what it ought to be and what it 'shall be—a great instrument of national regeneration.' Many men had been disappointed—it could not but be so—that, great as were the benefits that flowed from the Reform Act, it had not yet brought about a golden age. Mr. Reid minimises in a strange degree both the scope and the effects of that great measure.

'The Reform Act,' he says,* 'was at best only a compromise ; but it broke the old exclusive traditions, though it did not result

* Vol. i. p. 297.

in the violent social upheaval which many timid people had dreaded. It did nothing, as Walter Bagehot has shown, to remove the worst evils from which the nation suffered, for the simple reason that those evils were not in their nature political, but economic. But though it left untouched the tax on corn, and much else that was unjust, it ushered in a new temper in regard to public questions. It recognised the changed conditions of English society, and gave the mercantile and manufacturing classes, with their growing wealth, intelligence and energy, not only the consciousness of power, but the sense of responsibility. Ardent Radicals, it is true, were chagrined by the cautious attitude of the new electorate; the reformed House of Commons was in no hurry to make sweeping changes: on the contrary, in all legislative matters it made haste slowly.'

The first reformed Parliament met at the end of January 1833. It was dissolved by Sir Robert Peel at the end of December in the year following. To have abolished slavery, to have compensated the slave-owners, and to have passed the new Poor Law at the cost of much popularity, was to have accomplished great things. The operation of that Act was followed almost at once by an immense improvement in the moral and material condition of the people. Rates were diminished, wages increased, there was more employment, riots, machine-breaking and rick-burning ceased, whilst there was a surprising diminution in the number of illegitimate births. The Whigs were no sooner back in office in 1835, after Sir Robert Peel's short administration, than the work of practical reform was resumed. The Corporation Reform Act, and the measures dealing with the Church of England on the basis of the reports of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, were of the greatest importance. In less than five years from the meeting of the First Reform Parliament the Anti-Corn Law League was at work. It was the democratising of the franchise and the representation of the big towns that made the abolition of the Corn Laws possible. It is true that the Reform Act of 1832 did not advance as far as the extreme wing of the Radical party desired; but assuredly it was not looked upon at the time as a compromise. On the contrary it was regarded as a very strong and thorough-going measure, by many even as a revolutionary measure. It is again true that later Reform Acts have enfranchised far larger numbers of electors than were brought on the Register in 1832. But in estimating the magnitude of any constitutional change, it is necessary to consider the conditions before the change was accomplished. In 1867 and in 1885, vast as were the numbers of electors enfranchised, the actual change was as nothing in comparison with that effected in 1832. Then it was that Privilege received its great check, and

that popular representation came for the first time to be frankly recognised as the sole basis of the constitution of the House of Commons. The great Reform Act involved a mighty transference of political power. It accomplished what was in fact a peaceful revolution. The country owes much to the statesmanlike conduct of the Ministers who passed the Bill, and to Sir Robert Peel, who led the Opposition, in the critical years that followed 1832. On each side it was the difficult duty of statesmen to keep in hand the zeal and restrain the excesses of the extreme section of their followers; and it was their firm moderation that enabled the Reform Act to prove itself (in Lord Grey's words) in the best sense 'conservative of the Constitution.'

The Reform Act was no sooner passed than Lord Durham, at the request of Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston, undertook a mission to the Czar, with whom it was highly desirable to establish friendly relations. In Belgium and Holland, with regard to the Papal States, in Persia, Central Asia and elsewhere, Russian policy had been leaning steadily against British sympathies and interests, and the oppressive treatment of the Poles had called forth vain remonstrances from the British Foreign Office. Lord Durham was at all events successful in bringing into happier accord the relations of the Ministries in St. Petersburg and London, and so materially contributed to the maintenance of European peace. In the achievement of direct diplomatic results his mission seems to have effected little.

After a couple of months spent in Russia, Durham returned to England before the elections under the Reform Act had begun, to find the Cabinet already much divided on their Irish policy. He flung himself, it need scarcely be said, with much ardour on to the side of the anti-coercion party against the Irish Secretary, Lord Stanley (the future Lord Derby), who had the support of the Prime Minister. In the following March Durham resigned in consequence of his disapproval of the Coercion Bill, putting his withdrawal on the ground of ill-health. Their Irish policy was, however, not his only cause of dissatisfaction with Lord Grey's Cabinet. So critical was he known to be of Ministerial projects, that he earned the sobriquet of the 'Dis-'senting Minister.' He received an earldom on retiring, but he never again became a Minister of the Crown. It is clear that, as a member of the Cabinet, his colleagues had found him not a little trying; and the tone he at once adopted in the country towards the Government he had just quitted was not likely to conciliate those with whom he had lately acted. When in the summer of 1834 Lord Grey himself resigned in consequence of difficulties connected with the renewal of Irish coercion, Lord

Durham expected to be invited by the King to succeed his father-in-law as Prime Minister. The choice would have pleased the Radicals, but he was in little favour with the King; and even had that not been the case it is extremely doubtful whether the remaining members of Lord Grey's Ministry would have consented to serve under him. Lord Grey in no way pushed his relative's claims. That Durham was a high-minded statesman and an earnest Reformer cannot be questioned, but it is equally beyond doubt that his peculiar temperament, his warm temper, and the exceedingly high appreciation in which he held his own services and merits, made him a difficult colleague to work with. Lord Melbourne, in every respect the antithesis of Lord Durham, was the choice of the King; and he was never forgiven by Durham for his presumption in filling a post to which, as his biographer agrees with him in holding, he himself had far higher claims. And when Lord Melbourne did not even offer him a place in the Ministry, the cup of his indignation was full.

It is quite unnecessary at this time of day to discuss the violent quarrel between the quondam allies, the two great champions of the Reform Bill, Lord Durham and Lord Brougham. During the short interval between Lord Grey's resignation and Sir Robert Peel's Ministry Lord Melbourne had Lord Brougham as his Lord Chancellor. If Durham as a colleague was difficult, Brougham as a colleague was almost impossible. At the great banquet given to Lord Grey in Edinburgh a couple of months after his resignation, the strained relations between the three chief personages present—Lords Grey, Brougham, and Durham—were made apparent to all men. When the Lord Chancellor held out his hand to his late chief, the latter drew himself up and made 'no sign of recognition, looking a calm repulse.' Brougham nevertheless, in replying to the toast of 'His Majesty's Ministers,' extolled Lord Grey to the skies, and then proceeded to make allusions to those who had deserted both their friends and the people in language aimed, so everyone present understood, at Lord Durham. The latter a few minutes later obtained his chance when replying to the toast of 'The Reformers of England,' coupled with his name. His noble and learned friend, he said, had given advice to over-impatient reformers, a class of persons of whom he, Lord Durham, had no knowledge; 'but let us be-'ware,' he continued, 'of compromising our principles; and let us 'refuse all sympathy to those who would conciliate our enemies 'by clipping, paring, and mutilating measures of reform'; during which remarks Lord Brougham is said to 'have looked 'the embodiment of all evil passions.' Lord Grey seems to have disliked the turn of his son-in-law's observations in spite

of all the praise lavished upon himself. It was in his opinion a 'mischievous speech,' and we are less sure than Mr. Stuart Reid that this comment shows either undue 'petulance' on the part of Lord Grey or his want of touch with public sentiment. By his two eminent colleagues the late Prime Minister had in the past, it is only fair to remember, been very highly tried.

The conflict between Lord Brougham and Lord Durham was a lasting one; and the latter complained of the 'stabs in the 'back' dealt him, he believed, by the former under the cover of the anonymity of the EDINBURGH REVIEW. The then editor (Mr. Macvey Napier) from his own experience was well able to understand the difficulty caused to chief and colleagues by the wayward genius and impracticable temper of Brougham. As Macaulay put it in a private letter to the editor, 'in every asso-'ciation, political or literary, Brougham would always dominate.' Prime Minister and Editor alike found it almost impossible, without risking the success of their cause, 'to oppose resolutely 'the demands of a man so able and powerful.' The evidence all points to the reasons why neither Brougham nor Durham found a place in Lord Melbourne's second Administration.

'Durham,' says Mr. Stuart Reid,* 'did himself harm in official quarters by his outspoken, perfervid harangues, and when the Whigs came back to power in the spring of 1835 he was left out in the cold, in spite of his ascendency in the country. Melbourne distrusted him, Palmerston disliked him, and Grey, who was consulted on the formation of the new Cabinet, shook his head. The consequence was, the most fearless and brilliant man of Cabinet rank at that period got the cold shoulder because forsooth he was altogether too candid and far in front of the times. This was the more unpardonable since Durham, more than anyone else, by the enthusiasm which his speeches had aroused in the country, had brought the Liberals back to power.'

Lord Melbourne, his colleagues and his late chief all desired that the new Administration should be united and should last. Lord Grey was beyond the influence of any motives due to political rivalry. These statesmen, it is highly probable, may have had good reasons in their personal knowledge of Lord Durham for greatly doubting whether he would bring strength to the new Administration; and though Lord Durham's ability and sincerity are beyond question, even Mr. Stuart Reid's vehement advocacy does not convince us that they were wrong. If there were reasons against including him in the Cabinet, the high value that was placed on his ability and competence to serve

* Vol. i. p. 407.

the country is at all events amply proved by the responsible position to which, as we have seen, Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston at once appointed him. Again in 1837, when there was some talk of bringing Lord Durham, Mr. Charles Buller and others into the Ministry in order to strengthen the Radical element in the Government, Lord Melbourne wrote as follows to Lord John Russell (July 7, 1837): 'I have no personal 'objection to any man. But everybody, after the experience 'we have had, must doubt whether there can be peace or 'harmony in a Cabinet of which Lord Durham is a member.'* Mr. Stuart Reid is laudably anxious to vindicate the character of a statesman whom he justly admires. But he goes a good deal further than the evidence warrants in attributing to the petty jealousies and personal animosities of rival statesmen Durham's exclusion from the Cabinet, when it may be laid with far greater probability to the account of his own peculiar character and difficult temper.

From 1835 to 1837 Lord Durham held the post of ambassador at St. Petersburg, earning the gratitude of the Foreign Minister, Lord Palmerston, and winning the confidence of the Czar. His task was not an easy one, as British feeling was inflamed against Russia in consequence of the cruel oppression of the Poles. The King profoundly distrusted Russian assurances, and was inclined to think that his ambassador might be drawn into false security by too great a reliance on the fair speech of Russian statesmen. Lord Palmerston was fully alive to this danger, and duly cautioned the ambassador. But these fears were groundless, and Durham was exceedingly successful in obtaining the goodwill of the autocratic government to which he was accredited, without leaving for a moment in doubt the determination of the British Ministry to uphold at all costs what they held to be British interests.

Lord Durham's fame to-day does not depend on his services in the cause of Reform and progressive government, great as they were. Still less is it due to the excellent work he accomplished in maintaining and improving good relations between Great Britain and Russia. It is his mission to Canada, and his advocacy of the principles which ought to regulate the relations between the Mother Country and the self-governing Colonies, that have made his career memorable. Yet so far as personal and immediate interests were concerned that mission was a failure. Durham was reprimanded and recalled. Nevertheless in the eyes of posterity he is justly regarded as having won true honour

* See Sir Spencer Walpole's 'Life of Lord John Russell.'

in having pointed out to his own and future generations the best way, indeed the only way, of securing within the bounds of the British Empire, and in allegiance to the throne, the various elements—various in race, in religion, in character—of which it is composed. The difficulties which he had to encounter are with us still. They can only be overcome by our adherence to those wise principles of statesmanship which he urged. He died 'conscious,' writes his biographer,* 'that 'coming generations would recognise the honesty of his inten-'tions, no less than the magnitude of his work. Perhaps the 'proud Lambton motto, *Le jour viendra*, flashed through 'his mind, as he murmured when dying, "Canada will one '"day do justice to my memory." Surely that day is at hand.'

When the invitation to go to Canada as Governor-General and High Commissioner was first made to Durham he declined, and it was only some months afterwards, when the difficulties had increased, that a strong feeling of patriotism finally compelled him, much against his inclination, to yield to the pressing solicitations of Lord Melbourne. At length, on January 17, 1838, he wrote to the Prime Minister: 'I will consent to under-'take this most arduous and difficult task, depending on the 'cordial and energetic support of her Majesty's Government, 'and on their putting the most favourable construction on 'my actions.' Lord Melbourne, replying the same day, assured him that he thought 'he was making a great sacrifice for the 'chance of doing an essential service to the country.' 'As 'far as I am concerned,' he went on, 'and I think I can answer 'for all my colleagues, you will receive the firmest and most 'unflinching support.'

The troubles in Canada at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, the mission of Lord Durham, and his famous Report, forced Englishmen to think seriously of the future of our Colonial relations. In Canada difficulties which from time to time must necessarily be experienced in portions of our widespread Empire had become focussed. Differences of race and of religion had widened into the sharpest antagonism, and colonial dislike to 'the interference' of the Colonial Office was producing a separatist feeling of evil augury for the future relations of Mother Country and Colony. Long before, indeed to some extent as early as the Quebec Act of 1774, and much more fully in Pitt's Act of 1791, recognition had been given to the principle of popular representative government. That the French-

* Vol. ii. p. 376.

Canadians had for many years been conspicuously loyal was the direct consequence of that wise statesmanship which had protected their language, local laws and customs, and had given them a popular constitution far more liberal than their ancestors had ever known at home. After the peace of 1815 the British element in Canada largely increased, and the newer and more western territories soon began to fill rapidly with a far more pushing and adventurous race, which looked down upon Frenchmen—the old settlers and the majority of the population—as little better than aliens in blood and in religion.

Besides the difficulties that sprang from the necessary, or at least natural, jarrings between French and English, the imperfect acceptance of the principle of local self-government could not but cause friction between the people of Canada and the authorities at home. In Upper Canada, the people, essentially British in their ideas, were profoundly dissatisfied with a parliamentary constitution in which the Government was not responsible to the Parliament. To legislate and to vote the taxes was not sufficient. They claimed a Parliament which should choose and control the Executive Government. Only recently they had watched with sympathy the struggle of reformers at home to base the constitution frankly on the popular will. To men of English blood, indeed, a Parliament which does not control the Government seems no Parliament at all. In Lower Canada the main constitutional demand was to substitute for the nominated Legislative Council or Upper House an elective Chamber. Both in Upper and Lower Canada the elected Chambers had recourse to the only weapon that remains to a representative assembly powerless to change the Ministry, viz. the stoppage of supplies. Hence an immediate deadlock in the machinery of government, followed by rebellion in both Provinces, which was, however, suppressed without much difficulty by Sir John Colborne, who, on the resignation of the Governor-General, Lord Gosford, ruled the country under martial law till the arrival of Lord Durham at Quebec at the end of May 1838.

The Parliament at home, constitutionally supreme throughout the Empire, had suspended the constitution of Canada; and Lord Melbourne's Government sent out with almost universal approval Lord Durham as temporary Dictator, with power in the first place to re-establish order and the supremacy of the law, and in the second place, as he himself expressed it in the House of Lords, 'to be the humble instrument of conferring upon 'the British North American Provinces such a free and liberal 'constitution as shall place them on the same scale of inde-

'pendence as the rest of the possessions of Great Britain, and 'as shall tend to their own immediate honour, welfare and 'prosperity.' Durham was therefore in the singular position of a Dictator; notwithstanding that he had been throughout his whole life, and was still, deeply imbued with the belief that it is only through the consent and approval of the governed that satisfactory government can be achieved.

Much, therefore, though the Radical Party at home were inclined to dislike the exercise of arbitrary power, the confidence they felt in Durham led them to acquiesce hopefully in the action taken by the Ministry. As between the races Lord Durham was determined to be impartial, believing nevertheless that the future hopes of the Colony and of her continued allegiance to the Empire depended on the British becoming the most powerful factor in the State. Whilst many of the French were at this time undoubtedly disaffected, British arrogance had much to answer for in provoking and increasing discontent. Mr. Charles Buller, Lord Durham's most able assistant, felt this even more keenly than his chief, and his sympathies (in the language of the present day) would be called 'pro-French.'

Lord Durham had no sooner arrived in Canada than he took the strong step of at once appointing entirely new men, strangers to Canada, to the Executive Council, which, in accordance with the statute creating his dictatorship, was to be his instrument of government. Canadians, he considered, were too much involved in recent controversies and animosities to be trusted to act impartially at that time of crisis. He named his three secretaries, and one only of the members of the State Council of his predecessor, to form the new Council. It is hardly to be wondered at, that considerable outcry arose. Even had there been nothing to allege against the personal fitness of those appointed (and as to two of them this was very far from being the case), still to convert his private secretaries by a stroke of the pen into great officers of state, his sole advisers during the suspension of the regular Constitution, was startling, to say the least of it. Mr. Reid says that 'this first step of Lord Durham 'was as unusual as it was bold.' But was it also wise? The French-Canadians at the moment doubtless approved, for power was withdrawn from British Canadians, and the French party was eagerly expecting the Governor-General shortly to restore, by his supreme authority, their old constitution. The leaders of the British party, on the other hand, disliked their exclusion from the control of public affairs. The truth is that Lord Durham's action in Canada did not go beyond the taking of 'first steps.' The Dictator was preparing the way. No time was allowed him

to carry out the policy on which he had set his heart, and we must judge of his wisdom and statesmanship less by his action during the few short months he spent in Canada than by the intentions he professed and the plan he propounded in his famous Report.

It was unfortunate that almost from the time of his landing at Quebec his relations with the Home Government were uneasy. Two of his appointments were made the subject of attack in Parliament. And he had reason to be dissatisfied with the lukewarmness shown by the Government in his defence. But Mr. Reid, in his zeal, goes much too far in suggesting that the Prime Minister ought to have felt no scruples as to the character of the agents employed by Lord Durham. We regret his tone towards Lord Melbourne, in whose career we know of nothing to disqualify him from taking a strict view as to all matters of personal honour.

The issue by Lord Durham of the Ordinance of June 28 was a much more serious matter. Under this instrument eight of the chief political prisoners who had pleaded guilty of high treason were exiled to Bermuda, and Papineau and others who had escaped to the United States were forbidden to return to Canada on pain of death. When the news reached England Lord Brougham and Durham's enemies at home at once fastened upon the Ordinance as their main ground of attack. And it was in truth the cause of his fall. Mr. Reid does not attempt to defend the legality of the famous Ordinance, and to Brougham's contention that Lord Durham had no authority to detain prisoners in Bermuda, or to inflict sentences on untried men, like Papineau, it was not easy to find a satisfactory answer. Still Ministers should have borne in mind the great difficulties of Durham's position, and the motives of clemency and policy which had undoubtedly influenced him. With the Ordinance he had published a general amnesty for all who had taken part in the rebellion, with the exception of those named in the Ordinance itself, some twenty-three in number. Prisoners were at once released, and fugitives invited to return to their homes. Writing to the Queen on the day of publishing the Ordinance, Durham claimed :

'that he had done all that sound policy required in the way of punishment and security. Not one drop of blood has been shed. The guilty have received justice ; the misguided, mercy ; but at the same time security is afforded to the loyal and peaceable subjects of this hitherto distracted Province, and I may now undertake, without interruption, the remaining part of my mission—the final arrangement of the Constitution of these important Colonies.'

In the debates in the House of Lords on the Bill introduced by Lord Brougham to indemnify Durham for the consequences of his illegal proceedings, the latter felt that he had been abandoned and deserted by his immediate chief (Lord Glenelg) and the Prime Minister. From Lord John Russell alone, he declared, he had received the cordial support to which he considered he was entitled. The position in which the Ministry was placed was an undoubtedly difficult one, and it is of a kind such as the Government of an Empire like ours must from time to time face. The advisers of the Crown ought to be the chief guardians of the constitutional liberties of British subjects, which in times of difficulty and danger the more excitable of those on the spot are often too ready to disregard. Lord John Russell, whose respect for law and the principles of the Constitution was never questioned, took the right line. He felt himself unable to justify the words and terms of Lord Durham's Ordinance ; 'but 'looking at his conduct as a whole he would be ready to take 'part with him, and to bear his own share of any responsibility 'incurred in such difficult circumstances.' This manly language excited at the time much admiration, and drew at the moment from the Speaker (Shaw-Lefevre) the following note :

'You have made the best speech I ever heard you make, and worthy of a Minister in such difficult circumstances. You have done more than I thought possible to extricate Lord Melbourne from a difficulty of the most painful and serious character ; for I never could see how he could reconcile himself to remain in office when he could not defend or protect a person in so very arduous a situation as Lord Durham.' *

The disallowance of the Ordinance, which took Durham completely by surprise, he learned first of all from an American newspaper. He was out of health at the time, and the news of the disavowal of his acts, which he felt would cut away from under his feet the authority essential to carrying out his far-reaching policy, brought him almost to despair. He would at once have resigned, but on second thoughts he determined to withhold his resignation for a few weeks until he should be able to complete the inquiries he was making, upon the results of which he intended to base his plan for the future government of Canada.

However excellent Lord Durham's intentions, and however wise his ultimate policy may have been, it is impossible to justify the action he took after the Ordinance had been disallowed. He did not resign, but remained in Canada, for the

* See Sir Spencer Walpole's 'Life of Lord John Russell.'

time being the representative of his Sovereign. Whilst so doing he had no right to censure the Queen's Ministers—her constitutional advisers—for their Canadian policy. It may be that his position was a hard one, that his conduct had been misinterpreted, and his motives misunderstood. It may have been a temptation to appeal to those on the spot who sympathised with him and approved his conduct, against the statesmen at home who had sent him out with promises of support and who now implicitly rebuked him. But Durham's error nevertheless was a grievous one, and we cannot, with Mr. Stuart Reid, condemn old Lord Grey for so regarding it. Till he had come home and once more become a private citizen, Durham should have held his peace. Instead of this he issued a Proclamation which, while it notified the disallowance by the Home Government of the Ordinance, justified the action of the Governor-General and sharply rebuked the advisers of the Crown whose agent he was. This proclamation was read at a public meeting at Quebec, said to be the largest meeting ever held in Canada, at which, amidst the greatest enthusiasm, an address of confidence in Lord Durham was carried. He even contemplated returning to England through the United States, where, at all the great towns on the way to Washington, preparations had been made to receive him. It was intended to welcome him at the White House 'as a National guest, an honour never 'hitherto conferred on anyone but Lafayette.' It is difficult to conceive more ill-judged advice than that given him at this juncture by Charles Buller:

'He thought that it would have been a great support to Lord Durham at home, for the American people were prepared to receive him, not as a discredited Governor, but as a statesman who had been grievously thwarted by the Government which he represented. They recognised his honesty, and were waiting to show him how much they resented the treatment he had received.'

Fortunately Sir John Colborne, a straightforward soldier, gave him sounder advice, and the proposed triumphal progress was abandoned. The Governor-General and High Commissioner sailed from Quebec, amidst almost universal demonstrations of respect and regret at his departure from the people of Canada, on October 31, 1838.

Durham's stay in Canada lasted five months, throughout which he toiled hard to make himself acquainted with the real causes of discontent amongst the people. He listened himself to the views of Canadians of every class, and he sent agents in all directions to gather information from the more remote districts. The famous 'Report' presented to Parliament

at the end of January 1839 was the result of these inquiries. A somewhat futile discussion has taken place as to whether the Report was written by Durham himself, it having been suggested that it was in truth the work of his brilliant assistant and friend, Charles Buller. The late Mr. Henry Reeve, in a note to the 'Greville Memoirs,' states that this Report within twenty years changed the Colonial policy of the Empire, and that the principle therein laid down had converted Canada from a revolted Colony into one of the most loyal dependencies of the Crown. But he says that the Report, though signed by Durham, was 'in fact written by Charles Buller and embodied 'the opinions of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield and Sir William Moles-'worth on Canadian policy.'

Having regard to the character and abilities of Lord Durham, we think it in the last degree improbable that he delegated the duty of writing the Report to any assistant, however brilliant. But throughout the whole of his stay in Canada Charles Buller was his principal coadjutor and friend. That discussions with him and with Gibbon Wakefield did largely contribute to the formation of Lord Durham's conclusions we may well believe. Indeed, the preparation of such an elaborate Report would almost necessarily be due to more or less co-operation between those who had obtained and studied the evidence. It is, however, certain that Charles Buller never advanced any claim to the authorship; and we see no reason whatever to justify the withdrawal of a tittle of merit from Lord Durham as the real maker of the Report. At the same time Mr. Stuart Reid need not imagine that the ideas and principles which Durham did so much to promote and by which the Report was permeated throughout were a discovery of Lord Durham, and were, so to speak, patented by him; since, as Mr. Reeve has very properly pointed out, they had been long held by many thinkers and advanced statesmen of that day. On the whole his biographer is fully entitled to maintain that

'nothing can rob Lord Durham of the merit of this splendid bit of work. The Report was the culminating service which he rendered to Canada, as well as towards the vindication of the only just principle of colonial government, wherever the grant of free institutions is possible. The whole scheme of it, no less than the arguments which rendered it resistless, the statesmanlike grasp of the real issues involved, which made it impressive, and above all the moral vision which dominated it, sprang from Durham's far-seeing and sagacious brain.'

The late Sir John Bourinot has pointed out, in the admirable work cited at the head of our article, that though Lord Durham had himself no opportunity afforded him for putting into practice

the great principles which he had so eloquently expounded in his 'Report,' there was found in his son-in-law, Lord Elgin, a statesman singularly well fitted by nature and training to carry them into effect.

'The minds of both these statesmen ran in the same direction. They desired to give adequate play to the legitimate aspirations of the Canadian people for that measure of self-government which must stimulate an independence of thought and action among Colonial public men, and at the same time strengthen the ties between the parent State and the dependency by creating that harmony and confidence which otherwise could not exist in the relations between them.' *

The Liberal and Constitutional views to which they were so firmly attached brought upon both statesmen the bitterest censure of that short-sighted and narrow-minded multitude of persons who assumed in Canada and at home to monopolise the sentiment of patriotism. It was to the cry, in 1849, that Lord Elgin was 'rewarding rebels,' that the mob of Montreal was stirred to madness—to the destruction of the Parliament Buildings, and even to endangering the life of the Governor-General. It was in the same spirit that a large portion of the Conservative party at home condemned Lord Elgin; but Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, and Sir Robert Peel—the enlightened leader of the Opposition—stood by him, and succeeding years have amply proved the wisdom of that true patriotism by which his statesmanship was always guided.

Durham's 'Report' boldly faced, and grappled with, the double difficulty presented by the situation of Canada in the first years of the reign of Queen Victoria. 'The French remain 'an old and stationary society, in a new and progressive world. 'In all essentials they are still French; but French in every 'respect dissimilar to those of France in the present day. They 'resemble rather the French of the provinces under the old 'régime.' † The British immigrants, rapidly increasing in number, represented the most active and progressive type of an energetic colonising race. They came there to make their fortunes, to make them as quickly as possible, and to build up an English Colony, resembling in its institutions and customs and habits of life the old country from which they sprang.

'The two races thus distinct have been brought into the same community under circumstances which rendered their contact inevitably productive of collision. The difference of language from the first kept them asunder. It is not anywhere a virtue of the English race to look with complacency on any manners, customs, or laws which appear strange to them; accustomed to form a high

* Lord Elgin, p. 15. † A Report on Canada, p. 17.

estimate of their own superiority, they take no pains to conceal from others their contempt and intolerance of their usages.' *

The French were not less full of national pride. And in addition to racial difficulty there existed the trouble inseparable from the attempt to govern from the distant Mother Country a great Colony to which in large measure a grant of self-government had been already made.

Lord Durham's principles and Lord Elgin's practice, followed as they have been by succeeding statesmen, have gone far to solve a problem which a longer continuance of ancient methods of government would have rendered insoluble. Elgin thought that the policy of 'denationalising the French' would be little less than madness. If, again, there is one lesson taught by English history it is the impracticability of granting popular and democratic institutions to a people and at the same time governing them by external authority. The Union of Upper and Lower Canada, ultimately followed by the Union into one great Dominion of nearly the whole of British North America, the rise of a Canadian nation, the frank abandonment by the Government at home of all attempts to overrule or control the chosen representatives of the Canadian people, are consequences which have naturally developed from the principles expounded in Lord Durham's Report. It was long before British statesmen could bring themselves to regard a Governor whom they had sent out to a distant Colony as something other than the accredited agent on the spot of his official chief, the Secretary of State at home. It is due chiefly to the principles firmly established by Durham and Elgin that the position of the Governor of a great Colony has come to resemble that of a Constitutional Sovereign, who reigns rather than governs, and whose duty it is to represent the Crown in its constitutional aspect to the Parliament and people of a sister nation. Hence the supreme importance of sending to these great posts statesmen imbued with the spirit of British Constitutionalism. A narrow officialism on the part of a great Colonial Governor, however well intended, might even now work untold mischief. A couple of generations ago it would have lost Canada to the Empire. Fortunately the great men whom the British Cabinet selected understood the principles and the spirit of British institutions, and in the application of those principles and in the working of that spirit they were able to look with well-justified confidence to the successful government of the British beyond the seas.

The Colonies had in truth grown up before the Mother

* A Report on Canada.

Nation had fully recognised that their infancy was forever at an end. Lord John Russell and the Duke of Wellington agreed in thinking that with the full grant of responsible government Great Britain would cease to govern her Colonies. Mr. Stuart Reid is indignant with the shortsightedness of past statesmanship. In our opinion Lord John and the Duke were both perfectly right. They had regard to facts, and in fact British governing of Canada had come to an end; and the age of Sister Nations had begun. If the Empire was to be kept together, it would not be any longer by the instrumentality of a supreme Government situated in the United Kingdom as its centre, but solely because the various self-governing communities of which it was composed were actuated by a common spirit, and because sentiment and interest combined to keep all the States of Greater Britain true to the Empire, and in allegiance to the Crown by which it was symbolised.

Mr. Jebb's very interesting 'Studies in Colonial Nationalism' show how far the idea of complete independence of the Mother Country has spread amongst our fellow-subjects beyond the seas. Colonial sensitiveness shrinks from the term 'Colony' as indicating a certain dependence on the parent State, though most assuredly it would never occur to the Englishman to imagine that the British colonist was not in every respect of citizenship the equal of the Englishman born, reared, and living at home. Of the rights of self-government the new 'nations' have freely availed themselves. They are as ready as the foreigners, in the interests of certain portions and classes of their own people, to exclude from their markets the competing products of British industry, whilst their produce, though competing on the most advantageous terms with our Home produce, is admitted to our markets absolutely free. To Australia British subjects have been denied an entrance on grounds which would not have closed English territory against any human being, British or foreign. Every pretence of 'lording it' over British Colonies has long disappeared from the thoughts of Englishmen. Facts must be recognised; and to all intents and purposes the great Colonies *have* become sister Nations, rather than States subordinate to superior control, united with the Mother Country as the Mother Country is united with them in equal bonds of affection, sentiment, and interest.

If this be so, it must be admitted that the theory of our constitutional system does not accurately correspond with the facts of the situation. But Englishmen have always been eminently successful in working their old Constitution so as to respect existing facts; and constitutional usages have gradually grown up to check in practice a dangerously rigid interpreta-

tion of the theoretical system. No lawyer could question the constitutional competence of the Parliament at Westminster to repeal the Acts of Parliament upon which the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia have been founded. But every statesman knows that this power of the Sovereign Parliament, unlimited in theory, is closely limited in practice by the facts, and that this sovereignty is only good in theory so long as it is never put into practice at all. It is the merit of Mr. Jebb's 'Studies' that they do much to bring home certain facts both to Englishmen and to Colonists. In these days suggestions for providing a new Constitution for the Empire are in the air; and much mischief will be caused if, in a desire to obtain a symmetrical and homogeneous Imperial system, we build upon preconceived theory rather than on the solid ground of fact.

Every scheme of Imperial Federation involves of necessity a certain limitation of the national sovereignty of each Federated State. A Federal Authority, superior to the local national authorities, must be created. When it orders, the States must obey. Is the Dominion of Canada, or the Commonwealth of Australia, or for the matter of that the United Kingdom herself, prepared to take part in such a system? Vital matters, such as peace or war, the sufficiency of Imperial defence, the contribution of the States in men, and money, and ships, and war material, would be of course the very questions with which the Federal Authority would concern itself. Would not each great Colony which had been aspiring to nationhood feel that its dream was vanishing away, and that it was invited to exchange the virtually independent position of a sister nation for one little superior to that of a State of the American Union? The great State of New York may in some respects surpass many an ancient kingdom; but assuredly the people of that State do not constitute a nation.

Mr. Jebb very appropriately introduces his subject by quoting the language of the most distinguished of Canadian statesmen, whose career is in itself the best testimony to the success of those principles of government for which Durham and Elgin struggled. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, at the Dominion Day Banquet in July 1902, spoke of the British Empire as

'a galaxy of independent nations. . . . There is not in Canada at the present moment a single British soldier to maintain British supremacy; moreover, it is Canadian soldiers to-day who are garrisoning Halifax. . . . The whole Australian continent has now been moulded into another nation under the flag . . . and I see dawning in South Africa the day when there will be another Confederation.'

Mr. Jebb rightly, we think, attributes the popularity of

Mr. Chamberlain with our countrymen across the seas to 'his 'enthusiasm for the general idea of closer union rather than his 'advocacy of particular methods.' Several years spent in travelling and in residence in our principal Colonies have led Mr. Jebb to feel great doubts as to the wisdom of that 'official 'Imperialism' on which apparently Mr. Chamberlain and some other English statesmen are bent, and to which, whilst without his recent experience, Mr. Jebb himself had previously inclined. But now

'a practical method is proposed which is approved cordially by Imperialists beyond the seas, because it admits and promotes their own ultimate ideal, whatever may be expected from it by Imperialists in England. This Colonial ideal is an alliance, of a character more intimate and comprehensive, and therefore more permanent, than is connoted by the conventional use of the term.'

From Mr. Jebb's point of view,'

'A programme which substitutes imperial reciprocity for imperial free trade, commercial treaties for the Zollverein compact, has a significance far wider than its trade aspect. It implies in the first place substitution of alliance for federation, of the Colonial ideal for the English ideal, as the guiding principle of closer coherence between the Mother Country and the self-governing Colonies. Alliance recognises separate national aspirations; federation aims at national unity. If diversified nationalism, within workable limits, is valued as a progressive element in human civilisation, then the new policy is one which is desirable as well as practicable, superseding an older policy, which is neither. The assumption which underlies such phrases as "the Expansion of England," or "Greater Britain," and suggests the familiar principle of federation as the logical form of closer union, is not justified by the tendency either of instinctive sentiment or of actual developements in Canada and Australia. So far as generalisation is possible, it may be said that there is not, in fact, any growing consciousness of a common nationality, but exactly the reverse. In other words, the basis of imperial federation, instead of expanding and solidifying, is melting away.' *

We have quoted at some length from Mr. Jebb's introduction, as there we find very clearly expressed the thesis which his book is intended to establish. He yields to no one in his desire to see a friendly feeling pervading the whole spirit and character of Englishmen all over the world. He would like to see united action in Imperial matters resulting from a common sentiment. Now the Throne is the one political institution of the British Empire which is not local. Allegiance to the Sovereign, attachment to the Flag, are not sentiments confined to the home-staying Englishman. Indeed, many of our Colonial

* Studies in Colonial Nationalism. Introduction.

friends evidently believe that the virtue of patriotism and the consciousness of the greatness of Empire and the duties that it involves, are far stronger amongst the people of the Sister Nations than amongst those at home, whose proud privilege it is to bear on their own shoulders the whole of the Imperial burden. 'They little know of England, who only England know,' is true enough; but there is Colonial as well as English narrowness and provincialism; and we are by no means sure that the average Canadian or Australian has a wider outlook on the affairs of the world, or a better understanding of the interests of the British Empire, than the average Englishman who has never ranged beyond the borders of Europe.

The value of Mr. Jebb's book lies in its suggestiveness; and in the making clear to all Englishmen, at home or in the Colonies, the risk attending Constitution-building without thoroughly understanding the local developement of what he terms the spirit of 'Nationalism.' This spirit, he says, is constantly growing, as compared with the sentiment for the Empire as a whole known as Imperialism, and the feeling of loyalty to a distant mother land. He believes that Mr. Chamberlain, however admirable his intentions, completely misread the situation; and he imagines that that statesman has recognised his mistake.

'He has been responsible, as Colonial Secretary, for most of the misdirected efforts that have been described. Nevertheless, Mr. Chamberlain's undaunted perseverance represents the solitary oasis in the barren wilderness of contemporary English Liberalism. He, at any rate, preserves the open-minded courage which despises the superficial consistency dear to the narrow partisan, and does not shrink from abandoning a policy which is discredited, so soon as circumstances indicate a surer road to an approximate goal. By discarding the Zollverein in favour of reciprocity he has substituted already in one important department the principle of alliance for the principle of federation. Some day that change of principle will be recognised as the epoch-making feature of his Imperial statesmanship. Therefore it may be expected that, as the predominance of colonial nationalism becomes more and more evident through the experience of successive events, Mr. Chamberlain or his successors will not refuse to identify the Liberal Unionists with the full programme of collective Imperialism.'

Poor Liberal Unionists! At Mr. Chamberlain's word they abandoned Free Trade, of which he had been the most distinguished living advocate. They are now, at the bidding of that imperial and imperious statesman, to abandon the policy of Imperial Federation, and to substitute for it a policy which has nothing 'imperial' about it, except the name.

We believe that most men acquainted with our great Colonies

share the belief that 'nationalism' is a growing force. As time goes on, the attachment towards the Old Country and the feeling of dependence upon it must of necessity grow weaker. But for our part we see no reason why local patriotism should diminish a patriotism of a wider kind. Are Scotchmen or Scottish regiments, on account of their love for Scotland, less zealous for the flag which symbolises the larger British nation of which they form a part? It is right of Mr. Webb to warn us against taking measures which tend to 'antagonize' the one sentiment against the other. But there is in fact no natural antagonism between a local and a wider patriotism, and a wise statesmanship will encourage the former in the well-founded hope that the strength of the Empire as a whole will grow with the growth of local patriotism. There is, no doubt, a sham patriotism, and a spurious loyalty, conspicuous enough in these days at home and elsewhere; and doubtless our author is right 'not to enthuse 'over the abject loyalty of the colonialist, always running down 'his own country. . . .' But these are the few. With the vast majority of Colonists there is assuredly nothing abject in their reverence and attachment to the same throne and flag to which Englishmen at home bear allegiance, nothing which tends to diminish their love and respect for their native land.

We are assured that 'a practical method' has been proposed for realising the aspirations of Colonial Imperialists. This method is to be found in basing our system on the principle of alliance. For the manner in which this is to be accomplished we search the 'Studies' in vain. We read a great deal about *independent* nations, and autonomy on the *full national scale*, and we find occasional depreciation of patriotic feeling towards the Empire as a whole, in favour of the sentiment of local nationalism. It is all very well to wax eloquent over the 'Soul of the Empire' of which we are told Mr. Rudyard Kipling is the interpreter; but practical men wish to know how it is proposed to give that soul or those souls (for there appear to be two of them) embodiment. As we have seen, Mr. Stuart Reid scoffs at English statesmen of two generations ago for thinking that the establishment in the Colonies of democratic Parliaments supreme over the local Executive would ultimately lead to complete national independence. Yet we are unable to gather from Mr. Jebb's account of Colonial feeling that it is desired to place *any* limit whatever on the independence of action of the new nations. Great Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, are to be allied but independent nations, severally free to regulate their own relations with each other and with foreign nations. Where does 'the Empire' come in?

Let us try to ascertain how this system shapes itself in Mr.

Jebb's imagination. What would be the position of the aggregate now known as the British Empire as regards its foreign relations, its commerce, and its political constitution? The anticipation that the Dominion of Canada will at no very distant date be the centre and main strength of the grand alliance, of which the United Kingdom is no longer the principal factor—that, 'the 'imperial city' having lost her pride of place, Victoria and Vancouver Island will take up the tale and send forth mighty fleets to perform naval manœuvres under the Southern Cross in combination with the fleets of the Australian Commonwealth—is a dream of the future. We must regulate our present action by the light of present facts. We understand his ideal of the future, but what does Mr. Jebb invite us to do now?

The chapters devoted by Mr. Jebb to the consideration of the differences between Great Britain and Canada on one side and the United States of America on the other, on the subject of the Alaska boundary, are instructive To Mr. Jebb it seems that the frontiers of the British Empire in North America are matters of importance and concern to the Canadian nation only. He affirms that Canada throughout a long period of history, and never more than in recent years, has been used by imperial authority for the purpose of buying off the bullying and dishonest Power across her frontier by the cowardly surrender of Canadian rights. It is indeed impossible to acquit the United States of sharp practice unworthy of a great nation in insisting upon a partisan constitution of a tribunal which it had been the intention of the negotiators to make impartial. But no rational judgement can be formed on the merits or the faults of British policy if two principal considerations are left out of account. Amongst 'impartial jurists of repute' there is certainly no consensus of opinion that the principal contention of Canada founded on their construction of the Treaty of 1825 was a sound one. The Lord Chief Justice of England thought that it was not. The other consideration, ignored by Mr. Jebb, must have weighed heavily with every responsible British and Canadian statesman—the great danger, especially to Canada, of leaving any longer unsettled their frontier with the United States. To do so was almost to invite the occurrence of some 'incident,' which the aroused passions of the two nations would make it impossible to dispose of peacefully, except by means of some settlement which heated feelings would represent as national humiliation. The spirit in which Mr. Jebb writes does little to encourage hope in the progress of international arbitration. 'It 'is a sheer contradiction of ideas,' he tells us, 'to couple national 'jurists with international arbitration.' His view is that of course American jurists, even had they been chosen impartially,

would have gone one way, and of course Canadian judges would have gone the other.

'Therefore common fairness demanded that the Canadian side should not be handicapped by the appointment of a British jurist whose national environment was non-Canadian, if not anti-Canadian. From this point of view, even if the Americans had been impartial jurists in the best sense of the words, the dice would still have been slightly loaded against Canada by the appointment of an English judge.'

Mr. Jebb plumes himself on having foreseen in 1903 the result of placing an eminent English jurist upon the tribunal which was to arbitrate between the British Empire and the United States. He had declared that *all* the British Commissioners should be Canadians, 'for the American contention would prevail 'if a single British Commissioner can be won over to the 'American view. Therefore to appoint a single Englishman 'would be unjust to Canada and impolitic for the Empire' *

The frontier should be settled by Canada and the United States, without the intervention of cowering Imperial authorities, driven by their fears to sacrifice the territory or rights of Canadians to secure purely British interests with which Canadians were not concerned. This rather absurd proposition it is attempted to fortify by a very one-sided account of earlier negotiations between Great Britain and the United States. But less interest attaches to the impartiality of Mr. Jebb's history and the soundness of his views than to his conclusion. The principle of alliance between Great Britain and the self-governing Colonies, which it is the object of his book to advocate, 'would leave intact the sovereign right of each ally to act 'upon its own responsibility in foreign affairs in the last 'resort.' † Thus Canada could, if it chose so to do, quarrel on its own account with the United States, and go to war with that nation without involving any other portion of the Empire. It is worthy of remark that in another paragraph Mr. Jebb, in discussing the recent change of the headquarters of one of our great fleets from Halifax to Gibraltar, declares that 'the ultimate 'object of the new Imperial policy would be the restoration of 'the Atlantic fleet to Halifax, as the principal division of the 'Canadian Navy.'‡

How is this remarkable change in our system of Empire to be brought about, in which even in matters of international import, and of peace or war, the independent national sovereignty of the great component parts of the British Empire is to be a fundamental principle? In passing, it may be observed that it is at

* P. 38. † P. 273. ‡ P. 290.

least questionable whether Canada as an independent nation would be nearly as competent to treat advantageously with the United States as when she is associated with such a Power as Great Britain. It is very easy for Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Canadian Ministers, when Canada does not get everything she wants, to lay the blame upon Imperial Ministers, and to suggest that the Canadians could have done much better themselves, if unhampered by the fears of British statesmen at home. British anxieties as to war with the United States are, after all, mainly on account of Canada herself, and Canadian interests; and one good effect of greater national independence for Canada would undoubtedly be the bringing home to Canadian Ministers and people the full responsibility for their own foreign policy. Whatever changes the future may have in store, for the present and for many a long year to come Canada will remain, as compared with the United States, a weak Power, and if she stood alone she would very soon be compelled by the force of circumstances to recognise her own weakness.

The spirit of 'Nationalism,' as defined by Mr. Jebb, and contrasted with the general sentiment of loyalty to the Empire as a whole, must be taken account of by British statesmanship. So far he is right. But he would go further and promote it by all means in his power. The Governors of these great Colonies should be native-born; Canadians and Australians should not look for honours or place to the favour of a Power outside their own bounds. The West Indies are to belong to Canada, the Pacific Islands to Australia and New Zealand for administrative purposes. 'Governors and other high officials 'naturally would be selected from those who had begun their 'career as Rhodes scholars, and had gained their experience 'in other dependencies. Thus control would be transferred 'gradually without perceptibly breaking the continuity either of 'tradition or of *personnel*.' *

So far as we can see, such links as still remain to connect constitutionally Great Britain and her great Colonies are to be dispensed with. Why, he asks, should we retain a Court of Privy Council to overrule the decisions of the highest courts of law in the sister nations? Are those National Courts not fully able, in all matters, to decide for themselves? Here, again, we do not pronounce that Mr. Jebb is wrong. If he is correct in the description he gives of the feeling in our great Colonies, we are sure that neither British-born Governors nor Supreme Courts of Law will avail much in keeping the Empire together. Self-governed Colonies, after a certain stage in their growth, are

* P. 306.

almost sure to get their own way. But we would point out that what Mr. Jebb means by 'alliance' bears a very close resemblance to what other people mean by 'separation.' We may doubtless, as is suggested, do something to promote a common feeling amongst British subjects by co-operating about telegraph cables and steamship lines, and by making patriotic speeches on 'Empire Day.' We are, with Mr. Jebb, grateful to Lord Meath; still it seems that 'in the Mother Country Empire Day' will be deferred until Imperial Union is recognised as a National 'policy.' Our author is bent upon 'Imperial Union,' but should his desires be accomplished, a new meaning will have to be given to the words 'Empire' and 'Union.'

We have no space to enter fully into the bearing upon commerce of the adoption of Mr. Jebb's principles. So far as regulating their own commerce and forming their own tariffs are concerned, the self-governing Colonies already enjoy National Independence. In order to protect the interests of powerful classes in British Colonies against competition, British manufactures are excluded from Colonial markets, though Colonial produce comes into the fiercest competition with British produce in British markets. Our author dislikes free trade, and pours contempt upon the system of an Imperial Zollverein under which the interchange of commodities between one British 'Nation' and another would be as unrestricted as it is between American citizens throughout the vast territory of the United States.

'The principle of Colonial Nationalism [he says] makes it incumbent on English Imperialists to take up the question of commercial reciprocity, with a view to devising a system favourable to the objects of colonial nationalism, without being prejudicial to English national interests. For there can be no dispute, except by those who do not like the truth, as to the question of fact, namely, that the majority in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand favour reciprocity with England. The kind of reciprocity so favoured varies according to the stage of national eventuation at which the particular colony has arrived. Therefore, since the evolution of colonial nationalism proceeds along well-established lines, English Imperialists may safely adapt their policy of reciprocity to the form favoured by Canada and Australia, namely, the recognition of national interests as the predominant consideration. In practice the policy would be fulfilled by the negotiation of commercial treaties as between independent nations, ignoring the obstructive expectations implied by the terms "colony" and "mother country." On the principle that the nation is the real political unit, South Africa would be treated as a whole. An imperial most-favoured-nation clause might be devised to lessen the multiplicity of treaties, the main principle being preference to imperial trade over foreign trade.'*

* P. 292.

If 'the alliance' which is advocated is to be a permanent one, Mr. Jebb sees the desirability of making 'the economic interests 'of the allies interdependent upon each other to a greater degree 'than upon those of foreign countries.' 'Reciprocity' and 'preference' and the principles of tariff reform are to accomplish this. But unless new meaning is given to the old term, the last thing that Canada, for instance, asks for is commercial 'reci-'procity' with Great Britain. We accept their produce free in full competition with our own. They put on heavy import duties to prevent the competition of our manufactures with theirs. The tariff reformers propose to give Canadians an additional advantage in our markets as against the foreigner. This, for all we know, may be good sound 'nationalism'; but it is neither 'reciprocity' nor good sound sense!

One of the most unhappy consequences of Mr. Chamberlain's Protectionist campaign has been to imbue large classes at home with a sense of a conflict between the commercial and industrial interests of the United Kingdom and the Colonies. The agricultural interest has been assured, with entire disregard of the teachings of experience, that it can only flourish by preventing or greatly hampering the introduction of agricultural produce from across the seas. But if that be so, the influx of corn from Canada, which it is a great object of Tariff Reformers largely to augment, is directly opposed to the interest of British agriculture. Mr. Jebb fully recognises the impossibility of realising the project of Imperialists—a closer union between Mother Country and Colonies—if the teaching of Tariff Reformers is to prevail. It is best to quote his words. :

'Once the nation is accepted as the economic unit, it does not matter in what part of the national territory manufacturing interests are located. It is a detail of no consequence to Englishmen whether the factory is in Glasgow or in Birmingham, and to Canadians whether it is in Ontario or in British Columbia. But Englishmen and Canadians being conscious of separate nationalism, alike are concerned to create and maintain somewhere in their respective countries the greatest amount of employment for their own people, regardless of whether in the abstract the particular industry is more "natural" to the one country than to the other. From the nationalist standpoint, any industry is natural which can maintain itself by the aid of that reasonable protection which it is the "natural" function of a national government to extend to home industries. "Artificial" conditions are introduced only when a national government repudiates its nationalist responsibilities, by letting home industries take their chance. Accordingly, it is not the necessity of raising revenue so much as a nationalist instinct towards economic aggrandisement that guarantees the permanence of the antagonistic tariffs. Reciprocity in trade can be arranged only upon a basis of

mutual advantage, in the form of commercial treaties between independent nations; not upon a basis of mutual loyalty, irrespective of individual gain, which is possible only where the political union of a nation is the acknowledged goal.'*

That every commercial and industrial 'national' unit is the 'natural' enemy of every other is the great principle upon which our Protectionists build. Bitter experience has taught Englishmen the ruinous consequences that formerly resulted from its acceptance. The antagonism existing between Tariff Reform and Imperial ideas of a closer union between Great Britain and her Colonies was never more forcibly shown than in the passage just quoted from one of Mr. Chamberlain's admirers. But in what way will the Empire be benefited by the haggling over commercial treaties, and the occasional outbreak of a tariff war, between the independent allies whom Mr. Jebb asks us to regard as the 'Empire' of the future?

The four books above cited have much to teach Englishmen. From time to time our Constitution requires modification, and to refuse reform out of sentimental regard for institutions and ways that have been outgrown is to endanger its foundation. Let us build on facts rather than on theories. Lord Durham, Lord Elgin, Sir John Bourinot, and English experience have proved the wisdom, and indeed the necessity, of establishing in our great Colonies complete popular self-government. It is impossible to grant a Democratic Parliament and yet to withhold from it practical sovereignty. In these days Parliament is the real sovereign. A Home Rule Parliament in the Colonies or elsewhere, which prides itself upon being National, will insist upon choosing and controlling the Executive, on managing its own commerce, industries, and finance, and upon having at its own disposal the armed strength of the Nation. Of this truth Mr. Jebb's book is strong confirmation. He assumes a greater incompatibility between a local and a wider patriotism than in fact exists, and we hope it will be long before a narrow particularism takes the place of the loyal affection with which in every quarter of the globe British subjects now regard the Empire, the Flag, and the Throne.

* P. 274.

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Art. I.—LORD ACTON'S LECTURES ON MODERN HISTORY.

Lectures on Modern History. By the late Right Hon. John Edward Emerich, first Baron Acton, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Edited, with an Introduction, by John Neville Figgis and Reginald Vere Laurence. 8vo. London: Macmillan & Co., 1906.

In his recently published 'Studies in Biography,' Sir Spencer Walpole tells us that he has twice been present when some highly competent critics attempted to select the six greatest historians of the world. With little or no argument, they named five: Thucydides, Herodotus, Tacitus, Livy, and Gibbon; but on each occasion there were differences of opinion as to the sixth. We are not here called on to discuss the judgement of these critics as to the first five; but the Introduction to the volume of Lord Acton's Lectures leaves us in no doubt as to the name with which its editors would have filled the place left vacant. It is, indeed, as a professor rather than as an historian that they assert Lord Acton's extraordinary merit; but, as the historian is included in the professor, the 'greatness' and the 'unchallenged pre-eminence' of the one must be equally part of the other. They quote with approval, and make their own, the opinion of a still younger man who wrote three years ago:

'There was a magnetic quality in the tones of his voice, and a light in his eye, that compelled obedience from the mind. Never before had a young man come into the presence of such intensity of conviction as was shown by every word Lord Acton spoke. It took possession of the whole being, and seemed to enfold it in its own burning flame. And the fires below on which it fed were, at

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least for those present, immeasurable. More than all else, it was perhaps this conviction that gave to Lord Acton's Lectures their amazing force and vivacity. He pronounced each sentence as if he were feeling it, poising it lightly, and uttering it with measured deliberation. His feeling passed to the audience, which sat enthralled. It was in truth an emotional performance of the highest order, his lecture ; a wonderful work of art, such as in all likelihood will never again be witnessed.'

As originally written, a burst of affectionate enthusiasm while the sense of personal loss was still fresh, this tribute was graceful and becoming ; but now, repeated as—more or less—an advertisement for the book, it has a disagreeable resemblance to the blatant puffs so familiar to us on the bookstalls. Mr. Figgis and Mr. Laurence are both historical students of known merit, and their judgement would rightly be accepted as carrying very considerable weight ; but their approval of Acton's work is implied by their undertaking to edit it, and might have been so left ; it ought not to have been thrust on us. They would, in fact, have better performed their task if they had dwelt on the patent fact that the manuscript which they have now produced is not the text of Acton's lectures, as the reader is led to suppose, but only very full notes. That this is so is proved by many considerations, and, primarily, by the simple arithmetical fact that, of the lectures as here printed, some scarcely reach 3,000 words, and on the average they do not reach 5,000 ; whereas a lecture written at length ranges between 7,000 and 8,000.

Quite independent of this, it is impossible to avoid noticing the frequent occurrence of disjointed words and phrases—clearly left to be expanded or commented on in the delivery. It was surely the duty of the editors—one, at least, of whom appears to have heard the lectures—to add these expansions or comments in the form of notes. As it is, without any guide, the reader is left to wonder at the possible meaning which attaches to such a cryptic sentence as—' Erasmus Rogers . . . ' was born at Rotterdam,' which, as it stands, can only refer to some unknown Rogers baptised Erasmus ; and so it appears in the Index. But the character-sketch of this native of Rotterdam is clearly that of Erasmus ; and if—in the darkness in which we are left—we are permitted to guess, we would suggest that the name ' Rogers ' was probably not written in simple sequence, as it has been printed, but in the margin, or interlined, or inclosed in brackets, merely as a reminder to draw a parallel or to point out a comparison between Erasmus and John Rogers, the protomartyr of the Marian persecution. It is, indeed, true that the resemblance *ne saute pas aux yeux*—is not exactly

obvious; but Acton seems to have rather affected far-fetched analogies, as perhaps more likely to catch the interest or to rouse the attention of his hearers.

It may be, however, that the most convincing proof of the imperfect nature of the text will be found in the numerous positive statements of facts which are not facts; statements by no means certain in themselves, and not unfrequently contradicted a few pages further on. One very glaring instance of this is the commendation of Louis XIV. as 'by far the ablest man who 'was born in modern times on the steps of a throne' (p. 234). We will not here stop to question the accuracy of the statement, though we think that much might be said for a preference of Gustavus Adolphus, the Great Elector, Peter the Great, Victor Emmanuel, or even our own Elizabeth; we wish merely to contrast it with the corresponding though antagonistic opinion that Frederick the Great 'was the most consummate 'practical genius that, in modern times, has inherited a throne' (p. 290); or again—'William III., Lewis XIV., Peter of Russia, 'had been great and able sovereigns; but none had left on the 'world such an impression of his genius' (p. 300). We find it difficult to believe that a student, even much inferior to Acton, would offer these contradictory statements in the positive manner here represented. We are equally unable to believe that, without any reference to the evidence, Acton committed himself to a categorical answer to the question 'Who was the 'Man in the Iron Mask?'

> 'The traitor of Casale,' he is made to say, 'suddenly disappeared, and no man ever looked upon his face again. His existence was forgotten, and when he died, long after, nobody knew who he was. In the dismal register of the dead who died in the Bastille, he is entered under the name of Marchiali. . . . Marchiali means Mattioli, who was the man in the Iron Mask.'

But Mr. Lang, in 'The Valet's Tragedy,' has adduced what, to most people, looks like conclusive evidence that Marchiali was not Mattioli; and that, whoever the Mask was, he had nothing to do with the treason of Casale, though he may have had some knowledge of the secret treason of Dover. Mr. Lang's illuminating paper has been published since the date of Acton's lecture; but the fact remains that the Professor is represented as having spoken with absolute certainty on a point as to which certainty was as impossible then as it is now. But again, Acton is made to express himself with similar certainty in reference to the 'Casket Letters.' It is, of course, very possible and indeed highly probable that some of them, or some sentences

of some of them, are spurious ; but it is going altogether beyond the mark to say curtly that 'Letter [II.] is spurious' ; and the conclusion is almost delicious as a *non sequitur* :

'Either we must say that the proofs are genuine throughout, and that Morton did not suffer them to be tampered with, or we must absolve Mary. Nobody, I think, at the present day, will deny that the letters, as we have them, were tampered with. Therefore we must hold Mary to be not guilty.'

There is a good deal of other evidence which would have to be considered before that conclusion could be logically arrived at ; and here again we may refer to the excellent work done by Mr. Lang,* who, after stating at length and weighing the various objections that have been made to the authenticity of Letter II., concludes : 'Perhaps the least difficult theory is that 'it is in part authentic, in part garbled' : a conclusion as different from Acton's absolutely certain 'The letter is spurious' as is Mr. Lang's summary that 'The queen may have been 'guilty, even if her foes perjured themselves on certain points, 'in their desire to fortify their case,' from Acton's 'We must 'hold Mary to be not guilty.' We are not here concerned with the question of Mary Stuart's guilt or innocence, but with the way in which Lord Acton is represented as speaking of a very intricate and doubtful problem as having received a certain solution.

If we could believe that Acton really did this, we should be forced to conclude that he had neither the sound judgement nor the professorial excellence with which he has been credited. The teaching young men 'facts,' in themselves very doubtful, is akin to the teaching of a poll-parrot words without meaning rather than to the work of a university professor of 'unchal-'lenged pre-eminence,' and is surely not what Messrs. Figgis and Laurence mean when they speak of Acton's lectures as 'not so much a mine of instruction as a revelation of the speaker's personality.'

We most readily admit that a great deal of the book is surpassingly good, and such as probably no one but Acton could have written ; but everywhere, mixed with the good, there are far too many contentious statements put curtly in the very unsatisfactory manner we have indicated. We feel sure that, in many cases, the necessary modifications were given in the lecture ; if so, they ought to have been noted by the editors. In other cases, where some obvious error is made, we may be equally

* The Mystery of Mary Stuart, pp. 295–321.

sure that it would have been corrected if Acton had lived to prepare his own manuscript for the press, and we cannot think that it was the duty of friendly editors to leave such error severely alone.

This misunderstanding of their duty is so much the more serious as the book, which will naturally be considered as Acton's legacy to students of history, will be read—and ought to be read carefully—without any aid to distinguish the doubtful or bad from the abundant good, which is really Acton's own, and in which we have the first clear opportunity of appreciating his worth as an historian and as a teacher. And this, when we find it, is the more welcome, as a critic's opinions are apt to be biassed by the very persistent way in which he has been assured by numerous, if not always well-qualified witnesses, that Acton's judgement was as unrivalled as his knowledge of the facts of history was encyclopædic. He himself considered the mere accumulation of such knowledge to be a very secondary matter, and in a sentence of his inaugural lecture which at once became classical said :

'The main thing to learn is not the art of accumulating material, but the sublimer art of investigating it, of discerning truth from falsehood and certainty from doubt. It is by solidity of criticism more than by the plenitude of erudition, that the study of history strengthens and straightens and extends the mind. And the accession of the critic in the place of the indefatigable compiler, of the artist in coloured narrative, the skilled limner of character, the persuasive advocate of good, or other causes, amounts to a transfer of government, to a change of dynasty in the historic realm.'

It is, therefore, by his judgements that he would have wished to be judged ; and it is in this field, within his special limitations, that we find in him that remarkable power which, by a very unnecessary exaggeration, has been described as of boundless range. For, in truth, at the present time, no man can by any possibility render himself master of all the facts of the whole scope of modern history, even in the confined sense of 'since the 'Reformation,' in which Acton interpreted it. This sense we readily accept, considering modern history—so reckoned—as distinct from mediæval as that is from ancient; connected with it, of course, and requiring to be studied in its connexion ; but none the less separated by a well-traced line of demarcation. According to Acton :

'In those days Columbus subverted the notions of the world, and reversed the conditions of production, wealth, and power ; in those

days Machiavelli released government from the restraint of law; Erasmus diverted the current of ancient learning from profane into Christian channels; Luther broke the chain of authority and tradition at the strongest link; and Copernicus erected an invincible power that set for ever the mark of progress upon the time that was to come. . . . The like effects are visible everywhere, and one generation beheld them all. It was an awakening of new life; the world revolved in a different orbit, determined by influences unknown before.'

This, then, was the point from which he took his departure; the Reformation period was peculiarly his own; and the firm yet dainty way in which he has handled it, more especially in reference to the ecclesiastical questions which were then born, impresses us with a conviction that we have here the measure of the man such as his admirers love to represent him. But, to quote his own words, 'every student ought to know that mastery is 'acquired by resolved limitation;' and though, by the requirements of his office, he extended his lectures, as here printed, down to the dawn of the French Revolution—to be shortly followed, as we are happy to learn, by a volume of his lectures on the Revolutionary period—it is abundantly evident that he had not so firm a grip of the politics and wars of the later centuries as he had of the religious struggle of the sixteenth.

What will perhaps strike the ordinary reader most forcibly is the scrupulous fairness with which he, a Catholic, has treated the great issues then afoot. Luther is presented to us, not as a renegade priest whose concupiscence led him to revolt, but as an honest searcher after truth, who was driven out of the Church by the blundering stupidity of the Papal emissaries. Lord Acton fully admits the necessity for the reform of the Church. The desire for it was constant and was strongest and most apparent among laymen, who—according to 'a famous monastic writer 'of the fourteenth century'—led better lives than the clergy.

'To the bulk of ordinary Christians reform meant morality in the priesthood. It became intolerable to them to see the Sacrament administered habitually by sacrilegious hands, or to let their daughters go to confession to an unclean priest. The discontent was deepest where men were best. . . . The hope that a stricter discipline would be enforced by authority from within died away. . . . The religious influence of the Church was brought low by its record of failure. The scheme for governing the world by a hierarchy, pursued for three centuries, had terminated in disaster. . . . With the decline of the Church the State rose in power and prerogative, and exercised rights which for centuries had been claimed by the hierarchy. All this did not suggest Lutheranism to Luther, but it prepared the world for it. Amidst the abuses and excesses

of that epoch of lax discipline and indistinct theology, the point of breaking was supplied by a practice of very recent growth.'

From this he goes on to describe the theory of indulgences, its later developement, and the practice of Tetzel; in all which there is nothing new except the candid presentation of the story in all its ugliness.

'Many people thought the indulgences, as then practised, a mischief, because people took them as equivalent to absolution; and the general of the Augustinians spoke of them as an encouragement to sin. But the extreme point was the theory that payment of a few pence would rescue a soul from purgatory. Therefore, when Luther raised a protest against such propositions, he said no more than what many other people were saying, and less than some; and he had no idea that he was not speaking in thorough harmony with the entire Church, or that the ground he occupied was new.'

But the Dominicans stood by Tetzel; they made his cause their own; they defended even the most extreme and grotesque of his sayings; and their influence at Rome was very great. So 'Leo committed the whole business to Silvester Prierias, 'Master of the Sacred Palace and official theologian of the Holy 'See'; and Prierias, by reason of his published writings, which—described in one word—are infamous, 'was not a reputable 'defender of any religious cause.' Neither was he capable of a fair judgement. He was 'an ardent Thomist,' and St. Thomas had approved of indulgences as he knew them; therefore, according to Prierias, they were right as Luther knew them. In consequence, it was officially declared that no improvement or reform was wanted in high places.

From this point Acton traces the progress of Luther's mind, showing how, driven into antagonism to the Pope and to the Councils, he at last took his stand on divine revelation, 'on the 'Bible and the Bible only.' Eck and Cajetan urged the strongest measures of repression, and these would undoubtedly have been used had circumstances permitted. So nothing direct was done; for the contrary policy, suggested in the spirit of Erasmus, was scornfully rejected, and the Church refused 'to hail Luther as an 'auxiliary, as the most powerful leader in the work of eradicating 'evils which were a familiar scandal to all religious men.' But the whole chapter on Luther appears to us as at once the fairest, the clearest, the best appreciation of the man and his work that we have ever read; a chapter which probably no one but Acton could have written; and that, not so much because of his close familiarity with the subject, visible in every line, but

because of his ability to judge of the struggle that was going on in Luther's mind; to weigh, to understand the causes which forced him slowly and all unwillingly into revolt. For the dominant character of Luther's mind was reverence for authority —authority ecclesiastical, till he was forced into antagonism; authority temporal, which continued to the end.

'It is the extremity of his Conservatism that has put him wrong, even with those who regard politics as quite distinct from ethics. He defended Passive Obedience; he claimed to be the inventor of Divine Right; and the constitution of the Lutheran Churches contributed even more than the revival of the Civil Law to establish the absolute sovereignty of States. He proclaimed religious liberty, believing that Rome had never persecuted; then he denounced Jews and Anabaptists, and required that there should never be two religions in the same place. He denounced the ruling classes in his country with extreme violence; but when the peasants rose, with their just and reasonable demands, and threatened Saxony, he issued a tract insisting that they should be cut to pieces. . . . The great fact which we have to recognise is that, with all the intensity of his passion for authority, he did more than any single man to make modern history the developement of revolution.'

The chapter on Luther is followed by one on the Counter-Reformation, which did not begin till the doctrines and principles of the Reformation seemed carrying everything before them. With admirable fairness the author has discussed the merits of the Inquisition, the Society of Jesus, and the Council of Trent, and has weighed their relative value in staying the advance of the encroaching tide. The Pope, Paul III., seems to have admitted the need of reform, and appointed a commission, largely composed of 'idealists who aspired after a regenerated 'Catholicism,' to advise as to things that wanted mending.

'The reformers of the Renaissance seemed about to prevail, and to possess the ear of the Pontiff. Their common policy was reduction of prerogative, concession in discipline, conciliation in doctrine; and it involved the reversal of an established system. As they became powerful and their purpose clear, another group detached itself from them, under the flag of No Surrender, and the division of opinion . . . burst into open conflict. To men trained in the thought of the middle ages, with the clergy above the laity and the Pope above the King, the party that aimed at internal improvement by means the exact opposite of those which had preserved the Church in the past were feckless enthusiasts. They reverted to the old tradition of indefeasible authority wielding irresistible force.'

A strong party was thus formed under the leadership of Caraffa, Bishop of Chieti, who had been nuncio in Spain, and

was afterwards Pope under the name of Paul IV. These now urged the advisability of introducing the Spanish Inquisition into Italy, and this was done in 1542. Of Acton's many marked characteristics, none is more prominent than the liberality of his opinions, his toleration of differences, his abhorrence of constraint, under which head the Inquisition naturally falls; and in his hands the gruesome story loses none of its horror. The Inquisition at Rome was a new thing. In the south of France and in Spain, though nominally controlled by the Pope, it was not always in harmony with the Papal Court. Now, in 1542,

'It became part of the Roman machinery and an element of centralisation. A supreme body of cardinals governed it, with the Pope at their head. The mediæval theory was that the Church condemned and the State executed, priests having nothing to do with punishment and requesting that it might not be excessive. This distinction fell away and the clergy had to conquer their horror of bloodshed. The delinquent was tried by the Pope as ruler of the Church, and burnt by the Pope as ruler of the State.'

Branches of the Holy Office were established in other parts of Italy, but only at Rome were executions frequent, and there the victims were allowed to be strangled before being burnt. We may presume that this was in deference to clerical susceptibilities; as also, perhaps, was another modification of a much more serious character.

'Roman experts regard it as a distinctive mark of the new tribunal that it allowed culprits who could not be caught and punished in the proper way to be killed without ceremony by anybody who met them. This practice was not unprecedented, but it had fallen into disuse with the rest during the profane Renaissance, and its revival was a portentous event, for it prompted the frequent murders and massacres which stain the story of the Counter-Reformation with crimes committed for the love of God.'

When it is added that 'the laws have not been repealed,' it means, of course, by the Papal Court; for we may be quite sure that the civil laws of the kingdom, which do not permit a murderer to be hanged, would not permit a heretic to be burnt with impunity, even within the precincts of the Vatican. Practically, however, the laws were dead within a hundred years, and 'the immediate objects were obtained in the first 'thirty years. The Reformation in Italy had by that time 'come to an end, and the Popes had been supplied with an 'instrument that enabled them to control the Council of Trent.'

Next to the Inquisition, the great agent of the Counter-

Reformation, was the Society of Jesus; and of this, its founder and foundation, Acton has left us an interesting appreciation.

'Nothing had done more to aid the Reformation than the decline and insufficiency of the secular clergy. By raising up a body of virtuous, educated, and active priests, the Jesuits met that argument. The theological difference remained, and they dealt with it through the best controversialists. And when their polemics failed, they strove as pamphleteers and as the confessors of the great to resist the Protestants with the arm of the flesh. For the multitudes that had never heard the Catholic case stated, they trained the most eloquent school of modern preachers. For security in the coming generation, they established successful colleges, chiefly for the study of good silver Latin; and they frequented the towns more than the country; the rich more than the poor. . . . They so identified their order and the Church itself with the struggle for existence in Europe, that they were full of the same spirit long after the Counter-Reformation was spent.'

The further appreciation deals with the later and political developement of the Order: the conditional allegiance, the advocacy of tyrannicide, the support of absolutism, the 'theory 'of morals that made salvation easy'—all, in fact, that has given its sinister meaning to the word 'jesuitical.' Since Pascal wrote his 'Lettres Provinciales,' there is no such scathing criticism on the methods of the Order; and it is the more severe as being written in no hostile spirit; leaving, in fact, the condemnation implied rather than expressed.

We agree with Acton in placing the Council of Trent as the third of the forces which produced and directed the Counter-Reformation; others have put it as the first, counting defensive before aggressive strategy. But mere defence will not win victories; and the Counter-Reformation would have been a very different thing from what it was if it had rested mainly on the work of the Council. That, indeed, went scarcely beyond drawing the line of demarcation between Catholic and Protestant. That in no sense was it a Council of the Church is, of course, familiarly known; how exclusive it really was, a meeting of a small but energetic minority, is brought out most clearly by Acton. It was intended to be, and it was, an assembly from which Protestants were excluded; at which their interests were debated and—so far as it was concerned—decided by men whose function it avowedly was to take their lives. The purpose for which a Council had been originally demanded was lost beforehand. 'The Council did not tend to reconcile, but to confirm separa-'tion.' It is thus very properly relegated to the third position, and summing up the whole question, Acton has said:

'It may be doubted whether Italian Protestants ever gave promise of vitality. . . . The Italian movement was crushed by violence. The scene of the authentic Counter-Reformation was central Europe, and especially those countries which were the scene of the Reformation itself, Germany and Austria. There the tide, which with little interruption had flowed for fifty years, was effectually turned back, and regions which were Protestant became Catholic again. There, too, the means employed were not those prevailing under the crown of Spain. They were weapons supplied and suggested by the Peace of Religion, harmoniously forged by the Lutherans themselves at the Diet of 1555.'

And the story is brought to an end with an account of the cruel persecution which was no persecution, inasmuch as it did not involve torture or imprisonment or banishment or death, but only deprivation of church and school and social position, oppression and all 'those nameless arts with which the rich 'used to coerce the poor in the good old days,' and which—*mutatis mutandis*—are not unknown even now.

Even in these chapters on the Reformation, where Acton is at his best, a critical reader cannot but be struck by the inequality of his references to ecclesiastical and political affairs, and by his relative weakness when he had to speak of military or naval operations. This is still more noticeable in later chapters. It is as if—like Aaron's rod—the ecclesiastical element in history had swallowed all others. It is thus made to appear that the French Wars of Religion were simply and solely religious : that they were provoked by the massacre of Vassy, itself caused by Guise's determination to prevent or put a stop to Catherine's 'surrender of Counter-Reformation policy, and the ruin which 'it portended to the Church in France.' The sentence is complete in itself; the meaning is perfectly clear; and we feel, therefore, bound to protest against the necessary inference. For the cause of these terrible and devastating wars was far indeed from being so simple as is here represented; all the evidence tends to show that the 'massacre of Vassy' was of the nature of a chance affray, due to the insolence of the Huguenots quite as much as to the arrogance of Guise or the brutality of his followers; and that the attributing the wars to religion alone is curiously ignoring the personal enmity and the conflicting ambitions of the Guises and the Bourbons, the intrigues of Elizabeth of England on the one hand and of Philip of Spain on the other. Similarly, in speaking of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the text of the lectures would lead us to conclude that it was entirely a religious outbreak. It is indeed said, without reference to religion,

'It is perfectly certain that it was not a thing long and carefully prepared, as was believed in Rome; and those who deny premeditation, in the common sense of the word, are in the right. But for ten years the Court had regarded a wholesale massacre as the last resource of monarchy. Catherine herself said that it had been in contemplation, if opportunity offered, from the year 1562.'

Naturally, where Catherine was concerned, murder was always possible; but it does not appear that in 1562 she had quite made up her mind whom she most wanted to murder; or that, if she had, they were the same as in 1572. However that may have been, Acton has curtly attributed her later resolve to a religious impulse. She was resolved not to submit to Protestant ascendency, and she knew a short way out of it; and this was the handle which started the engine, though the motive power was the 'blood-feud of nine years' standing 'between the House of Guise and the Admiral.' It is, however, as certain as anything can be that the impulse to Catherine did not come from religion or from fear of Protestant ascendency, but from jealousy of Coligny's influence over the King: an influence which she judged as dangerous politically as it was personally obnoxious. To her it seemed that 'Un homme cher-'chait à l'écarter du pouvoir, compromettait la paix et la sûreté 'du royaume; il fallait qu'il disparût.'* So far as her motive was not personal, it was political.

'La peur saisit la Reine des armes espagnoles. L'Amiral, déjà odieux, devenait dangereux. Elle trouvait partout cet homme sur sa route: chef de parti, il avait tenu en échec toutes les forces du royaume; conseiller de la couronne, il lançait son fils dans une aventure dangereuse. Ami, ennemi, il était également à craindre. L'idée d'un assassinat dut se présenter alors à son esprit. Justement, l'ambassadeur florentin signale à la date du 23 juillet les conférences de Catherine avec Madame de Nemours, la mère des Guise.' †

The assassination, as attempted, failed, and the scope of the projected murder was—necessarily, from Catherine's point of view—enlarged. It became a wild outbreak of the most bloodthirsty mob in Europe, which gladly seized the opportunity and exulted in calling it religion. But with Catherine, who had unchained the passions of these hell-hounds, which she could not control, religion had no place.

'Elle avait voulu tuer Coligny pour se débarrasser d'un rival; le coup manqué, elle avait été poussée par la peur à anéantir le

* Lavisse, 'Histoire de France,' VI. i. 125. † *Ib.* 124.

parti. Mais elle n'a pas songé un instant à substituer une politique catholique à une politique protestante. Ces grands projets dépassaient ses conceptions et son pouvoir.'*

And the author, Professor Mariéjol, supports his contention by evidence which it is impossible to doubt. We thus reject Acton's view of the causes of the massacre, though we readily accept his estimate of its consequences. He quotes from Lord Clarendon that all pious Catholics decried, abominated, and detested it, and continues:

'There were many in France who thought it possible to be a good Christian without being a professional murderer, and who sincerely desired toleration. For such men it was impossible to continue associated with the Catholics of the League, and they were in far closer sympathy with the Protestants. In this way a new party arose which was called the Politiques, and consisted of those whose solicitude for dogma did not entirely silence the moral sense and the voice of conscience, and who did not wish religious unity or ascendency to be preserved by crime. . . . The Politiques became promoters of the regal authority against the aggression of the clergy, the aristocracy and the democracy. . . . The very reason of their existence was the desire to resist the influence and the spirit of Rome and to govern France on contrary principles to those professed by ecclesiastical authority and enforced by ecclesiastical law. Therefore they strove to reduce the action of the Papacy within very strictly defined limits, to abolish ultramontanism and to develope the Gallican theory of Church and State which French divines had produced at the reforming councils of the fifteenth century. As the clergy were subject to a Power which had encouraged extermination, they aimed at the supremacy of the secular order, of the lawyer over the priest, of the State over the Church. They were the most intelligent advocates of the modern State in relation to society. For them, the representative of the State was the Crown, . . . for the purpose that animated them, the sole resource was the monarchy; and it is they who terminated the wars of religion, the League and the Revolution, and prepared the great period of the Bourbon kings. Their ideas survive.'

Is it too much to say that we have now, in the present time, actually before us a further developement of them manifested in the determination that the State shall be supreme, and that the allegiance of every Frenchman, lay or cleric, shall be held to be primarily due to the French Government?

We will not attempt to follow Lord Acton through his rapid sketch of the Thirty Years' War, to which, nevertheless, we would make the same objection—that he has laid too great stress

* Lavisse, 'Histoire de France,' VI. i. 132–3.

on the religious, not sufficient on the political, or rather constitutional, element in the struggle. It is only when, after a singularly inaccurate and confused account of the course of the war in the earlier months of 1632, he categorically condemns the King of Sweden, after his retreat from Nuremberg, as having 'committed a fatal mistake,' that we feel bound to take issue. It may, perhaps, seem a mere detail, and now of little consequence; really it involves—not the military character of Gustavus Adolphus, but—the comprehension, the judgement, and the discretion of the man who condemns him. It is well, therefore, to give his exact words, neglecting the inaccurate and utterly inadequate account of the King's attempt to storm Wallenstein's position at Nuremberg.

'He was heavily repulsed, and moved once more towards the Danube, expecting to be followed. . . . At that moment, he committed a fatal mistake. If, as Oxenstiern advised, he had descended the valley of the Danube into the hereditary provinces, the Imperialists must have pursued him at a disadvantage and could not have reached Vienna before him. But Gustavus turned westward, towards Suabia, and Wallenstein disregarded his movements. Gathering his forces, he threw them upon Saxony. . . . The King of Sweden hastened to the rescue, while the Saxon army stood apart, waiting the event.'

We are accustomed to meet unfavourable criticisms of, say, the Waterloo campaign, by men without either knowledge or authority; but it came as an unpleasant surprise to find a man of Acton's calibre imitating them; for on such a point he could not speak with authority, and the whole paragraph makes it abundantly evident that he had taken no pains to master the facts or to understand the drift of the operations. For, in point of fact, when Gustavus, with his army sorely wasted by sickness, retreated from Nuremberg, he did not go west into Suabia, and was actually at Neuburg on the Danube, when he was recalled by the news of Wallenstein's movements. At one time he had made up his mind to follow down the Danube valley and set the hereditary dominions of the Emperor in a blaze. Later intelligence and the course of events further west had led him to relinquish that design, and he was actually contemplating a march towards the south, when compelled to hurry north, to the defence of Saxony. It will be both interesting and instructive to compare with Acton's account, which we have just quoted, the much clearer though scarcely longer account given by the Master of Peterhouse.*

* Cambridge Modern History, iv. 219. Cf. Droysen, 'Gustaf Adolf,' ii. 629 *seq.*

'The course now pursued by Gustavus Adolphus is open to much criticism; nor can it be denied that his wonderful versatility and buoyancy at this time began to resemble a hazardous mutability of design. It should, however, be noted that the plan on which he now resolved had the persistent approval of Oxenstierna, who so often, as he told the King, had occasion to pour water upon his fire. Gustavus determined on returning to Swabia and thence, moving down the Danube, to invade the Austrian lands, where he reckoned on being supported by a rising among the sturdy peasants of Upper Austria, of whose continued unrest satisfactory assurances had reached him. Wallenstein, the King seems to have calculated, would by such a movement be drawn out of Saxony; and in the meantime he ordered a Swedish force from the Brandenburg side to join Arnim, who now had 16,000 men under his command. If it proved necessary to furnish Saxony with further assistance, this task was to fall to Bernard of Weimar. . . . He had once more modified or postponed his plan of action; and after crossing the Danube at Donauwörth and recapturing Rain, halted at Neuburg, with the intention of continuing his march to the Lake of Constance. Here at last definite news reached him of Wallenstein's movements, and an interval of high-strung expectation ended in clear and firm resolve.'

To us, at the present time, and in ignorance of many important details, it undoubtedly seems that Gustavus would have done best in carrying out the first plan—the invasion of the Emperor's hereditary States. Why he changed his mind, or, indeed, whether he had definitely changed it, we do not and cannot know. What we do know is that he remained within easy distance till Wallenstein's purpose was revealed. It has been taken for granted that if he had gone down the Danube valley, Wallenstein would have been obliged to follow him. So the text books would have said; but Wallenstein was a man, not a book, and his cause was that of the Empire, not necessarily of the Emperor. We can believe that Gustavus thought it at least equally probable that he would not follow, and—at any rate—he practically refused to move till he knew. He was not going to risk a second edition of a 'Blutbad' of Magdeburg. And any such danger he effectually prevented. Where, then, was the 'fatal mistake'? Wallenstein had neither time nor opportunity to do any mischief, and the battle of Lützen was fought entirely as Gustavus would have wished, except in respect of his own death, which can scarcely be attributed to him as a strategical blunder.

And yet it was his death, and that alone, which rendered the battle indecisive—as Acton has, not very correctly, called it. The death of Gustavus was, indeed, a terrible loss, not only to

his own people, but to all Germany, causing the disastrous war to drag on for another sixteen years, to be ended largely at the dictation of France. As to what might have happened if Gustavus had lived, it is impossible to say, it is useless to speculate. But Acton does not seem to have realised the importance of the event, and passes it by with the barest mention—less noticeable than the death of Pappenheim; and the battle was indecisive—'leaving the balance of forces nearly as they 'remained until Moltke, in one pitched battle, succeeding where 'Gustavus, Turenne, Frederick, and even Napoleon failed, 'overthrew for ever the military power of Austria'—the meaning of all which is far from clear; for the military power of Austria was as utterly broken at Austerlitz, at Wagram, or even at Solferino, as it was at Königgrätz. If the results of this battle have been more marked and have lasted longer than those of the others, the cause is to be looked for in the political circumstances of the time; and, in any case, 'for ever' are not words to be lightly used by an historian who has weighed the rise and fall of many empires and kingdoms.

But if Acton seems to have missed the full importance of the death of Gustavus, he does not err in respect of the death of Wallenstein, whose designs, based on political intrigue rather than on military strategy, came more directly within the field of Acton's vision. Wallenstein, he says, had proposed terms of peace on the principles of religious liberty and purchasing the departure of the Swedes. The conditions were reasonable in themselves, and would have prevented many years of useless war; whether, in any case, they could have then been accepted by any of the parties concerned must be doubtful. 'Wallenstein 'designed that the Emperor should be compelled to submit, if 'necessary by a display of force.' That may or may not have been possible; but it is not easy to believe that the Swedes would have accepted any price which Brandenburg would have consented to pay. As things were, 'it was the interest of 'Spaniard, Bavarian, and clergy to frustrate the scheme'; and the simplest and most effective way of frustrating it was to have Wallenstein murdered—which was done. 'The deed was 'approved by the Emperor, and the murderers were rewarded. 'This is the dramatic end of the struggle, so far as it was caused 'by genuine problems of Church and State.'

Richelieu then intervened, and for the next thirteen years the domestic quarrel between France and the Houses of Hapsburg was fought out on German soil at German expense. Religious or German interest in the war was dead; the question had really come to how the demands of France and Sweden were

to be met. Then the young Queen of Sweden interposed. Acton does not mention her name, nor hint at the part she played on this occasion; but it was largely, if not mainly, her determination, in opposition to the wish of her Chancellor, that rendered the peace possible. Sweden accepted less than she had a right to demand; France was enriched at the expense of the Empire; and for the next 150 years the Peace of Westphalia was accepted as the basis of international settlements. When historians are inclined to talk of 'for ever,' they would do well to remember the fate of this celebrated treaty and its numerous stipulations.

From the civil war in Germany to that in England the transition is easy and natural; and here again we note the tendency to exaggerate the religious, to minimise the political, side of the quarrel. It might perhaps be justly said that the two are so mixed that, as with the Gordian knot, only the sword could clear the tangle; but it is worth noting that, of the clauses of the Grand Remonstrance, barely one-fifth * have any relation to religious matters; and that, even of these, a very large majority refer rather to the dread of Papal encroachments and to the favour shown to Papal agents. The number relating to ecclesiastical grievances, serious as these were in the eyes of all Englishmen, is very small indeed.

The double aspect of the religious grievances was not likely to escape Acton's notice, and he says rightly, 'The Roman agents 'and nuncios were part of the religious question, and it is not 'prelacy alone that was at stake.' But when he says: 'But 'for the religious question, the political opposition could not 'have carried the country with it,' we cannot but think that he is stating too positively a highly contentious opinion, which a consideration of the first fifty clauses of the Grand Remonstrance will go far to controvert. They all relate to specific grievances—misgovernment, misconduct of wars, dissolutions of Parliament, arbitrary and cruel imprisonments, illegal exactions, monopolies, debasement of justice, and such like; every one of them sufficient to rouse the indignation of the people, when they were once clearly set forth.

Nor, again, can we agree with Acton in the position he has taken in respect of the executions of Strafford, Laud, and Charles. 'It is certain that they were put to death illegally, and there-'fore unjustly;' on the other hand, judged in accordance with 'the idea of progress towards more perfect and assured freedom, 'and the Divine right of free men'. . . . the three culprits must be

* The exact fraction is 2–11ths.

'condemned.' But Strafford's execution was certainly not illegal, for attainder was and always had been a recognised process of law; unjust, we believe it was; in reality it was an act of war. Strafford would have impeached Pym and his fellows on the very definite charge of corresponding with the chief men of the Scottish army—'adhering to the King's enemies,' of which they were undoubtedly guilty, and for which they would, with all form of law, have been put to death. They defended themselves by anticipating his action and impeaching him on a charge which had absolutely no legal basis; but it served their purpose and gave them the time they needed. Laud, too, was quite legally put to death by attainder, but his execution was merely a legalised murder.

The execution of the King stands on a totally different ground. It was distinctly illegal. But from the very beginning of the contest between the Crown and the Parliament, from the first protest against the impositions of James I., the course taken by the Parliament was shaped by the spirit of the constitution rather than by the letter of the law. The King took the opposite line; there was scarcely an unconstitutional act which he was not prepared to justify on a technical point of law. It was his real crime, in face of an enraged nation, that he had dealt with them after the manner of a pettifogging attorney, rather than of the king of a free and proud people. Technically, they were everywhere in the wrong, as—true to his method to the last—the King had no difficulty in showing when, put on his trial, he refused to plead.

'I am confident,' he said, 'that no learned lawyer will affirm that an impeachment can lie against the King, they all going in his name; and one of their maxims is, that the King can do no wrong. The law upon which you ground your proceedings must either be old or new: if old, show it; if new, tell what authority, warranted by the fundamental laws of the land, hath made it, and when. . . . And admitting, but not granting, that the people of England's commission could grant your pretended power, I see nothing you can show for that; for certainly you never asked the question of the tenth man in the kingdom, and in this way you manifestly wrong even the poorest ploughman, if you demand not his free consent.'

And so on. Even at that critical moment he could not understand that *inter arma silent leges*, and that, whatever the pretence, he was really before a court-martial of the victors, to be tried according to their notion of equity. How entirely Acton was unable to realise this appears from his comment on the 'purge' of Parliament. 'Colonel Pride,' he says, 'expelled the

'majority, in order that the minority might be able to take the 'life of the King. It was an act of illegality and violence, a 'flagrant breach of the law, committed with homicidal intent. 'In ordinary circumstances such a thing would have to bear a 'very ugly name.' But the circumstances were far from 'ordi-'nary'; and just as—

> 'That in the captain's but a choleric word,
> Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy,'

so there is a vast difference between the acts of the leaders of a victorious army adjudging their enemy worthy of death, and of a cracksman knocking out the brains of paterfamilias, whose house he is burgling. But Acton did not like Cromwell. He held him to be a murderer; a man with that most immoral habit of mind, 'the sanctifying of success,' who saw 'the hand 'of God, a special intervention, when things went well'; 'the 'constant enemy of free institutions.' But

'Having allowed all this,' he continues, 'we cannot easily say too much of his capacity in all things where practical success is concerned, and not foresight or institutions. In that respect, and within those limits, he was never surpassed by any man of our race, here or in America. . . . German writers on military history declare Cromwell to have been the best leader of cavalry in modern war, the master and superior of their own Frederick, whose fame is due largely to his skill in that arm. . . . But as the chief cause [of the parliamentary victory] was the genius of one extraordinary man, and the sudden growth and spreading of the religious party to which he belonged, the effect lasted no longer than his life. The fabric he reared was overthrown without an effort, offering no resistance to the destroyer.'

An interesting appreciation, but by no means wanting in disputable matter. His estimate of the net result of the Civil War is, as a whole, more satisfactory.

'Seen from a distance the value of that epoch is not in that which it created—for it left not creations but ruins—but in the prodigious wealth of ideas which it sent into the world. It supplied the English Revolution—the one that succeeded—the American, the French, with its material. And its ideas became efficacious and masterful by denying their origin. For at first they were religious, not political theories. When they renounced their theological parentage and were translated into the scientific terms of politics, they conquered and spread over the nations, as general truths, not as British exports. For a long time to come we meet with little that goes beyond the conservatism of Hobbes, or the liberalism of Vane and Harrington and Milton, and of Lilburne in his saner moments. That is our

inheritance from the Long Parliament, the Civil War, and the Commonwealth.'

Not all of it, of course; though Acton's words seem to imply that it is; and while his summary aptly illustrates the merit of his teaching, the omissions must be held to point out its shortcomings—the neglect of practical considerations, government, finance, military discipline, naval administration, the concrete lessons of history, in favour of the abstract and philosophical. It is only thus that we can explain the numerous errors in matters of fact, curtly stated as things perfectly well known. The Duke of York, for instance, is described as a 'sailor,' * fanning 'a trivial dispute on the Guinea Coast' into a quarrel, in order 'to strengthen his position at home by his professional skill.' But the Duke was certainly not a sailor, he had no professional skill, the dispute on the Guinea Coast was far from 'trivial' in the eyes of the merchants concerned, and James's action—such as it was—was as chairman of the company rather than as Lord High Admiral. Again,

'the landlords, as the ruling class, required a reward for their share in the elevation of William. Nineteen years earlier the Corn Laws had been invented for their benefit. Protection against foreign importation did much; but in 1689 a premium on the exportation of English-grown corn was added. . . enriching the landlord with capital at the expense of the yeoman without it.'

Surely, if the Corn Laws were worth mentioning at all, as—in view of the important part they have held in the economic history of the last hundred years—they undoubtedly were, they deserved fuller consideration than is given by a sentence such as this, which reads as if it was lifted bodily from some extreme party pamphlet, quite unworthy of the name of history. For the Corn Laws, so far from having been invented in 1672, dated back to the reign of Edward III., and in some form or other, as regulating import or, more frequently, export, had been in force ever since. It was admitted that they turned to the advantage of the landed gentry, whose prosperity was, however, a national gain, as they were the largest taxpayers; but the real aims of the legislation, always kept in view, were first the ensuring a sufficiency of breadstuffs for the food of the population; and second, the maintenance of a hardy race of countrymen—agricultural labourers in time of peace, stalwart bowmen, pike-

* That he is referred to in the index as 'sailing for the Guinea Coast' is only a blunder of the editors, who, we may suppose, have inherited their chief's carelessness of the concrete.

men or halberdiers in time of war. It was only with the industrial revolution of the later eighteenth century—against which Goldsmith vainly raised a poet's protest—and the change in the incidence of taxation, that the Corn Laws began to be a grievance, and the continually increasing difficulty of growing a sufficient food supply rendered them intolerable.

The reference to the Treaty of Dover, as 'the first in the 'process of events that overthrew the Stuart monarchy,' is either too much or too little. As the pivot of the political and constitutional history of the reign, it deserved more than a mere casual and perfunctory mention. The description of the Duke of Marlborough, when he took command of the army in 1702, is a curious congeries of blunders. 'Marlborough,' it is said, 'was better known as a corrupt intriguer, who owed his 'elevation to the influence of his wife at Court, who would 'disgrace himself for money, who had sought favour at St. 'Germains by betraying the expedition to Brest.' Here are five distinct statements—for the truth of the charges is said to have been known—each one of which is more or less inaccurate; for intriguer though he may have been, corrupt as he probably was, Marlborough's conduct at Cork and Kinsale, in 1690, had been recognised as brilliant; he is said, by Macaulay, to have been, in 1694, the only man capable of high command except Talmash, whom it was, therefore—according to Macaulay—his object to have put out of the way, and in 1701 he was appointed by William himself, and certainly without any reference to the Princess Anne, to the command of the army in the Low Countries. He was a prominent man at Court, and high in the Duke of York's favour long before his marriage with the attendant on the Princess Anne, whose influence then must have been small; but not before his sister was the Duke of York's mistress, a source of protection which Acton has not hinted at. Whatever may have been believed, whatever may have been the gossip of the coffee-houses, it was certainly not known that he would disgrace himself for money, and there is not a particle of evidence that he ever did so; and finally, whatever the truth of the Brest story, which William does not seem to have thought hopelessly discrediting, the public knew nothing of it till the publication by Macpherson of the 'Original Papers' in 1775.

One more instance must suffice. It is the absurd account given of the battle of Beachy Head and of the English admiral.

'The allies,' it says, 'lost sixteen ships out of fifty-eight; the French not one. Tourville was master of the Channel. Torrington left the Dutch to do the fighting, and kept as far as he

could from the scene of danger. He had to lament the death of his favourite dog. They [but who ?] said that the dog died the death of an admiral, and the admiral lived the life of a dog. That 30th of June [1690] is the most disgraceful date in our naval annals.'

But party pamphlets, when they take the form of lampoons, are very unsafe guides, and more especially when party feeling runs as strong as it did in 1690. Modern writers, with a very full knowledge of the naval history of the period, have shown that Torrington was an honest man, a good officer, and a capable commander *; and the late Admiral Colomb, who made a special study of the incident, maintained that the Battle of Beachy Head, as planned and fought by Torrington, far from being a disgrace, showed a tactical skill rare in that or in any age; that the unfortunate result was entirely owing to the misunderstanding, jealousy, and disobedience of the Dutch; and that the outcry against the commander-in-chief was set on foot and fostered by Nottingham, who feared that the ridicule and refusal with which he had met the admiral's demands for reinforcements might now be visited on his own head.†

The only inference that can be drawn from all this is that, encyclopædic as was Acton's reading, vast as were his stores of knowledge, he was comparatively ill-informed on the details of English history, which, for this period, he seems to have studied mainly in the pages of Macaulay, whom he speaks of as one of 'our two greatest writers'—the other is Burke. But charming writer as was Macaulay, delightfully suggestive as is much of his work, his 'History' is not to be blindly accepted as an accurate presentation of facts, or a fair exposition of their meaning. Beyond question, Acton's exceptional strength was confined to the Reformation century. Outside that, his knowledge of the facts becomes less and less intimate; and his deductions, though always interesting, have not the intrinsic value of those relating to the earlier period.

In continental history he appears to much better advantage, though even here he makes occasional glaring blunders; such, for instance, as the confusion between Cornelis, the brother of

* Dictionary of National Biography, *s.n.* Herbert, Arthur.

† Naval Warfare, pp. 112 *et seq.* After the publication of this work Colomb devoted much time to the detailed story of this campaign, and at his death left a pile of material for the Life of Lord Torrington, but unfortunately quite in the rough. We may venture to express a hope that his sons—one of whom is now a captain in the navy—may be able to rescue at least a part of this from 'the limbo of manuscript.'

John De Witt, a civil commissioner in 1667 and murdered in 1672, with Witte Corneliszoon de With, the celebrated admiral, killed in action in 1658. On the other hand, his account of the Peace of the Pyrenees and the inception of the war of the Spanish succession, short as it is, is extremely interesting and suggestive; the more so as the story is very generally put on one side by English readers, who like to consider the 'Spanish 'question' as brought to light by the keen vision of William III., at the time of negotiating the 'first' Partition Treaty, and to condemn the action of the French king as unscrupulous and wholly unjustifiable.

But in history, as in moral philosophy, an excellent maxim in judging of the conduct of an adversary is 'Put yourself in his 'place'; and so considered, the action of the French king throughout was correct, natural and necessary. Correct, for it is the duty of a king or minister to do all that he honestly can for the advantage of his country; natural, for the material advantage of France very clearly lay in the direction aimed at, and necessary, for a nation is bound to maintain and defend its just rights. How these necessities and these rights arose, Acton has very well told. The expansion of France on the north and east followed, as a matter of course, on the break-up of Germany and the decay of Spain. To secure the inheritance of the Spanish monarchy and its boundless dominions was an object for skilful diplomacy. Philip IV. had no son; and his daughter, Maria Theresa, was his heir. 'As early as 1646 Mazarin resolved that 'his master should marry the Infanta, and that Spain and the 'Indies, Naples and the Milanese, and the remnant of the 'possessions of Charles the Bold should be attached to the 'Crown of France.' Will any country gentleman, who has conceived the idea of his son and heir marrying the heiress of an adjoining estate, say that the project was not justifiable, was not praiseworthy? When the time came and the treaty was being negotiated, it was the young Louis that objected. He was in love with Marie Mancini, the cardinal's niece. Let Mazarin's self-denial expiate some of his many offences. He sent Marie away, and in spite of the young King's tears and entreaties, the marriage, as projected, was gone through with. But—

'The independence of Spain, the unity of the Spanish Empire, were* too grand a thing to be an item in the dowry of a bride. She

* It is so printed. The editors have considered Acton's rough notes too sacred, and have not amended even his obvious slips in grammar.

[the Infanta] was compelled to renounce her rights, which were transferred to her sister. The renunciation was conditional; it was to depend on the payment, in due time, of the Infanta's fortune. As the payment was not made, the French regarded the surrender as null and void—[would not any court of law have so considered it ?]—and the interest at stake, the most splendid inheritance on earth, was one that could not be given up without a conflict. From the moment of the marriage, the main object of French policy was to make the succession secure, by negotiation or force, and to take every advantage otherwise of Spanish weakness.'

The immediate object, however, failed. Philip died in 1665, but he had married again and left a baby son, who succeeded as Charles II. It was about this Charles's last illness and death, in 1700, that there raged the storm which burst in the War of the Spanish Succession. But the importance of the question was known and considered—in France and Austria as in Spain—through all the intervening years, thirty years or more before it attracted any general notice in England.

It was the French King who first raised the contention, by his utterly illegal and unconstitutional claim, made in professed accordance with the 'Law of Devolution.' Spain, which was being plundered, was quite unable to defend herself; Holland, only a few months before the ally of France, was powerless; Austria, who ought to have interposed, was cleverly bought off by a Partition Treaty, which, as it led to nothing but Austria's inglorious neutrality, has been passed by with scant notice, and may almost be called unknown. Of course, it was really the 'first.' Philip, by his will, had provided for what seemed the very probable case of his infant son's death, and left his entire dominions to the Emperor, Leopold. The Spaniards, believing that, by the renunciation of his wife at her marriage, Louis was excluded, were content that the monarchy should remain in the Hapsburg family; but

'The Austrian knew perfectly well that France would not be bound by an act which belonged not to the world of real politics, but to the waste-paper basket. Therefore, when France proposed an eventual partition, it seemed important to obtain a more serious and more binding contract than the Queen's renunciation. The conditions were not unfavourable to the imperial interest.'

They were, in fact, very much the same as those of the 'second' —really the third—Partition Treaty which, in 1700, Leopold refused to accept. In 1667, the still exhausted state of the Empire rendered a renewal of the war undesirable; and on the part of France, Acton is, no doubt, correct in saying: 'The 'treaty was not meant to govern the future, but the present.

'It helped to keep the Emperor tranquil during the spoliation 'of his Spanish kinsman.'

And then he offers what seems a happy suggestion, if only we could accept it. 'Within a week of the first treaty of parti- 'tion,' he says, 'Sir William Temple concluded the Triple 'Alliance.' If the sentence has any meaning, it is that this was De Witt's answer to the treaty between France and Austria. It is quite impossible to say that De Witt had no knowledge of the negotiations that were going on—sufficient, at any rate, to lead him to suspect the fact and to desire to counterbalance it; but, according to the strict letter, Acton's phrase is curiously inaccurate. The Partition Treaty was signed on January 28, 1668; the Triple Alliance, five days earlier, January 23.* For the time being, however, the Triple Alliance accomplished all that it was intended to do, though the treason of the English King was presently to bring its work to nought. This is the secret Treaty of Dover, which, as Acton has done, we pass over with the bare mention.

As the date gets farther away from the period which Acton had made his own, the errors in detail become more and more frequent, and more puzzling. What, for instance, can we make of the statement that, presumably in 1757, 'Frederick required 'that the army in English pay, which was to defend Hanover, 'and thus to cover his right flank, should be commanded by the 'Duke of Cumberland'? As it stands, it is incredible; but as no reference is given, we can only suggest that, by a slip of the pen, Acton wrote 'Frederick' when he meant 'George,' though 'to cover his right flank' renders that interpretation doubtful. We may, however, be quite sure that Frederick no more made such a requisition than did Pitt, at or about the same time—date not given—'arm one hundred and forty-eight ships of the 'line and fifty frigates, with which he swept the Atlantic.' As our effective ships of the line in 1756 numbered no more than seventy-five, of which several were in the East Indies, and many were never outside the home ports, the number one hundred and forty-eight is not only impossible but absurd.† Other instances there are in which an error is implied rather than explicitly stated; and such are, no doubt, often due to the nature of the manuscript, and to the author's having, most unfortunately for us, been unable to revise it or to correct the proofs; largely also to the form of the lectures, by which the endeavour to say a great deal in a very

* Henri Vast, 'Les Grands Traités du Règne de Louis XIV.,' ii. 6 *n.*, 9.

† Beatson, 'Naval and Military Memoirs,' iii. note 76.

limited space necessitated the use of expressions which seem dogmatic and certainly convey a false meaning.

The last chapter, which ought to be an important one, a chapter on the American Revolution, has, unfortunately, very little value. Lord Acton appears to have taken the story, ready-made, from the writings of Burke and his fellows in the anti-English agitation, and to have deemed it unnecessary to study it by the light of recent research. The old traditional notion is now given up by all American writers of credit, and will soon, it is to be hoped, be eliminated from their school books. It is greatly to be deplored that Acton, without careful inquiry, should thus have yielded to the fascination of Burke's style and have added his own reputation to the weight of Burke's name.

It is so manifestly impossible to give even a sketch of the history of England, of Western Europe, and of the United States in the compass of nineteen lectures, that it does not tell of sound judgement in Acton to have attempted it. He had a subject peculiarly his own; he had a message to deliver to students and to advanced scholars; and he had the opportunity. The opportunity was neglected; the message was left undelivered; and in its stead we have these lectures, which tell of the well-read and cultivated man of letters rather than of the exact student. There is but little in them—in the later lectures more especially—which marks a familiar grasp of the story of the time. The comments of such a man will always be interesting; they will often be suggestive; but when based, as these very commonly are, on an imperfect knowledge or an inaccurate understanding of the determining facts, they have not, they cannot have any authority.

Art. II.—PEASANT STUDIES IN FRENCH FICTION.

1. *La Mare au Diable.* Par George Sand. Paris, 1851.
2. *Les Paysans.* Par H. de Balzac. Paris, 1845.
3. *L'Ensorcelée.* Par Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris, 1854.
4. *Un Cœur Simple.* (Trois Contes.) Par Gustave Flaubert. Paris, 1877.
5. *La Fille de Ferme.* ('La Maison Tellier.') Par Guy de Maupassant. Paris, 1881.
6. *La Fortune des Rougon.* Par Émile Zola. Paris, 1871.
7. *La Terre qui Meurt.* Par René Bazin. Paris, 1900.

[And other Works.]

Arcadian peasants, the porcelain figurines of the eighteenth century, *berger* and *bergère* of tinted ivory, in their green-room setting of well-watered meadow and shady woodland; the gentle shepherd with crook and panpipe, the shepherdess with white-fleeced flock and beribboned distaff, 'Robin et 'Marion,' breathed their last when modern fiction supplanted the old lyric travesties of village and rural life. Inanimate effigies too far removed from reality even to counterfeit nature, they were swept away like faded paper flowers, and relegated to the dusty indignities of unremembered shelves where the muse dear to one generation of readers is, according to time-honoured custom, consigned by the next. Their doom was a foregone conclusion; the root of stability, truth to a living model, was lacking. The aim of the pastoralists had been to present that aspect, and only that aspect, of rusticity which they imagined could be endued with romance or invested with—as they conceived of poetry—poetic glamour. Their method was to engraft mental preconceptions of beauty and grace upon 'things 'as they are.' They created with adventitious adornings a type whose refinement and charm were an artificial response to an artificial æstheticism of taste, and their process was based upon the assumption that it is the office of art to superimpose poetry on nature. They left it to their successors to enunciate the converse doctrine: that it is the function of the artist to draw poetry from nature and to elicit from existing actualities the poetry they enclose and emanate. 'Dégager l'idéal du 'réel' became the dictum of the new schoolmen, who in their turn were destined to view the advent of a later creed when a total divorce was effected between the ideal of beauty and the presentment of truth.

Pastoralism died, without hope of resurrection, and for a period the peasant, as a theme in art, lay in abeyance; nor, when after the lapse of years, 'on découvrait de nouveau le 'paysan et le village comme on les avait déjà découverts une 'fois à la fin du 18ième siècle,' was any single feature of the older type rejuvenated. The whole sentiment of pre-Revolution days was revoked; the levity, the wit, lavished on scenes and dialogues drawn from rural life, had vanished; the coloured glasses through which peasant and labourer, cottager and villager, were viewed, were broken. The new literary epoch testified to a more vigorous grasp on life and the actualities of life. The peasant's countenance, his gesture, his environment, were delineated from a totally changed standpoint; gaiety, or what bore a somewhat dubious likeness to it, had passed away; the light-hearted loves and ephemeral sorrows of the village-green tradition were supplanted by serious, often by disastrous, passions. The peasant had ceased to be the toy of art, he had become in literature, as in fact, a social, political or philanthropic problem, and his discovery was to conduct novelists into many hitherto unexplored bypaths and by many untrodden thoroughfares.

The phases traversed by nineteenth-century peasant fiction were diverse. Idealism found in Mme Sand its eloquent exponent, and in her peasant idyls she achieved a compromise between sympathetic sentimentalism and veracity. Romanticism asserted itself in sundry side-studies, as in Barbey d'Aurevilly's portrayal of the village outcast, La Clotte, where the sinister extravaganza of the romantic of romantics is vivified with something approaching æsthetic sincerity. Nor is the romantic element less pronounced in one or more of M. Zola's works in which, abandoning the average man, he deals with exceptional humanity, with Miette in 'La Fortune des Rougon,' with Angélique in 'Le Rêve.' Naturalism, with MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, presented itself in lengthy sketches of daily life scenes, whether in war or peace, a naturalism ignoring the grosser elements of existence accentuated by the more venturous disciples of the school. Balzac, the first of the moderns, demonstrated in 'Les Paysans' that the object of peasant fiction was to depict nature, not in the idealisations it inspired, but in and for itself; that the aim of the novelist should be to lay hold on life and transcribe in the clearest manner the clearest perceptions attainable of the actual, however base, and the true, however ignoble. Flaubert, in his 'Un 'Cœur Simple,'* showed the possibility of attaining æsthetic

* Trois Contes.

perfection by faithful narrative of commonplace peasant sentiment in the prose framework of servant life. Maupassant, a humorist who never laughs, has exposed in his *contes* and *nouvelles* the tragic comedies, the melancholy farces, enacted in farms and cottages without number.* Alphonse Daudet reverts to the novel of sensational convention in 'Le Trésor 'd'Arlatan,' and the morbid temptations that obsess the peasant heroine are paralleled with the obsession of the young Parisian by the memories of 'Madeleine des Délassements.' Pierre Loti has contributed his quota to the gallery of peasant portraits, and a kindred atmosphere of personal sympathy—though otherwise the two authors pursue different paths—pervades the peasant-novels of René Bazin, in whose works a visionary imagination is never cut asunder from facts intimately known and accurately inscribed.

To take a mere handful of studies from the mass of French fiction which deals with peasant themes during half a century is obviously only to indicate some special type-formulas, some differing methods of treatment, characteristic of certain authors or of certain phases of the author's art. The sketches so given are sketches of contrasts rather than of likenesses, and as contrasts preclude broad generalisations. Nor are they links in the chain of the scientist, for whom each instance must be shaped to illustrate a stage of literary tendency or psychological developement. Moreover, their truth or untruth as 'représentation de 'la vie' is left unchallenged. Their interest lies otherwhere. It lies in the just appreciation of æsthetic effects, whenever such effect is so welded with the peasant-theme that to transpose sentiment or plot to any other social background would have precluded its special æsthetic merit.

As the outcome of idealism, George Sand's scenes † from the rural life of Berry, if not the earliest in date, are in spirit more closely allied to an earlier school than those of other nineteenth-century authors. For that pre-eminently feminine genius—the interest of whose personality grows in inverse ratio as the literary interest of her work declines—the peasant had not assumed the semblance of a problem. Patient observation of his customs, actions and surroundings, were not for her, as for her great con-

* Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme (in 'La Maison Tellier'), Le Vieux, Le Gueux, Le Fermier (in 'Contes du Jour et de la Nuit'), Clochette (in 'L'Horla'), Clair de Lune (volume of same title), Le Diable, Le Vagabond, &c., &c.

† La Mare au Diable, 1851; La Petite Fadette, 1851; Les Maîtres Sonneurs, 1853.

temporary, Balzac, the fountain-head of inspiration. She wrote of rural life, not as an investigator, but as a participant. Her men and women, Berrichon and Berrichonne, were the boys and girls, cattle- and sheep-keepers, with whom she had companioned during childhood and youth at Nohant; comrades and playmates, whose children and grandchildren she had watched growing to manhood and womanhood in later years.* The pages of her fictions are confessedly pages of affectionate memories, reminiscences of country joys, sorrows, and gaieties; they are the tribute her exuberant intellectuality and her over-coloured imagination paid to surviving simplicities and old attachments. The experiences of half a lifetime had passed over her head; an intimate acquaintance with the passions of men and with her own effervescent emotionalisms, the disillusions of marriage, the agitations and disenchantments of her shifting enthusiasms, had been paraphrased in novel after novel; † she had at length reached the mile-stone where remembrances displace curiosities, and had withdrawn awhile from speculation to survey the comparatively placid season of childhood. Her treatment of peasant character was essentially dictated by sympathy; her appreciation was more than sympathetic, it was instinctive. Her mother's blood, the blood of 'une femme du peuple,' ran aggressively in the veins of the great-granddaughter of Maurice de Saxe; it claimed comradeship of equalities with Aurore Dupin's village playfellows and obtained for her in maturity an inestimable literary advantage: the familiarity of knowledge that kinship of class, and kinship alone, can secure. Writing of the villagers of the neighbouring parishes of Saint-Chartier and Nohant, she was content to lay aside the tedious exposition of moral and social theories, founded upon her devious lines of moral conduct, which abound in other sections of her novels. In 'La Mare au Diable' and its companion narratives the subject governed her treatment of it; the theme governed the author. The George Sand of 'Indiana,' 'Lélio' and 'Consuelo,' the George Sand of obtrusive reflections, rhetorical philosophy, and declamatory sentimentality, exercised her gift of adaptability, and transferred her pliable talent into the required key. 'Si on me demande ce que j'ai voulu faire, je répondrai que 'j'ai voulu faire une chose très-touchante et très-simple,' she explains in a prefatory note to 'La Mare au Diable.' According to a further statement, appended to 'La Petite Fadette,' she had sought a refuge from the stormy cataclysms of 1848 at

* See 'Histoire de ma Vie.' G. Sand.
† Indiana. Lélio, &c.

Nohant, where 'troublé et navré jusqu'au fond de l'âme je 'm'efforçai de retrouver dans la solitude sinon le calme, au moins 'la foi,' in the composition of her *romans champêtres.*

Mme. Sand justified and perfected her æsthetic ideal of rural pathos and homely grace. She retained of her former literary manner extreme ease of invention and fluent spontaneity of diction—gifts that constituted the main charm of her romances * while they undermined any constructive faculty and eclipsed all powers of condensation in sentiment and conciseness in narrative she may have possessed; she discarded the elaborate melodrama of passion, the strained altitudes and abnormalisms of virtue and vice and incident proper to the romantic. So doing her genius struck gold. How far the figures of la petite Fadette, of Marie in 'La Mare au Diable,' of Brulette in 'Les Maîtres Sonneurs,' are veracious or unveracious as studies from life-models, who may say? In dealing with the manners of rural Berry, she was dealing with a district so distinct in local usage and racial temperament, so estranged in customs from the neighbouring provinces of France, that in the epoch preceding the Revolution, Mirabeau is reported to have counselled the King 'de réunir le Berry à son empire au lieu de conquérir des pro-'vinces étrangères'; † and George Sand herself wrote: 'le Berry 'est resté stationnaire . . . qu'après la Bretagne et quelques 'provinces de l'extrême midi . . . c'est le pays le plus *conservé* 'qui se puisse trouver à l'heure qu'il est.' ‡ But, true or untrue as portraiture, the characters she sketched, with a touch as delicate as it is assured, live in freshness and grace. They do more: in them she originated—as it is the sole prerogative of genius to originate—a type which literature, in obedience to the axiom 'perfection fait école,' both accepted and reiterated in manifold imitations and copies.§

Her stories are wrought with the least possible expenditure of material. There is scarcely a hint of any world beyond the confines of the low-lying plains of Berry, where M. de la Salle assures us that 'il suffit que deux personnes se rencontrent pour 'que l'envie de danser les gagne'; or if the scene changes it is only to cross the ascending frontier-line to the wilder, well-watered oak-woods of bas Bourbonnais. Episode and incident are bounded by the everyday conditions of common lives spent in secluded hamlets. George Sand's inevitable preoccupation

* Consuelo, Comtesse de Rudolstadt, L'homme de Neige, &c.

† 'Le Berry.' Par L. de la Salle. Paris, 1900.

‡ La Mare au Diable.

§ Tourguénief's 'Récits d'un chasseur' are said to owe something to G. Sand's example. See E. Haumant's 'Tourguénief,' Paris, 1906.

is the interest of sentiment, and the sentiment of all her *genre* painting is that of homely idealism.

> 'No such quiet to the mind
> As true love with kisses kind.
> Tho' love be sweet, learn this of me,
> No sweet love but honesty.'

A mere thread of a plot, a handful of trivial events suffices. The characters, with hardly disguised habiliments, repeat themselves more than once. 'Le beau garçon' (Germain in 'La 'Mare'), equable of temper, tenacious in slowly aroused affections, clean-handed and clean-minded, with the trait of irresoluteness which Mme. Sand is apt to ascribe to the masculine temperament, reappears in Landry, of 'La Fadette,' and in Tiennet, of 'Les Maîtres Sonneurs.' The girl-heroines are stronger and more individual variants of the type initiated in la petite Marie of 'La Mare.' Fadette, the village scapegrace, passing from childhood to first girlhood with her 'allures de garçon,' half malicious, half wistful; part savage, part will-o'-the-wisp; crying, laughing, chanting her mocking-song in the dense night, to the terror of wayfarers as the marsh-lights dance by the river,

> 'J'ai pris ma cape et mon capet:
> Toute fadette a son fadet,'

becomes, as her heart wakens, George Sand's formula of peasant girlhood—true, brave, generous, wise too, and prudent; light of word but sober of mind, and above all honest of deed.

'La Mare au Diable' gives perhaps the clearest illustration of the author's intention in her new art. Germain, arrived at the thirty years limit of (in peasant estimation) marriageable age, has lost the wife he had loved with the exclusive, if tranquil devotion of a simple mind. He lives, still mourning his loss, under the farm-house roof of his father-in-law. But Père Maurice, kindly and sagacious, rules that Germain shall remarry with a fitting bride, the unknown, but well-endowed, Veuve Guérin. Germain resigns himself to obey with the sadness of an incorrigible, inarticulate regret—when Père Maurice gave him his daughter to wed 'nous n'avions pas mis 'dans nos conditions que je viendrais à l'oublier si j'avais le 'malheur de la perdre.' Nevertheless, patriarchal authority prevails and Germain is despatched, an unwilling suitor, to the village home of la Veuve Guérin with her comely face and worldly goods. Disconsolate, Germain sets out, mounted on the grey farm-horse, 'songeant comme songent les hommes qui 'n'ont pas assez d'idées pour qu'elles se combattent entre

'elles, mais souffrant d'une douleur sourde.' He goes, but La Grise carries two, for it chances that his neighbour, la petite Marie, must perforce leave home to earn a few francs in service at a farm not far from the village whither Germain is bound, and Germain, trustworthy and kind, will see the child—for Marie is little more than a child—well on her way. Nor has La Grise borne her double burden far before Petit-Pierre, Germain's five-year-old Benjamin—a tactless associate in courtship—waylays them, and, la petite Marie aiding and abetting, imposes his company upon the two. One by one the incidents of the day are narrated with a lightness of touch that gives due perspective to all. The frugal meal at Mère Rébec's cabaret, necessitated by Petit-Pierre's devouring hunger; the retarded progress of La Grise; the dusk that overtakes the wayfarers on the unfamiliar road; the mist that gathers thickly as they traverse the wood, shrouding the last glimmer of moonlight in dim, bewildering greyness; the night spent by the strayed trio under the great oaks, are described with an unerring sense of proportion. The three figures are always in clear relief: Germain dejected, incapable, in the face of adverse circumstances; petite Marie, alert, helpful, a trifle sharp of tongue, but ever ready of hand; comrade to the man, playmate to the child; reproving with cheerful malice Germain's lack of cheer, the quickness of her woman's wit giving its bright edge to the soundness of her common-sense.

The expedition, inauspicious so far as courtship of Veuve Guérin is concerned, misses its aim; Germain's proposal of marriage is never made, and the farm-service, including conditions not in the bond, is renounced by la petite Marie. So the three return as they came, Germain to discover that life without petite Marie will be life without the friend in need; petite Marie to hide her love and reject his suit until Père Maurice sanctions his son-in-law's marriage with the girl they have hired, in neighbourly kindness, to tend the sheep. In truth the story is of so slight a texture, woven from so meagre a skein, and coloured with so few tints, that the smallest flaw in its art would have proved fatal to the whole scheme; but flaw there is none, the charm is intact, and the scantiness of its elements constitutes the triumph of its simplicity.

The transition from George Sand's well-loved Berry to the Burgundian village-drama Balzac imaged in his sombre novel 'Les Paysans' * is a transition to the reverse of the medal. It is not so much a passage from sun to shadow as to a total

* Part I.

eclipse of every ray of daylight. Shadows lie over Pierre Loti's Celtic north; the grey clouds that drift across the seas hover over the hearts of the Breton peasantry. The mists that float across the *landes* give, as Barbey d'Aurevilly points out, to the population of la basse Normandie, despite a preponderance of material interests, 'la poésie . . . qui vient de la profondeur des 'impressions.' But such shadows are, compared with Balzac's malignant gloom, a mere film upon the glass. His is a radical transmutation; it is a passage from the spectacle of human nature where tints change, darken to sadness, or are gilded by transverse shafts of pleasure, where men's souls responsively reflect the chequered lights as fortune's wheel turns, to a theatre within whose walls humanity plays its part dyed and blotted past erasure, smeared with splashes of mire and blood and stained with the lees and dregs of stagnant brute passions. The sun may shine, the rain fall, the cold spread its chastities of frost, but the race Balzac summoned upon the stage in his 'Comédie 'Humaine' will not change its spots nor any wind of heaven purify the corruption of its lair.

Balzac regards the peasant as a topic: he utilises him as a document; his official standpoint is that of the spectator, and all that minute scrutiny can discover, all that a document can communicate, is crowded on to his canvas. With George Sand the negligence of detail, local, geographical, and domestic, evinces a perfect familiarity with the outer framework of the life she drew. She dispensed with carefully accumulated touches, trusting that pictures so complete in her own mind would print themselves, without possibility of error, upon her readers' imagination. She painted her landscapes without recourse to topography, her farm-dwellings without inventories of household goods, her human beings without reference to dictionaries of psychological anatomy. Her aim was simplicity and—in her peasant fiction—she achieved it. Nothing could be farther from Balzac's intention. 'Un génie,' as she wrote of him, 'orageux et puissant . . . écrit avec ses larmes, avec sa 'bile, avec ses nerfs, un drame tout plein de tortures.' * The triumph and purpose of his career was 'la représentation de la 'vie' in its integrity, and for his works at large M. Brunetière claims a judgement based on their attainment of this object: 'on ne peut donc pour les juger . . . les comparer qu'avec la 'vie.' † In the mammoth scheme of 'La Comédie Humaine,' each novel constitutes but a single page of the vast picture-play

* Prefatory note to 'La Petite Fadette.'

† 'Honoré de Balzac,' par F. Brunetière. Paris, 1906.

Balzac designed, nor is it his fault, but that of the limit of human years and capacity, if in the yet vaster Book of Life—a book without beginning or end—the whole of his immense accomplishment shrinks to a meagre compass, reads as a least fraction of a broken sentence.

Three volumes of the Comédie belongs to the section treating 'Scènes de la Vie de Campagne.' 'Le Curé de Village' and 'Le 'Médecin de Campagne' portray the peasantry as the philosopher *des mœurs* conceived of village life subjected to the regenerating influences of religion and philanthropy. The curé is himself a model of pastoral virtues, piety, humility, self-abnegation. His docile flock leave no impression individually or collectively upon the mind. The story is a plot of criminal intrigue: the connection of Véronique, the miserly banker's wife, with a peasant *employé*, and a consequent murder. The execution of Véronique's lover leads the secretly guilty woman to lifelong philanthropic penance, under the direction of the curé, in her lover's native village. These are the events upon which the story hinges. Véronique is the central figure; the villagers, their character and customs, are only incidentally sketched. Except in one scene, when in the village church a Mass for the dying is said during the hour appointed for the execution of the condemned man, there is no vivid or concentrated presentment of peasant thought or emotion. The second volume of the series —'Le Médecin de Campagne'—presents the inhabitants of the district contiguous to La Grande-Chartreuse in a succession of individual or family monographs. Each monograph serves as an object-lesson in the effects of possible social and sanitary reform. The results of the doctor's attempts to ameliorate the physical and moral state of his poor are discussed and expounded. Balzac, in his propaganda of Catholicism, royalism and authority, plunges into the abyss where the artist is submerged in the dogmatist when the doctor, the curé, the préfet and the doctor's guest, an ex-Napoleonic officer, debate at Socratic length the questions of suffrage, of political ideals and the advantages of religion as a police-control for the populace.

'Les Paysans' * belongs to a later date and to a totally different method of craftsmanship. The peasant, it is true, is still, as in 'Le Médecin,' a problem, a topic, a document. It may also be, as one of Balzac's most enthusiastic critics allows, that if 'il a 'eu un vague soupçon de ce qu'est le paysan, il ne le pénètre pas 'dans son essence cachée: la rusticité lui échappe au sens presque 'occulte de son fonctionnement.' † But the problem has per-

* Part I. † H. Favre.

sonified itself in living, moving actors; the topic is embodied in figures harshly outlined with all the ruthless force that lay in the brain of the great inaugurator of naturalism. Again, if as in 'Le Médecin,' there are a disjointed series of group-biographies, there is likewise an emphasised convergent point. The trends of opposing passions are sufficiently consistent to give the sense of aggregate unity in impression, if not the sense of form or unity in structure.

That central point is the figure of the Comte de Moncornet, the overbearing ex-general, a Napoleonic *parvenu*. His attempt to establish his rights as landed proprietor in his newly acquired estate; the overt hostilities of the peasants, the covert machinations of the *petite bourgeoisie* of the neighbourhood, leagued against the new-comer, constitute the groundwork of the plot. The Comte, the wife his social ambition coveted, an occasional guest, the Abbé Brossette, Blondin the young Parisian journalist, a familiar inmate whose presence dissipates in some measure the tedium of his hostess's days: these form a socially isolated group at the château des Aigues. Blondin plays the part of the professional observer; the curé that of the moral commentator—as in his memorable phrase 'à voir comment ils s'appuient 'de leur misère, on devine que ces paysans tremblent de perdre le 'prétexte de leurs débordements.' And while Mme. de Moncornet indulges her impulses of charity in casual almsgiving to the debased and worthless suppliants who beset her with threats and entreaties, a sullen conspiracy of hatred spreads its intricate net around. The General—with riches, with *gardes champêtres*, with the law's armed but impotent aid—is foredoomed to defeat in his struggle with the crouching, obsequious, insolent force which rears its fanged head from every ditch. 'Qui terre 'a guerre a.' The peasants, their ancient malpractices: wood-stealing, poaching, stolen pasturage and corn-pillage, restrained by energetic measures of repression, are abetted by the petty officialdom of justice and the rancours of provincial functionaries, who from divers causes seek advantage in the General's overthrow. These, too, are a specific group, agents in the tissue of events, through whose promptings and connivance the situation reaches its climax. Their covetous egoisms, unbridled avarice and shameless duplicity, setting aside the grosser immoralities of the secularised monk (le Maire Rigou), go far to outweigh the unredeemed sensualism, the repulsive brutalities and savage greed, exhibited by the peasant population. The whole picture is of unmitigated depravity and unchequered gloom. One ray of kindliness shines from the windows of the keeper's lodge, to be quenched when Olympe Michaud's adored and

adoring husband is murdered in the performance of his duty. One single peasant, the veteran republican, père Niseron, still dreams of a Utopian rule of liberty; the curé alone, among the inhabitants of the little township as among the *habitués* of the château, presents an example of moral purity and disinterested humanity. But these gleams of human affections and human virtues are obscured and ultimately vanish in the environing moral darkness. With a uniformity which does not belong to life, Balzac delineates the lowest levels of vindictive rapacity. He does not allow one among his characters even by accident to give way to those better impulses that beset unstable humanity at its worst: he has totally ignored the fact that vice, no less than virtue, has its lapses, its self-contradictions of right feeling and right doing. Black, for him, can take no other hue, nor reflect one faintest glimmer of daylight.

The château des Aigues is the citadel of defence; the cabaret of the Grand-I-Vert, the rendezvous of the enemies' forces, is minutely portrayed by the novelist, for whom characters exist, not, as with the romantics, mainly in emotional interrelationships, but pre-eminently in relation to life and the material conditions of things,* and whose interminable descriptive passages are 'toujours explicatives des causes qui ont 'façonné dans le cours du temps, les êtres ou les lieux.' The customs, the appurtenances of the cabaret, are painted as carefully as its master, Maître Tonsard, and its frequenters. Upon its shabby benches, set by broken tables where drinkers sit at ease, with the background of wooden cowsheds, tool-houses and outbuildings, thieves and libertines hatch their felonies and pursue their pleasures. There Tonsard plies his trade, blustering, gluttonous, jovial, venomous; there la Tonsard plies hers, acquiring, with Tonsard's connivance, what gross luxuries of food and dress she may. There the old grandmother and the daughters of the house add to their means of livelihood by daily depredations: green wood cut from young trees, game, illicit gleanings and other spoils rifled from the General's domains. The Grand-I-Vert is a nucleus of malice, 'vrai 'nid de vipères, s'entretenant vivace et vénimeuse, chaude 'et agissante, la haine du prolétaire et du paysan contre le maître et le riche.' Customers and clients each in turn, as they come and go, betray their own specific baseness. The otter-catcher, Maître Tonsard's drunken father-in-law, père Fourchon, mendicant and rogue, resigns himself, as his ill-gotten gains are snatched from him by his daughter, to be the butt and prey of

* F. Brunetière.

natures more vigorous, if not more vicious, than his own. And the innkeeper steals the last five franc-piece he has detected hidden in the sodden drunkard's ragged pocket as Fourchon, seated on the bench within the threshold, garrulously discourses on social wrongs. Meanwhile the cabaret fills. Vermichel, concierge at the hôtel de ville, huissier Brunet, valet Charles from the château, lover to Tonsard's disreputable daughter, are assembled there, when, crashing through the doorway with her enormous faggot of stolen boughs, Tonsard's old mother, 'a hideous black parchment of age,' makes precipitate entry, pursued by the keeper who has detected her ravages among the young plantations. The scene, as, at a sign from the old vagabond, la Tonsard blinds the keeper with a handful of live ashes, is a complete, if not the most offensive, illustration of the ferocious savagery pervading the book.

Chapter follows chapter, recording every phase of the contest, although the aggregate effect obtained by multiplication of sordid details, the continual sense a succession of almost imperceptible touches imparts of the reserves of vice indicated by open outrages, cannot be conveyed by quotation. Père Fourchon is utilised as a mouthpiece of peasant sentiment. He enunciates his philosophy before the inmates of the château. 'Work, and you will win the reward of labour,' moralises the Abbé. But Fourchon knows better—he grasps by experience the speciousness of moral maxims. The problem does not lend itself to such facile solution; the peasant will always live in penury, the rich in wealth. And this without relevance to desert, for if the peasant steals in the gutter, the rich steal by the fireside! Work? he asks. Why? The just—the unjust fare alike. The peasant who toils, toils in rags; the peasant who thieves, thieves in rags.

'Me voilà—n'est-ce pas? Moi, le paresseux, le fainéant, l'ivrogne, le propre à rien de *pare* Fourchon, *qu'a* eu de l'éducation, *qu'a* tombé dans le malheur et ne s'en est pas *erlevé*! . . . Eh bien *qué* différence entre moi et ce brave, c't honnête père Niseron . . . qui pend ant soixante ans a pioché la terre, qui s'est levé tous les matins avant le jour pour aller au labeur . . . corps *ed'* fer, et *eune* belle âme—je le vois tout aussi pauvre que moi. . . . Que le *pesan* vive de bien ou de mal faire il s'en va comme il est venu, dans des haillons, et vous dans de beau linge.'

Cringing, fawning, obsequious, Fourchon threads his speech with covert menace.

'Le peuple a la vie dure, il ne meurt pas, il a le temps pour lui.' . . . 'Vous voulez rester les maîtres, nous serons toujours ennemis,

aujord'hui comme il y a trente ans. . . . La malédiction des pauvres, monseigneur, ça pousse, et ça devient *pus* grand que le *pus* grand *ed'* vos chênes, et le chêne fournit la potence. . . . Personne ici ne vous dit la *varité* ; la *v'là*, la *varité* ! '

Let the General yield or ill will come of it. ' *C't* avis-là, et la ' *loute*,' ends the old ruffian, ' ça vaut *ben* vingt francs, allez ! '

The book takes its place as a masterpiece among all other works of realism in peasant fiction. Applying to it the criterion of truth to life, inevitably judgements will vary. Balzac has carried the argument from facts to character to its extreme limit. From an immense collection of statements he leaves his reader to infer the nature of that root-basis of action which we call character, and the method undoubtedly rests upon a logical and rational foundation. Yet, however logical as method, the procedure when applied to literary inventions usually proves singularly inconclusive. Outward actions, good or ill, do not cover the ground, and appraisement of a man's complex nature resulting solely from knowledge of his deeds and words will always inspire distrust. Moreover, truth to life is a matter of truth to proportion no less than of truth to fact. Tonsards, Rigous, Fourchons, no doubt exist, but they exist as monstrosities of vice, cruelty, and degradation exist in a mass where morality shades with innumerable gradations from white to black. And if the truth of averages is not so much as suggested, the accurate presentment of what lies below, as of what lies above, remains an imperfect register of reality.

' Les Paysans ' was the outcome of polemical intention :

' Le but de cette étude d'une effrayante vérité, est de mettre en relief les principales figures d'un peuple oublié par tant de plumes. . . . Cet oubli n'est peut-être que de la prudence par un temps où le peuple hérite de tous les courtisans de la royauté. . . . On a fait de la poésie avec les criminels, on a presque déifié le prolétaire. On voit bien qu'aucun . . . n'a eu le courage d'aller au fond des campagnes étudier la conspiration permanente de ceux que nous appelons encore les faibles contre ceux qui se croient les forts.'

Balzac threw himself into the breach. His theme is this ' Robespierre à une tête et à vingt millions de bras,' who seeks possession of the soil he tills. And in accomplishing his task, in creating his Tonsards, his Fourchons, he lent his genius to the further estranging of sympathies, added his quota of bricks to the barrier of social antipathies that separate class and class, rich and poor.

Thus Balzac, if his preface may be believed, composed ' Les ' Paysans ' with an intent and purpose over and above the aims of

art. George Sand equally avowed her moral, though converse, literary mission.

'Dans le temps où le mal vient de ce que les hommes se méconnaissent et se détestent, la mission de l'artiste est de célébrer la douceur, la confiance, l'amitié, et de rappeler ainsi aux hommes . . . que les mœurs pures, les sentiments tendres, et l'équité primitive, sont, ou peuvent être, encore de ce monde.'

But before the peasant theme escaped from the hands of literary missionaries, whether propagandists of idealism or of hatred, Barbey d'Aurevilly, the strange harlequin of ultra-romanticism, nine years after the publication of 'Les Paysans,' expended the graphic energy of his uncertain talent in the composition of his decadent extravaganza 'L'Ensorcelée.' Here the counter-spirit of revolt, a fanatical feudal devotion, is embodied in the person of the palsied village Herodias of his Chouan *légende*. Idealist d'Aurevilly was not, and frequently his ultra-romanticism evinces incongruous impulses of realistic insight. Nevertheless, dwelling, according to the wont of the school he survived so long,* upon the abnormal and the fantastic, carrying to æsthetic excess the juxtaposition of moral contrasts, he occasionally vindicates in his own productions his belief 'que 'l'imagination continuera d'être d'ici longtemps la plus puissante 'réalité qu'il y ait dans la vie des hommes.'

La Clotte is only a secondary personage, yet her figure is memorable as a romantic's typical rendering of peasant character. The opening chapter of the wild melodrama is a preliminary page, as it were torn from the author's diary, in which he recounts the circumstances of his meeting with Maître Tainnebouy, who, as his road companion, retails to him the *légende* of l'Abbé de la Croix-Jugan and Jeanne le Hardouey. The isolation of the *lande* when dusk overtakes the two riders, and entrapped by dense fog, 'l'immensité des espaces que nous n'apercevions 'pas se révélait par la profondeur du silence,' comes before us, a grey curtain, painted with the skill of a true artist. The modulations, from the common incidents of the road—the laming of a horse, a lost track—to the paragraph that preludes the raising of that curtain, are the work of a master of scenic effect.

'Nous ne pouvions guère, dans une obscurité aussi complète, apprécier le chemin que nous faisions. Cependant les heures retentirent à un clocher qui . . . nous parut assez rapproché. . . . L'horloge qui sonna avait un timbre grêle et clair qui marqua minuit. . . . Mais le dernier coup de minuit n'avait pas encore fini d'osciller à nos oreilles, qu'à un point plus distant et plus en-

* Barbey d'Aurevilly died at the age of eighty in 1889.

foncé dans l'horizon, nous entendîmes résonner non plus une horloge de clocher, mais une grosse cloche, sombre, lente et pleine. "Entendez-vous, maître Tainnebouy?" dis-je un peu ému de cette sinistre clameur d'airain dans la nuit. "On sonne à cette heure: serait-ce le feu?" "Non," répondit-il. "Le tocsin sonne plus vite, et ceci est lent comme une agonie. Attendez! voilà cinq coups! en voilà six!—sept! huit et neuf! C'est fini; on ne sonnera plus."'

Truly, for we have heard the bell of Blanchelande, the ancient Abbey of ill fame, and it rings with ominous clang for 'la messe 'de l'abbé de la Croix-Jugan—une messe des morts.'

Barbey d'Aurevilly, with the thread of genius that runs through his literary and moral charlatanism, could have found no fitter introduction to attune the imagination to a romance trembling always upon the brink of the supernatural; in which Jeanne le Hardouey falls a spellbound victim to a consuming passion for the Chouan Abbé, 'ce Balafré en capuchon,' with his scorched and mutilated features; and the Abbé himself, re-admitted after long years to the exercise of his sacerdotal office, is shot at the altar—as the mass-bell of Blanchelande rings—by the hand of Jeanne's husband.

Framed in this old life tragedy, La Clotte—as no other among the actors—is a portrait drawn with singular vividness and emotional veracity. Refusing in her youth the lot of a peasant's wife, Clotilde Mauduit, devoured by 'le regret, plus affreux 'qu'un remords, d'avoir perdu sa jeunesse,' had become the Herodias of the Château de Haut-Mesnil, where Rémy Sang-d'Aiglon gathered around him the dissolute nobles from whom Chouannerie recruited its heroes and martyrs. The old woman, outcast and alone, broods for ever on that past. She has attached herself body and soul to those who degraded her beauty, has identified her lot with their lot, has been racked with their tortures and suffered ignominy in their defeat. They are dead, the old comrades of her sins, but she, their victim and their devotee, lives on. Her face is of furrowed bronze, her tall figure distorted, her limbs crippled; her wheel stands silent, her knitting drops from the knotted fingers. Tears have long since burnt themselves from her eyes. But hour by hour, year by year, impenitent and fierce, with her grey hair 'qui semblait 'être la couronne de fer de sa sombre vieillesse,' she nurses the ashes of lost passions, loves and hates, and the flame, smouldering but unextinguishable, of an exasperated caste-worship for those criminal companions of bygone days. 'Ah, vous autres sei-'gneurs, qu'est-ce qui peut effacer en vous la marque de votre 'race? Et qui ne reconnaîtrait pas ce que vous étiez aux

'seuls os de vos corps quand ils seraient couchés dans la tombe ?' cries the withered fanatic to their sole survivor, the Abbé de la Croix-Jugan. Her passionate attachment to Jeanne le Hardouey is part and parcel of the same feudal homage, for the ancient blood of the Feuardents runs in the veins of the farmer's wife, resentful of its abasement. And Jeanne, 'l'Ensorcelée,' on whose ashamed uprightness the doom of a sudden love-madness has fallen, the dreary serenity of whose heart has kindled to fire at her first meeting with the priest, 'une âme 'de sa race,' finds in La Clotte's frenzied memories the echo of her own obsession and the interpretation of her own despair. Jeanne's doom accomplishes itself: she ends a life where sanity had striven in vain for mastery. As the death-bell tolls consternation over Le Hardouey's fields, La Clotte divines that the knell, calling importunately to those who live to plead for the soul which has gone hence, tolls for Jeanne. The weight of each stroke falls with leaden grief on the one vulnerable spot infirmity and misery have left in La Clotte's heart,

'rien . . . n'empêchait d'entendre les sons poignants de lenteur et brisés de silence qui finissent par un tintement suprême et grêle comme le dernier soupir de la vie au bord de l'éternité. . . . Les sons . . . passaient par la porte ouverte et venaient mourir sur ce grabat, où un cœur altier qui avait résisté à tout se brisait enfin dans les larmes. . . . "Je ne suis pas digne de prier pour elle," fit-elle alors . . . "la pleurer, oui . . . mais prier pour elle je ne puis—Dieu rirait de m'entendre si je priais ! Il sait trop qui j'ai été et qui je suis pour écouter cette voix souillée qui ne lui a jamais rien demandé pour Clotilde Mauduit, mais qui lui demanderait, si elle osait, sa miséricorde pour Jeanne de Feuardent." '

The butchery of La Clotte at Jeanne's open grave is one of those scenes of coarse atrocity without which d'Aurevilly, in common with other romantics, seemed to feel the impression of imaginative power unattainable, as without similar crudities the greatest of French naturalists, more often than not, seems to feel the impression of reality ineffective.

To pass from 'L'Ensorcelée' to Flaubert ('le dernier des ro-'mantiques, si Émile Zola n'avait pas existé' *) in his finished study, 'Un Cœur Simple,' is to pass from the brilliance of literary imposture to the somewhat austere genius of pure and strict æstheticism whose sole end is the perfection of literary excellence. 'Un Cœur Simple' is a new version of the peasant theme. Not a line, not an incident, severs it from the routine of daily occurrences in the life of a farm-girl transplanted into domestic

* Brunetière.

service. It is a narrative of monotonous commonplaces. Félicité's honest love of farmhouse days, her later devotion to the children she tends, her unrecompensed affections, her mute acquiescence in her lot of many sorrows, is a story of immense ignorances, immense tenderness and boundless faith. And in the combination of Félicité's ignorance, tenderness and faith, in a use of these qualities governed by unerring tact and reticence, Flaubert found a distinctive note for his fiction. It is the very note of homely simplicity combined with ecstatic devotion which found expression in numberless folk-songs and in many a Noël, where the peasant translated Bethlehem of Judea into a Bethlehem of village life; where in the conception of a common motherhood each mother brought her dole of sympathy to the birth-night cradle of an infant God; where each peasant in the gay familiarity of common human joys, pictured himself as the Barthélemy of the old chanson, leaving his sabots outside the sacred stable ('ici je laisse mes sabots') as he hurried in to present the Child with gifts—a thrush, a robin and a finch. Flaubert has seized the traits: crude realism, fanciful ideality, imaginative pictorialism, instinctive mysticism, such as the soul-life of the unchronicled poor registers wherever the pageantries of Catholic belief and Catholic liturgy have passed into peasant idiom; wherever the peasant has made tentative appropriation to his own needs of the ideas and ideals of the great romance-period of Christianity. Flaubert's genius has caught that sub-current of visionary fervour, and varied with its tinted lights the grey monotone of Félicité's living and dying. The dim colours that haunt the peasant's soul are the heritage of the 'Cœur Simple.' Little indeed she knows of creed or dogma: 'quand aux dogmes, elle n'y comprenait rien.' She has not steeped her mind, as Émile Zola's Angélique,* with her sensualism *à rebours* of hysterical excitement, in dreams and rhapsodies of mystical marriages and the tortured raptures of martyrdom. Félicité's devotion is the healthful radiant vision of childhood.

'Elle pleura en écoutant la Passion. Pourquoi l'avaient-ils crucifié, lui qui chérissait les enfants, nourrissait les foules, guérissait les aveugles, et avait voulu, par douceur, naître au milieu des pauvres sur le fumier d'une étable? Les semailles, les moissons, les pressoirs, toutes ces choses familières dont parle l'Évangile, se trouvaient dans sa vie; le passage de Dieu les avait sanctifiées; et elle aima plus tendrement les agneaux par amour de l'Agneau, les colombes à cause du Saint-Esprit.'

* Le Rêve.

In the closing scene of that dumb and gentle spirit all the values of those elements of prose and romance that contribute to sincerity of effect are wrought out of this material. Félicité has seen, one by one, all her heart's treasures sink below the horizon. The children she has loved are dead or removed from her care. The mistress she has served with entire obedience and unbroken fidelity lies in her grave. Even Loulou, the paroquet, whose splendours of blue and green plumage focussed the admiration and affection of the lonely woman, is now only a stuffed relic of former glories.

And Félicité lies dying, 'comme Madame,' she says, finding consolation in the similarity of sickness, 'trouvant naturel de 'suivre sa maîtresse.' But though the solace of religion is hers, she is troubled in spirit. The Fête-Dieu is at hand, the altar, the sacred resting-place it is the privilege of pious hands to decorate, is to be erected beneath her very window. There the long procession of the festival will halt awhile in its slow progress through the streets of the little town. 'Félicité se chag- 'rinait de ne rien faire pour le Reposoir. Au moins si elle avait 'pu y mettre quelque chose!' Then to the sick woman, whose failing eyes are dim, comes the thought of Loulou, 'sa seule 'richesse.' It is not, as the neighbours say, 'convenable,' but the curé accedes to her desire. Loulou—or Loulou's remains—shall find a place among the adornments of the altar. The Fête-Dieu dawn finds Félicité with life fast ebbing; the priest has ministered to her departing soul the last sacraments; the women who tended her are gone—save La Simonne, '. . . 'La Simonne déjeuna; un peu plus tard elle prit Loulou, et, 'approchant de Félicité: "Allons! dites-lui adieu!" . . . Elle le 'baisa au front, et le garda contre sa joue.' Then, stuffed, worm-eaten, and broken-winged, the bird is carried forth to do honour to the festival.

'Des guirlandes vertes pendaient sur l'autel, orné d'un falbala en point d'Angleterre. Il y avait au milieu un petit cadre enfermant des reliques, deux orangers dans les angles, et, tout le long, des flambeaux d'argent et des vases en porcelaine d'où s'élançait des tournesols, des lis, des pivoines, des touffes d'hortensias. . . . Loulou caché sous les roses ne laissait voir que son front bleu, pareil à une plaque de lapis. . . . Le prêtre gravit lentement les marches, et posa sur la dentelle son grand soleil d'or qui rayonnait. . . . Il se fit un grand silence. Et les encensoirs glissaient sur leurs chaînettes. Une vapeur d'azur monta dans la chambre de Félicité. . . . Ses lèvres souriaient. Les mouvements de son cœur se ralentirent un à un, plus vague chaque fois, plus doux, comme une fontaine s'épuise, comme un écho disparaît: et quand

elle exhala son dernier souffle, elle crut voir dans les cieux entr'ouverts, un parroquet gigantique, planant au-dessus de sa tête.'

Flaubert's solitary essay at peasant-portraiture leaves the impression of the work of an artist who sees very clearly, but from very far off. Guy de Maupassant, equally conforming to the standard that acknowledges no design in fiction save æsthetic effect, treads the ground side by side with the peasants of whom he writes, and in his many *nouvelles* of farm and cottage life evolves a widely different formula of representation. He indulges no speculations as to the possible; has no affirmations to controvert or certify; his world is neither beautiful nor ugly, good nor evil; his concern is with things as they are; his art to divest the form of art—even in the *conte* where form is the essence of merit—of the unveracities accruing to shorthand abbreviations in scenes of life and character. The side of life visible to the author of 'Le Diable,' 'Le Vieux,' 'Une 'Fille de Ferme,' and many other stories, is the side visible to a tragic humorist, and the coarseness, which throughout literary annals has allied itself with the *conte pour rire*, whether in the license of culture or folk-tale, is rarely absent from his work.* Yet, if Maupassant jests, and jests grossly, he never laughs; his farce is a farce where tragedy wears the dress comedy had heretofore donned of circumstance and incident, and the clown in his burlesques is a clown sinister in the equipment of a Danse Macabre.

Peasant themes adapted themselves with peculiar aptitude to his treatment, and he dwelt on them insistently, marking in sure outlines the features of men, women and things. Flaubert attained his effect by reticence, Maupassant, more humanly, though with no surcharging of descriptive passages, attained his by explicit exposition; the one contents himself with a suggestion, the other, with no less certain judgement, lays an emphasis. Flaubert in his 'Cœur Simple' was occupied solely with one figure: all Félicité's surroundings derive their importance from her connexion with them. Contrariwise, to take an example from among many, in Maupassant's 'Une 'Fille de Ferme,' Rose seems in great measure to draw her existence from her circumstances; her personality is the outcome, not, as Félicité's, of natural temperament, but of outward compulsion, and the qualities Rose developes are fashioned by exterior rather than by innate causes. Accordingly the repulsive plot is a plot of situation, a statement of facts. The action, aggressive

* 'Clair de Lune' is a notable exception of extreme and finished perfection.

as in 'Les Paysans,' springs primarily from the element of primitive passions preserved, if not engendered, by the usages of country life. The successive phases of Rose's moods as the story proceeds, follow, never precede or occasion, the sequence of events. Her savage attack on her unfaithful lover is caused by his repudiation of his promise of marriage. The knowledge of the approaching birth of her child is the root of her dumb misery. Her passionate devotion to the child born and bred in secret, stimulates her inert and passive nature to energy and force, and is the motive actuating her attempt—the wage-earner's attempt—to raise the market price of her labour. But below the energy and capacity of the handiworker the peasant's inertia survives. The farmer, her value as wife exceeding her value as servant, would compel her to marry him. She resists; yet as he tells her the banns of marriage are published,

'elle ne répondit pas. Que pouvait-elle dire? Elle ne résista point. Que pouvait-elle faire? . . . Elle se sentait enfoncée dans un trou aux bords inaccessibles, dont elle ne pourrait jamais sortir . . . son mari lui faisait l'effet d'un homme qu'elle avait volé, et qui s'en apercevrait un jour ou l'autre. Et puis elle pensait à son petit d'où venait tout son malheur, mais d'où venait aussi tout son bonheur sur la terre.'

It needs all the exasperated despair her husband's maltreatment can evoke (his disappointed hopes of fatherhood have transformed his rough kindness into sullen resentment) to drive the woman to revolt. The final scene, when she casts her disgrace in her husband's teeth, is a complete example of Maupassant's attitude as tragic humorist. Standing at bay, Rose turns on the astonished farmer with her only weapon—confession.

'"J'en ai un éfant, moi, j'en ai un!" . . . L'homme, stupéfait, restait là, aussi éperdu qu'elle-meme; il bredouillait: "Qué que tu dis? Qué que tu dis?" Alors elle se mit à sangloter, et à travers ses larmes ruisselantes elle balbutia: "C'est pour ça que je ne voulais pas t'épouser, c'est pour ça. Je ne pouvais point te le dire, tu m'aurais mise sans pain avec mon petit. Tu n'en as pas, toi, d'éfant; tu ne sais pas, tu ne sais pas!"'

There is a pause, she crouches lamenting, expectant of blows. He, slow-witted, heavily comprehends the meaning of her self-accusation. Presently he speaks:

'"Quel âge qu'il a ton petiot?" Elle murmura: "V'là qu'il va avoir six ans." Il demande encore: "Pourquoi que tu ne me l'as pas dit? . . . Allons, lève-toi." Elle se redressa péniblement, puis il se prit à rire soudain de son gros rire de bons jours; et comme elle demeurait

bouleversée, il ajouta : "Eh bien, on ira le chercher, c't' éfant . . . je voulais en adopter un, le v'là trouvé . . . j'avais demandé au curé un orphelin." Puis riant toujours, il embrassa sur les deux joues sa femme éplorée et stupide : "Allons, la mère, allons voir s'il y a encore de la soupe.'"

If Maupassant is the narrator who discerned the comedy that runs parallel with every tragedy, and found in peasant-themes conditions favourable to the exercise of an art which passes by in the neutrality of indifference both the poignant anguish and the poignant joys of primitive natures, the typical master of naturalism, M. Zola, reverted in more than one instance to the *parti-pris* attitude of dramatic romance. As realist the estimate of his genius will be governed by differing criteria. 'Après 'le beau le laid, après la forme le difforme,' is the sentence of classical æstheticism. Opposing schools, demanding nothing of art but art's raw material—life, will find in the accuracy of the copy the triumph of patient genius and the justification of pages for which no other justification can be urged. The specific value he himself claimed for his principal work—'Histoire naturelle 'et sociale d'une famille sous le Second Empire,' as an exposition of the doctrine of heredity, is also a question apart. But when, at the starting-point, where the Rougon-Macquart family emerges from its peasant origin, he created the characters of Silvère and Miette,* both conception and execution verify M. Brunetière's relegation of the author to the ranks of the romantics.

The story falls into two divisions, cemented rather than wrought together, for although an undoubted structural growth of idea and emotion gives intellectual and emotional form to the narrative, other form there is none. One section comprises the family history of the unscrupulous, clumsy, shrewd Pierre Rougon, a peasant by breeding and birth, with the record of the successive crimes perpetrated by him and his wife, in their efforts to rise in the civic and social scale of the *petite bourgeoisie* of Plassans. The narrative draws its incidents from the heroically impotent insurrection of the republican artisans and peasants of Southern France at the epoch of the Coup d'État. Pierre Rougon's biography is a chronicle of moral degeneration and narrow-sighted egoism culminating in blood-guilty fraud. It presents desire and ambition in their most squalid materialism; gain, the power and opportunity of vulgar display, the coveted prosperity duplicity wins, are the only recognised aims of Pierre

* La Fortune des Rougon. 1871. (The later volume of the series where peasant life is treated in fullest detail, 'La Terre,' M. Zola has put outside the pale of analysis and discussion.)

and of his wife and sons. It is a study of corrupt instincts unredeemed even by the excuse of passion, and unrelieved—as in 'Les Paysans'—by any glimpse of those counter-impulses springing from the sentiment of human kinship and fraternity, which in the region of art make criminality credible.

M. Zola is, however, acutely aware that life under its many masks has two faces, and he has coupled the story of Pierre Rougon in his first remove from the peasant class with the branch story of Silvère and Miette, on whose half-grown girlhood M. Zola has concentrated his talent of passion-painting in his most emotionally decorative mood.

Silvère is the typical 'révolté' of the town, as opposed to the converse type, the 'résigné' of the country. In the young artisan the heritage of his race—mental derangement and absence of intellectual equilibrium—manifests itself in an exaggerated heroic idealism. His brief career, for he is little more than a lad, is bounded by a child's dream, where his love for the Republic—a Republic of illusion and hope—becomes fused, in the altar-fire of youth, with his love for the forçat's child Miette, the peasant girl against whom every hand is raised and whose hand is against every man. Great in faith, single in heart, the gentle, ignorant enthusiast dwells within the walls of a Utopia where the religion of humanity should heal all scars, solace all griefs, amend all wrongs, and where 'la femme, 'toujours sous les traits de Miette,' should be adored by nations on their knees. Silvère is of kin with the neophytes of romance-chivalries, a *croisé* of a new Jerusalem whose Holy Sepulchre is the shrine of freedom. Miette is of earthlier clay. But if of earth, the passion of her love is health not sickness of the soul. Her confident daring, her buoyant gaiety and her boyish sins—roadside fruit-stealings vexatious to her Don Quixote's scrupulous spirit—her rash hardihood and fearless courage, are all qualities of instinct and nature. Adolescents whose hearts are mere apprentices to the base usages of ignoble physical passions Zola has drawn elsewhere. In this tragic idyl of youth, love and death he has attempted the counter-presentment of a passion whose inherent nobility is drawn from unalloyed innocence. And as in the healthless *légende* of 'Le Rêve,' as in the artificial arcadianism of 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,' he has of set purpose vindicated his right of way to the fount of romanticism.

From the first love-scene in the disused cemetery, the atmosphere is charged with suggestions which might have preluded a Hawthorne fantasy. The vague apprehension of the perpetuated presence of the evicted dead haunts the consciousness of

those who invade their ancient domicile. And this dim imagining, like the sound of the death-bell of Blanchelande in 'L'Ensorcelée,' is interwoven from first to last with the actual incidents of the story. By the moss-grown grave-stone, with its defaced epitaph, 'Cy—gist—Marie—morte,' where the boy and girl, in secure brother- and sister-hood of love, keep nightly tryst, Miette is touched by compassion for that other Marie, long since wrapped in death's inanimate repose. She has pity to spare even for the insentient stone: 'elle s'apitoyait jusque sur la pierre où ils 's'étaient tant de fois assis, pierre glacée par la mort qu'ils 'avaient réchauffée de leur amour.' Among the moist verdures and overgrown alleys,

'il y avait des jours où la clameur des morts devenait si haute que Miette regardait Silvère de ses yeux noyés, comme pour lui dire, "Que demandent-ils donc?" . . . Vaguement ils se disaient que leur amour avait poussé . . . dans ce terreau, dans ce coin de terre fertilisé par la mort. Il y avait grandi ainsi que ces herbes folles; il y avait fleuri comme ces coquelicots que la moindre brise faisait battre leurs tiges, pareils à des cœurs ouverts et saignants. . . . Les morts, les vieux morts, voulaient les noces de Miette et Silvère . . .'

In the open sunlit spaces vagabonds camp, children romp, the saw-cutter plies his trade, old men bask in the warmth, and tell of the dis-sepulchred bones carried hence in years long passed. But the ocular precision, the accurate rendering of sense-perceptions is always accompanied by the perturbing sentiment of all that sense-perception leaves unnoted—the sentiment of the unseen: 'On y sent courir ces souffles chauds 'et vagues des voluptés de la mort qui sortent des vieilles tombes 'chauffées par les grands soleils.'

Intersected with scenes of cruelty and butchery of which the sensational appeal is to the crude instinct of physical recoil, and which belong to levels of art where the imaginative, intellectual, and paramountly the æsthetic sense have no place, the idyl of pure romance takes shape and colour. Miette, wrapped from head to foot in the blood-crimson of her cloak, carries the insurgents' red banner, moving at the head of the revolutionary band, with 'son sourire d'enfant . . . "Il me semble que je suis '"à la procession de la Fête-Dieu, et que je porte la bannière de la '"Vierge."' And she marches through the night-hours, and sleeps red-mantled in the chill whiteness of the frosty starlight, with the first love-kisses of her lover upon her ignorant lips. A shadow, the cloud of a dim foreboding, hangs over them; youth is for them, love is with them, but death stands somewhere near at hand: 'Une voix leur disait qu'ils s'en iraient—'avec leurs tendresses vierges'—and the womanhood that

wakens where childhood dies cries in unavailing protest, 'Je ne 'veux pas mourir sans que tu m'aimes.' In vain; for Miette, for Silvère, there waits no wedding day, no accomplishment will be theirs of that profound union their hearts in visions crave. The disciplined troops shoot down the peasants' disordered battalion; Miette falls, the flag still in her hands, and as Silvère bends over the strong young figure, half shrouded in the heavy folds of red, death comes apace. The girl's lips are dumb, and only 'dans ses grands yeux navrés il voyait un 'immense regret de la vie.'

Miette and the Republic are slain. Silvère is carried back a prisoner to Plassans. He had passed through life a dreamer; a dreamer still in the desecrated cemetery he meets death—gentle, stunned by the desolation of infinite despair, insensible to outrage, mute, unresentful—a dreamer in a dream. 'La lente 'approche de la mort, dans ce sentier où depuis si longtemps 'il promenait son cœur était d'une douceur ineffable. . . . 'Miette avait raison—cette pierre était pour elle—Cy—gist—'Marie—morte—' Now the dead, those friendly sponsors of their loves, are calling him, him too: 'les vieux morts 'l'appelaient . . . ils étaient joyeux, ils lui disaient de venir, ils 'lui promettaient de lui rendre Miette dans la terre.' For his coming, for their espousals, those *vieux morts* have waited two long summers through. The executioner delays, prolonging by protracted expectation the torture of dying. Silvère's eyes are shut. The dead call louder and louder—'furieusement'—by the old tombstone. Kneeling, he waits: 'Dans le noir, il ne 'voyait plus que Miette, sous les arbres, couverte du drapeau, 'les yeux en l'air. . . . Puis le borgne tira, et ce fut tout.' Cy—gist—Miette—there, too, Silvère rests—and the dead, one may believe, henceforth are silent.

So idealism, romanticism, naturalism, great artists and artists of less account, pessimist, optimist, humanitarian and indifferentist, each in turn utilised the themes supplied by conditions of peasant thought, sentiment and circumstance. Another phase of fiction, less easily classified, presents itself in the narratives of M. René Bazin. Their originality lies in the fact that where other writers have been chiefly occupied with individual action and the relationship of man with man, he, in some fashion of his own, would seem to have aimed, beyond the range of individual studies, at a representation of man's connexion with earth itself. M. Loti in his Breton stories has indicated a like idea; * Bazin more definitely, in dealing with

* M. Loti's works are reviewed at length in the Edinburgh Review of October 1903.

the actual tillers of the soil, pictures the moral, intellectual, and emotional existence of human beings, in relationship with the Terre-Mère. His subject is the plougher, and also the ground he furrows; it is the cultivator, and also the fields he sows; it is the labourer as the tenour of his daily life is regulated by nature's elemental forces, winds, rains, sun, frost. M. Bazin observes the incidents of seasons, the episodes of growth, maturity and decay as they implant in the agriculturist's mind, despite race-variants, the characteristics of men hourly confronted by the irresistible action of unknown agencies.

Balzac saw in the home-passion of the peasantry 'l'instinct 'qu'a l'animal pour son nid ou pour son terrier.' M. Bazin grasps the emotional and moral aspect of the animal instinct and with an artist's sympathetic realisation of its æsthetic value, employs it as the dominant note in his narrative of the Vendean *marais*—'La Terre qui Meurt.'* Old Lumineau, the peasant cultivator of La Fromontière whose decadent prosperity is the subject-matter of the narrative, betrays this sentiment of personal attachment to the land in sentence after sentence. 'Ça me chagrine d'entendre mal parler de la terre de chez nous . . . 'n'en dis pas de mal . . . elle nous a toujours nourris.' 'Ça aimait 'la terre,' is the old métayer's supreme word of praise; to forsake it is an act of treason—'traître au Marais.' Even the 'beau 'soldat' André, whom the struggle with the impoverished conditions of field and farm is to drive, as it has driven his worthless brother, to desert La Fromontière, bears to meadow and field the affection of friend to friend. Revisiting the home he will eventually abandon in despair, the sentiment survives despite the education of barrack and town, which has opened the eyes of the younger generation to possibilities undreamt of by the older. 'Sa jeunesse, éparse dans les choses, s'éveillait et 'parlait. Il n'y avait pas une motte de terre qui ne lui criât 'bonjour, pas un ajonc de fossé, pas un orme ébranché qui 'n'eût un regard d'ami.' And in the scene where father and son fell the ancient vine whose fruit-bearing is long past, the emotion is epitomised. The vine for the young man, as for the old, is invested with all the pathetic sadness of human decrepitude; its uprooting is in truth an 'œuvre de mort.' Over André as over Toussaint Lumineau the grief of personal regret casts a shadow of despondency. In the dying tree, all unawares, as André pauses in his toil, he deciphers the symbol of a foregone destiny. 'Elle mourait. Chaque fois que sur le pivot d'une

* 'Donatienne' is another instance, though a less obvious example, of M. Bazin's use of the home sentiment of the peasant.

'racine il donnait le coup de grâce, qui tranchait la vie définitive-
'ment, il éprouvait une peine . . . Mortes les veines cachées par
'où montait la joie de vin nouveau. . . . Mortes les branches-
'mères que le poids des grappes inclinait'; dead the pale star-flowers with their honey-drops and scent of reseda; among its leaves no murmur of summer insects will ever again gladden the ear; over is the grape-gathering and the vintage! The vine-tree has lost its joys, its joys of living; and they who planted it and tended it and drank of its substance, are departed too, and those living who remain have lost in its dying something of the many dead, who, in this their bequest, in a manner survived. Something also of themselves, too, will vanish in its vanishing, as in the loss of a human fellow somewhat of ourselves is laid to rest. 'Quelque chose de familial, une richesse héréditaire et sacrée,
'périssait avec la vigne, servante ancienne et fidèle des
'Lumineau.'

M. Bazin's descriptive landscape is penetrated by the same feeling of nature's personality. The wooded levels of La Vendée, the stretches of the *marais* with its widely scattered farmsteads and solitary windmills, its rain-seasons of flooded field and pasture, its winter of ice-sheeted inundations, its narrow waterways leading from one isolated habitation to another; the low meadows where the mist of the sea and the vaporous exhalations of the earth meet and mingle, where from long distances one steeple looks across to another, and the lights, clear in frost or hazy in fog, shine at nightfall from window or open doorway of lonely farmhouses where boys and girls, young men and women, dance at the *Veillées*. All these things Bazin surveys through the eyes of simple people who, with the clandestine and unconscious pantheism which folk-literature reveals, see in nature, not inanimate matter ruled by impersonal laws, but sentient vitalities, forms of existence in some sort linked and fused with their own individual being.

From a further sense of the reciprocity of attachment Bazin evolved his dual tragedy with its double aspect of deprivation—'La Terre qui Meurt.' On the one hand it presents the tragedy of Earth, forsaken by her children; on the other the tragedy of the old *métayer*, who has served her, not as servants serve for hire, but as sons serve for love. The scene is of her mortuary chamber where Lumineau watches her dying, a helpless spectator of the Earth's mute agony. As her priest, with his gentle-eyed oxen, he has furrowed her fields with joy, and the upspringing of her crops has been the sacrifice he has offered upon her altars. Her benediction, the benediction of good years of harvest, has been the reward of his labour and the

crown of his days. He claims affection for her, as an apostle for his god. He weeps, for she mourns as Rachel lamenting the children who, living, have turned their faces from her. Earth for Toussaint Lumineau is the Jerusalem of the Hebrew poet, and with him his heart cries—'if I forget thee, may 'my right hand forget its cunning.'

M. Bazin is never an observer only, nor does he, as many an observer with his schedules of evidence, go empty away. It will always seem doubtful whether the artist, howsoever great, who assumes the *rôle* of the official literary spectator, can communicate to his readers the least fraction of emotions he has not, imaginatively or sympathetically, experienced. There is a dimness of vision induced by the lack of personal sympathy and personal emotion, that hampers even the power of observation; there are things, and not a few, that refuse themselves to sight unless they be viewed through the haze of tears. M. Bazin is never neutral; he is never indifferent. He may not take his place in the first rank of novelists, but, whether it be the talent of human sympathy or that of acute imaginative perception, his books imply the sensitive intuitions of an artist who feels no less than he sees and whose emotions reverberate the emotions of anonymous existences passed in unfrequented and unmemorable places. His thoughts have taken up their abode under smoke-blackened roofs and beside the hearths of cottage, cabin, and farm; his mind has moved in unison with the minds of those who dwell in closest contact with the silent earth and the inarticulate beasts of fold and pasture. And in such companionship, with such affinities, the literary form and the sentiment of the subject have reached a singular harmony of matter and manner. Something of peasant dignity, the restrained dignity of the great peasant-painters, Millet, Segantini, Bastien-Lepage, has infected his mood. The reticence of men slow to utter the sober depth of their griefs, slow to make demonstration of the strength of familiar affections, slow to make manifest the tenacity of joys, memories, fears and hopes intertwined with the fibres of life itself, has communicated itself to his pen. He has painted 'ces paysans des côtes, 'travailleurs taciturnes, qui regardent la mer par-dessus les 'dunes, et que tourmente un peu de songe quand le vent souffle'; he has interpreted that taciturnity, and he has likewise—as an artist gifted with imaginative faculty—in painting the sleeper painted also the dream.

Art. III.—THE LAND QUESTION.

1. *The Agricultural Holdings Act*, 1906.
2. *Report of the Departmental Committee on Small Holdings*, 1906.
3. *The Tariff Commission.* Vol. III. Report of the Agricultural Committee. P. S. King & Son. 1906.
4. *Land Reform.* By the Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P. Longmans. 1906.
5. *The Relations of Rents, Wages and Profits in Agriculture, and their Bearing on Rural Depopulation.* By J. S. Nicholson, M.A., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1906.

The accession to power of a Radical Ministry, supported by a very large Radical majority, in which there are very few men who know anything about the management of land or the administration of estates, has been signalised by a revival of those time-honoured declamations against 'survivals of feudal-'ism,' both in Parliament and outside, which are so familiar to all who have studied the controversies about landed property any time in the last fifty years.

But with this there has been conspicuous for the first time a desire to introduce State interference and State regulation into land contracts which was unknown before Mr. Gladstone's Irish legislation, and was elaborately apologised for by him in 1881 as being justified only by the exceptional conditions of scarcity of land, accompanied by land hunger, which prevailed in Ireland.*

If proof were needed of the novelty of the ideas now thought applicable to land legislation for Great Britain, it may be found in the publications of that orthodox association the Cobden Club, which consistently used to advocate freedom of contract, and the emancipation of the soil from all such obstacles on free traffic as entails, family settlements, the law of primogeniture, and other survivals of the Middle Ages. It is matter of

* There is no country in the world which, when her social relations permit of it, will derive more benefits than Ireland from perfect freedom of contract in land. . . . We should not force anyone into the Land Court. . . . We should not by compulsion insure the perpetuity of what, after all, is an abnormal system . . . (justified only by 'land hunger coupled with land scarcity'). Hansard, 365, p. 907 *et seq.* April 7, 1881.

much regret that more has not been accomplished to facilitate free dealing in land, but it will be still more regrettable if the forces in favour of State regulation and State interference are let loose. They have had full sway for the last twenty-five years in Ireland, and all parties are agreed that the result produced is bad for everyone concerned.

Feudalism is a fine mouth-filling, question-begging term, and has rendered much service to many worthy men who in leading articles and on platforms have deplored the depopulation of the rural districts, and have denounced the policy which, by adding house to house and field to field, has built up the great estates, and has accumulated a fourth or a fifth of the area of the country in the hands of about a thousand families. Probably no men regret more than the large owners that their ancestors had not sought some other investment for their savings; but the survivals of feudalism, or, to be more accurate, of the manorial system which existed long before the Norman Conquest, have by no means worked entirely for evil.

Originally the tenant paid his acknowledgement for his land entirely in service or in produce. Hence much was regulated by custom; there was a great deal of give and take, and a strict business footing was impossible. It is true that cash rents began to take the place of service rents nearly six hundred years ago, but the system was not well established till the reign of Elizabeth; and there were many curious relics existing till quite recently; the tenants, for instance, on some great estates in the north of England being bound to find a man and a horse to represent the farm in the local troop of yeomanry. And the give and take—more give than take—is in operation whenever there is a bad season or a tenant gets into difficulties.

The owners of hotels at seaside resorts do not give their tenants a reduction when the weather or a Paris exhibition makes the season at Hygeia-super-Mare a failure. If a grocer neglects his business and falls into arrears he gets scant consideration; but the farmer is a privileged person. His lease binds his landlord, but it does not in practice bind him; and, while the landowner is still expected to show a patriarchal interest in the well-being of all who live on his estates, and the tenant is quite able to make his own bargain about his holding, the modern law-maker would compulsorily read into every farm agreement the utmost relaxation that custom has allowed. Moreover, though the landlord finds three-fourths, if not four-fifths, of the capital, and though the tenant is quite content that his freedom of action should be limited, the junior partner is to be free to manage or mismanage the property as he pleases.

This, of course, is not a new demand, for the Farmers' Alliance voted over twenty years ago (the 'Times,' November 19, 1884) that a man should be allowed to farm exactly as he liked; but the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1906, is the first serious attempt to translate these theories into practice in Great Britain.

The names best known in connexion with this measure are those of west country members of Parliament, but that of its real author, Mr. George Lambert, being Civil Lord of the Admiralty, did not appear on the back of the Bill. Mr. Lambert undoubtedly possesses some qualifications for dealing with farming questions. The son of a Devonshire yeoman, he won in 1891 for the Home Rulers the seat vacated on his father's death by the present Lord Portsmouth, and he has since defeated with the utmost ease two attempts to displace him. He was the farmers' candidate. He farms his own land, renting a moderate holding besides, and on many occasions previous to his being given office he has, being well primed with market ordinary grievances, brought in agricultural Bills embodying the wishes of his agricultural supporters. He has, however, no knowledge or experience of the letting of land or of estate management. That branch of the subject was no doubt supposed to be covered by the putative parent of the Bill, Mr. Agar Robartes, the son and heir of a very wealthy nobleman who owns large estates in Cornwall and elsewhere, and luckily for himself is quite independent of the rents he receives from them. Mr. Robartes was one of the youngest members of the House of Commons, and has never pretended to have given much study to any political question; indeed, it was abundantly clear in Grand Committee that he had not been very fully coached as to the contents or effect of his own Bill.

He was assisted by Mr. Soares, a gentleman whose legal training had been obtained in the north of England, and who till he became candidate and member for the Barnstaple division of Devonshire had very little knowledge of agriculture from any point of view. But, like Mr. Lambert, he was well primed with farmers' grievances; and his speeches do not suggest that he had ever allowed his judgement to be perverted by consideration of what there might be to be said on the other side.

It is little wonder, under the circumstances, that the Land Tenure Bill was a very crude affair, and that when it emerged from the House of Commons, though nearly doubled in length, it contained only fifty lines of the measure originally introduced; indeed, the amendments made are a striking testimony to the power of a minority which knows what it is talking about

to influence a majority which, though well meaning, is ill-informed; especially when, as in this case, the arguments of the minority are reinforced by the strong representations made by supporters of the Government as to the one-sidedness and injustice of some of the clauses which they are asked to vote for. Posing as a bereaved parent, Mr. Soares complained sadly at Ilfracombe on February 6 that his Bill 'was much weakened when before the House of Commons,' and was 'rent limb from limb' by the Peers. To test the justice of this complaint it is worth while to recall, for it is now a twelvemonth old, the objects which the promoters of the measure had in view and to consider how the Bill proposed to carry out those objects, and the extent to which they are met by the Act that has been passed.

The memorandum on the front page begins: 'The object is 'to extend, cheapen, and simplify the law of compensation for 'tenants' improvements.' The question of 'extension' was dealt with, as we shall see presently, by the Grand Committee. In regard to the other points the Government, by entirely recasting the first clause, have put considerable improvement on the present practice within the reach of the parties interested.

The subject is a little difficult, and has been made obscure by a confused use of terms, but Sir Thomas Elliott, speaking to the Farmers' Club at Taunton on January 24, explained what had been done in luminous language:

'It had been supposed, although there was not a shadow of foundation for it, that no one could go out of a farm and get compensation settled without going to an arbitrator appointed by the Board of Agriculture. The fact was that a good deal of difficulty had arisen because they had not been in the habit of calling things by their right names. Valuers had been termed arbitrators, and arbitrators umpires. Under the new Act they had tried to do away with any misunderstanding on this subject. A landlord and tenant could agree between themselves on the matter of compensation, or they could agree to appoint two valuers, and if an arrangement was arrived at the matter ended. If it did not, either the parties could agree upon an arbitrator, or they could delegate the appointment of an arbitrator to the valuers. On the other hand, if there was a deadlock, and the parties could not agree, then, in order that the thing should go forward and a settlement be arrived at, the Board of Agriculture would appoint a single arbitrator, and there was one statutory form of arbitration prescribed.'

Hitherto the valuers, misnamed arbitrators, have appointed their own umpire; and as the tenant's valuer has usually been a local auctioneer, and the landlord's often has, the valuer of

to-day has been the umpire of to-morrow, and *vice versâ*, with the results that might be expected. It will be far easier now for the parties to insist that the arbitrator shall be a man of good standing and responsibility, of the class of the gentlemen who act as surveyors under the Board of Agriculture, or as valuers under the Settled Land Acts; and it is to be hoped that the Board of Agriculture will take an enlightened view of its responsibilities, and that it will in all cases when resorted to do its best to raise the standard of the umpires appointed to act in questions arising under the Act. This is the more necessary in view of the new duties imposed by the succeeding clauses, which deal with freedom of cropping, and compensation for damage done by game and for disturbance.

Under the latter in particular important questions of principle will arise, and the early decisions may have far-reaching effect. Presumably, for the next few years at any rate, it will be 'good estate management' to divide farms, just as forty years ago it was the right thing to consolidate them; so it will be more interesting to see how far, if at all, offences against morals are held to justify the disturbance of a tenant. There are many excellent clergymen who would consider they were themselves sinning against God and man if they retained as tenants of their glebe a farmer who married his deceased wife's sister. But there are a great many other landowners, including a majority of those who have seats in either House of Parliament, who would view such a transaction in a different light. Will it be laid down that if you occupy the Parsonage Farm you must keep all the Ten Commandments, but that on the Manor Farm you need not be particular about more than eight or nine? It may, however, be some time before a ruling has to be given on such a case, while references as to damage by game and miscropping are likely to be among the first. A few strong arbitrators might do infinite good if they dealt with migratory 'farm mulkers' as they deserve, and no people have more to gain from the eradication of these pests than genuine farmers.

The farm-mulker is the blackleg of his class. He will take a farm, which no one else will have, at the landlord's price or a trifle below. He will thereby spoil the market for his fellows, as effectually as he spoils the farm, which he racks out in three or four years, leaving it all but worthless for the next five.

As to game damage, it is probable that the great majority of cases will be settled, as at present, by agreement, and it may be expected that the machinery of the Act will not often be put in motion except in regard to claims made by tenants on quitting their holding.

It was on this point that one of the most important amendments in the Bill was inserted by the Grand Committee, who by limiting compensation for improvements to tenants *quitting their holdings*, negatived the proposal of the promoters that 'sitting tenants' should be paid for adding to the agricultural value of their farms.

As the political orthodoxy of the Grand Committee was above suspicion, it is to be hoped that this decision will dispose for ever of the theory that a man should be paid for 'continuous 'good farming,' although good farming is part of his agreement, and although, apart from his legal obligations, continuous good farming is the only possible method by which he can secure interest on his capital.

It is true, indeed, that the farm-milker may, by persistent skinning of the land for three or four years, make money at ruinous cost to the soil by continuous bad farming during a short tenancy; but in no other way can any farming that is not good be made to pay. And why the pursuit on business lines of the agricultural industry should be singled out for exceptional reward is not obvious. Mr. Robartes was described by a veracious society newspaper as the best-dressed young man in the House of Commons; but it is not probable that he gives his tailor a bonus for making his clothes fit him.

In this connexion it may be well to refer to a complaint that has often done duty on platforms and in the Press—namely, that when a farm, owing to improved management, becomes of greater value, the owner claims a share of the increase. A very common case may be taken as an illustration. A farm is let to A B in 1890 for 250*l.* a year. He dies in 1900, having for two or three years previously been unable to attend properly to business in consequence of ill-health. The farm has consequently suffered, and can only be relet to X Y at 220*l.*, the landlord having besides to lay out 70*l.* or 80*l.* to bring the buildings, &c., up to the requirements of the new tenant. X Y, a vigorous man, soon restores the fertility of the land, and in 1907 the owner requires and obtains the old rent of 250*l.* Where is the hardship? The farm was worth at least 220*l.* in 1900, or X Y would not have given that rent for it. Each year in competent hands it was improving in value. In 1907 it was again worth 250*l.*, or the tenant would have refused to give it, and the landlord, knowing that another change of tenancy would cost him another 70*l.* or so, would have acquiesced; but if worth 250*l.* in 1907, it was worth fully 240*l.* in 1906, and 230*l.* the year before, so that for at least two years before the rise the tenant had it for a substantial sum below its value.

In what business but farming would such a transaction not be considered obvious and rational? In what other country would such a transaction be penalised in the manner suggested by the heir to Lanhydrock and by the other authors of the Bill?

It is charitable to suppose that some of them, at any rate, had not read the form in which their draftsman proposed to give the tenant the right to claim compensation for damage done by winged game, for the genius who framed the clause would have allowed the claim to be made without notice, and at any time during the tenancy—maybe, months or years after the damage was sustained—and provided no machinery by which the tenant could exercise his right beyond that already existing under the common law—an omission which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, would have rendered the privilege useless. This clause, as introduced, consisted of less than four lines and a half; the Grand Committee expanded it to eighteen and a half, and the House of Commons to over thirty-four lines.

The object of the clause is unquestionably reasonable, and, if its operation reduces the number of estates on which excessive preservation of game obtains, it will be a very good thing, for there is no doubt that heavy bags are overdone. It is the fashion in some quarters to pour contempt on battue-shooting as a practice which has none of the manly virtues of sport, and is only the demoralising luxury of lazy, self-indulgent people. It may freely be admitted that a large head of game can only be reared by a long purse; but to suppose that money is the only thing necessary for killing them when reared is, of course, a complete delusion. No gamekeeper can show birds in great numbers, or bring them in good style to the guns, unless he has studied their habits under every possible variety of local weather and wind with minute care. No shot can kill ninety high pheasants out of a hundred without exceptional skill, and no one can maintain his quickness and accuracy through a long day's heavy shooting unless his body and his nerves are in as good condition as those of any marksman in the Final Hundred for the King's Prize at Bisley.

But, admitting all this, there is little to be admired in a practice which sometimes, at any rate, sacrifices good land to what is hardly good sport; and thanks will be due to the authors of this Agricultural Holdings Act, if, as a result of it, there is less competition among preservers of game to beat each other's records. It is quite a delusion, however, to suppose that it will stop what some decry by the question-begging term of battue-shooting; for where shooting is a great object, and

money is not, the owner of the coverts will take the land adjoining them into hand and use it deliberately as a game farm.

Indirectly, also, the new legislation may affect adversely a class of landowners who deserve far more sympathy: those, namely, whose diminished rent-roll obliges them to let their places or their shooting or both; but, thanks to Mr. Birrell, the functions of a minority under a Radical Government are now well understood.

It is not necessary to dwell at any length on the other clause dealing with game, as that has disappeared from the Bill, much to the disappointment of Mr. Lambert's admirers throughout Devonshire, where, unfortunately for the agriculture of the county, many farmers take advantage of the Ground Game Act to preserve rabbits for profit, instead of killing them down as pests. The damage done to land and fences is very great; but 'the rabbit train' has become a local institution.

Incidentally it may be remarked that this clause, though it would not have made it any easier or cheaper to destroy rabbits, made it simple for any ill-conditioned tenant to render absolutely worthless the partridge-shooting on his farm. Fortunately, however, supporters of the Government made effective representations on this point, and the clause was struck out on the motion of Sir E. Strachey, as was another amending the law of distress, whereby the farmer's would-be friends would have dealt a deadly blow to the universal custom of giving three to six months' credit for rents.

Less questionable from the tenant's point of view was the fourth (now the third) clause; and on grounds of *principle*, little objection can be made to giving a tenant a free hand in the management of his farm, subject only to his not abusing the liberty conceded; but there is no doubt that, had the extended powers been granted in the bald form recommended by the promoters of the Bill, the amendment of the law would have worked very badly in practice.

The theory of a certain school of modern land legislators is that landowners, as a class, are ignorant of their business, and care for nothing but game and rents; while farmers are all both honest and capable; and, still guided by theory, they hold that the landlord's right to recover dilapidations, if a farm is left in bad condition, is quite as valuable an asset as the tenant's right to claim compensation for the unexhausted manures &c. he leaves behind.

It cannot of course be denied that some few landlords administer their estates in a way that gets their fellows a bad name; but that landlords, as a class, treat their tenants with

justice, and something more, was repeated over and over again by the head of the Agricultural Department, who constantly declared that the Bill of which he had charge was only designed to bring estate management generally up to the standard prevailing on the properties owned by his fellow Peers. Just, however, as there is a percentage of bad landlords, so there is a percentage of bad tenants, and as farmers are far more numerous than landowners, bad farmers are not so uncommon as is supposed. Some are simply ignorant or lazy ; * some are dishonest also ; a few are clever but unscrupulous ; and the worse the land has been treated, the less protection is afforded by a dilapidations clause. If a farm has been impoverished and befouled by one of the first-mentioned class, he will have lost his own money in the process, and be unable, however willing, to make reparation ; but if the holding has been in the hands of a clever or unscrupulous man, he will find means before the catastrophe, either to put his assets out of the reach of his creditors, or to frame a budget of claims which will go far to keep him on the right side ; for it must always be remembered that it is very difficult to prove to a local auctioneer that any so-called improvement is of no value to an incoming tenant. Moreover, there are unfortunately some manure dealers who are not above altering their invoices to suit their customers.

It is hard to suppose that these considerations were unknown to the promoters of the Bill, some of whom, at any rate, would claim to be practical men ; but, as they deliberately ignored them, it is little wonder that the Grand Committee, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords successively ' weakened ' and expanded the clause till its original eight-and-a-half lines became twenty-four, thirty-four, with an important limitation to arable land, and finally thirty-eight lines. It is significant, too, of the careless manner in which this measure was handled by the Government, that though it applied to Scotland, and though the landowners of England were given in Grand Committee the power of restraining a tenant by ' injunction ' from abusing his powers, it was only in the House of Lords, and then

* Mr. Robert Elliot, of Clifton Park, Roxburghshire, in his valuable work on ' Agricultural Changes,' gives on pp. 79, 80, and 157, a curious instance of the way in which farmers cling to an unsound opinion. Rye grass has been condemned for a hundred years as thoroughly unsuitable for poor land, and undesirable for upland pastures and dry situations, but it is still largely sown because its use in excessive proportion was recommended by a seedsman in 1833 for the reason only that the seeds of other grasses were difficult to obtain.

not at the instance of the Minister of Agriculture, that a corresponding power of obtaining an 'interdict' was given to the landowner in Scotland. In fact, Scotch interests met with scanty consideration in either House; the Solicitor-General for Scotland said frankly in the Grand Committee that the more he saw of the Bill the less he liked it; but it was applied to Scotland all the same, and the parties to leases there will have to accommodate themselves as best they can to a measure designed for year to year tenancies. A ludicrous result of this Procrustean method is that a yearly tenant can be compelled to conform to his undertakings as to cultivation for a year and fifty-one weeks, by giving him notice on April 1 to leave at the next Ladyday twelvemonths; but the holder of a renewable lease can farm as he likes till within a year of quitting, although he has given two years' notice of his intention to leave.

The next clause (now the fourth) was the most debateable in the Bill. In its original form it was very wide and very vague. Whenever a landlord refused to renew a tenancy, or demanded an increase of rent without what an arbitrator might consider 'sufficient cause,' he was to pay the tenant compensation for the loss he sustained by reason of quitting his holding. Even the present House of Commons shrank from giving its sanction to such a very crude proviso, and words, the outcome of a good deal of consideration and discussion on both sides, were introduced, mainly on the initiative of the Government, which attempt to define what is reasonable disturbance and fair increase of rent, and to measure the loss likely to be imposed on a tenant by being forced to leave.

It is not difficult to imagine circumstances in which a 'disturbed' tenant might equitably be entitled to some compensation; and the clause, as amended, makes a gallant and not unsuccessful attempt to schedule those circumstances. The disturbance must be a capricious one, and inconsistent with good estate management; the rise in rent must be based, not on improved prices or better conditions, but solely on improvements made by the tenant, for which he has not received an equivalent either directly in money or money's worth, or indirectly in the shape of low rent.

Instances where these conditions apply would be hard to find; a single one, and that not fully proved, did duty over and over again in the House of Commons. But farmers have not much protection if a property is sold and the new owner applies strict business methods to his purchase; and it may be freely admitted that, when such cases occur, the tenant deserves something more substantial than sympathy. It is proverbial, how-

ever, that hard cases make bad law, and some claims for 'moral 'and intellectual damage,' as remarkable as Mr. Kruger's, would probably have been put forward under the clause even as amended by the House of Commons. The loss or expense on a sale or removal of stock is a very uncertain and elastic amount, for, as everybody with the slightest acquaintance with country life knows, the value of stock varies greatly with the weather. Twenty-four hours' rain will sometimes amend prices 15 per cent.; while in the best of times an auction may be ruined by a thunderstorm, and if somebody is to pay the difference between what stock fetch and what, in the owner's opinion, they ought to fetch, there is little inducement to the vendor to send them up in good condition or to push the sale.

The word 'removal' naturally suggests the inquiry 'whither?' One man removes a mile or two to the next parish; another refuses a vacant farm close by and migrates, as scores and scores of Western and Scotch farmers have done of their own accord, to some distant county. It is fortunate for everybody, except the lawyers, that in the House of Lords this clause was put into workable shape, the most useful and practical amendments being those which require notice of a claim to be given and permit a valuation on behalf of the landlord to be made before the tenant quits.

Though there was nothing that led to much debate in the remaining clauses of the Bill, they cannot be passed over without some remark. The fifth, as to market gardens, which was added in Grand Committee, extends, in 1906, the benefits of Acts passed in 1895 and 1897 to improvements made on holdings over twelve years ago. This is probably a record in *ex post facto* legislation; but it was not questioned by either party in either House. It is well to recall, however, that anything which gives the outgoing tenant a penny more than his just due is injurious to agriculture as depleting the generally inadequate capital of the incoming tenant. The heavy payments that have to be made on taking over a market garden are rendering it more and more difficult for new men to enter the industry; if they rent land that has been farmed in the ordinary way, a big outlay is required for plants and trees to convert it into a garden; if they seek to follow somebody else in a ready-made market garden, they are handicapped by the large sums claimed by their predecessor; for in market gardening, as in farming, the rule applies that hardly any arbitrator has had the courage to say that anything, however useless, is of no value to the incoming tenant.

The succeeding clause, by giving power to a tenant to do necessary repairs to buildings when his landlord refuses to

execute them, reduces to a practical and useful shape the ambitious ideas of the drafters of the Bill. Their aim was to make the landlord a mere rent-charger, liable to pay, as often as the caprice of any and every tenant might demand, for a detailed valuation of any and every holding on his estate; while the tenant was given a free hand to deal as he pleased with the property he rented, with power to crop it as he liked, to alter the character of it, and to lay out money on the buildings and permanent plant.

It may be conceded that there are some grazing farms which, under present conditions, could be turned to better account by dairying; there are many acres now producing in potatoes or asparagus more valuable crops than they ever yielded under corn; and there are people who argue, not without justification on paper, that the sugar-beet industry might be carried on with advantage in the Eastern counties; but surely a farmer who has enterprise and capital for a new departure is not likely to be incapable of making a bargain about it with a landlord. The owner of a farm supplies from three-fourths to four-fifths of the capital connected with it: why should the direction of the policy to be pursued be taken entirely out of the hands of the predominant partner? A tenant who does work which comes under the head of landlord's repairs to 'buildings, bridges, watercourses, 'and works for the supply of water or water power' is lending his landlord money. Moneylenders can generally arrange their own terms as to interest and security; borrowers are generally allowed to decline a loan if they would rather be without it.

The promoters of this Bill no doubt claim to be practical men: an example of their practical methods is furnished by the way in which the clause under review was drafted. Incredible as it may sound, there was nothing in it to prevent the tenant from claiming for repairs, thatch, for instance, or the laying of metal on an occupation road, which he was bound to do himself; and there was no proviso as to notice: a landlord, on sending out the new windows he had had made for a farm-house, might have found the place in the hands of the neighbouring builder.

The truth is, that these practical men and their practical fellow Members of the House of Commons ignore the salient fact of British agriculture, that the great majority of farmers have not enough capital to do justice to the acreage they occupy.

This is partly due to misfortune; to the bad seasons, which have swallowed up so much of farmers' capital in the last thirty years;* partly to the tempting opportunities of investment in

* In the time of George III. agriculture was a by-industry with

other directions; largely to the evil tradition that to pay 500*l.* a year and to farm 500 acres indifferently is more respectable than to pay 350*l.* a year and to farm 350 acres thoroughly; partly to the fact that till recent developements of chemical manures had shown that additional capital could be profitably used for intensive farming—a fact as yet not half appreciated in the agricultural world—the natural, nay, almost the only, outlet for the progressive and ambitious farmer, was to take more land as his capital increased.

The old text-books used to speak of 10*l.* per acre as the capital which a farmer ought to possess; but that is a standard which depends entirely on the quality and value of the acre. Mr. R. Rew, in his Assistant Commissioner's Report on North Devon (C. 7728, 1895), mentions a district where farmers told him of farms being taken with 30*s.* and even under 20*s.* per acre, 'trusting to Providence and long credit,' which, as he does not mention that some of the land would be dear at 6*s.* per annum, sounds ridiculously inadequate.

It is likely that an estimate which puts the capital of the average tenant on average land at four or five times the rent * is not far from the mark: a certain number no doubt have more; many unquestionably have less, but in every parish the man who is doing well, be his farm big or small, is the man who is comparatively over-capitalised, the man who is able to pay cash for his manure, the man of whom his neighbours say enviously, 'he has plenty of money'; while the man who starves his farm, who neglects his fences and cuts down his labour bill, is the man 'who has bitten off more than he can chew,' the man who is carrying on his father's farm, though he has had to pay away half his father's capital to his brothers and sisters; or the man who likes to feel he is the biggest farmer in the parish, though he has to take long credit and inferior stuff from the manure merchant, and is often late with his cheque when rent-day comes round.

Intensive farming, when it comes to be understood and appreciated, is likely to work a cure for the rural depopulation which all deplore, if one may judge from the happy condition of districts such as the Channel Islands and West Cornwall, in which it already prevails.

These favoured spots of course have special advantages in climate and early maturity; but if it becomes a fact that large

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those who had other callings, and the profits were often 14 to 20 per cent. Nicholson, p. 67.

* See also Six Centuries of Work and Wages, p. 471.

capital can be profitably used on small areas not specially favoured by climate, capital is likely to seek the outlet provided. As Professor Nicholson has pointed out, the great economic forces that are always at work beneath the surface of society will make their way and assert themselves, whatever may be the law of the land or the compulsion of custom.

He has shown how the inconvenience and waste of the 'great 'fields' and the scattered 'long acres,' paid for in labour and produce-rents, were, even before the Black Death (1349), giving way to money-rents and wages paid in cash; and how coincidently the serfs gained their personal freedom and became practically peasant proprietors or yeomen—how the depopulation wrought by the pestilence caused a scarcity of labour, and how, the attempt to revive forced labour being frustrated by the Peasants' Revolt, landowners adopted another remedy, and made tenant-farmers of the former serfs, letting with the land the stock and capital necessary to work it—how some hundred years later, when wages were very high (24*l.* 10*s.* a year, with the 4 lb. loaf at ½*d.*) and wool the same, and the old method of cultivation in common was found a hindrance to both landlords and tenants, inclosures were made on a large scale, common rights were taken away, and the rural population was largely displaced.

Similarly a century ago, the scarcity of labour, the high price of produce, and the desire to develope land, led to the second era of inclosures; while the consolidation of farms was encouraged another half-century later by the undoubted fact that, under the conditions then prevailing, capital gave better results on large farms than on small.

All these great changes in our agricultural system were thus due in the last resort to economic causes; and, whatever hardships or evil-doing may have attended the developement of the system, there can be no doubt about the progressive increase in the amount of human food extracted from the soil. 'At 'an early period,' writes Thorold Rogers,* 'it was recognised 'that land held in severalty was worth 25 per cent. more than 'land of equal quality held in the lammas field; and that when 'such distributions or assignments were made, the land was 'found to be far more serviceable.' The same writer tells us † that the productiveness of agriculture quadrupled between the thirteenth and the eighteenth centuries.‡ The output in the middle of the fourteenth century supported a population of two and a half millions: till late in the eighteenth century it was

* Six Centuries of Work and Wages, p. 444. † P. 477.

‡ But rents were only increased by about 70 per cent.

sufficient for the whole population. Seventy years or so later twenty-four millions of our people were being fed on home-grown wheat; and though the Tariff Reform Commission makes much of the fact that our resources in grain now only feed four and a half millions of the population, they do not attempt to argue that farming has deteriorated. The increased yield per acre of wheat in the last thirty years is indeed discounted by the diminution of the area cultivated; but, while the land under oats was practically the same in 1901–5 (4,203,000 acres) as in 1871–75 (4,233,000 acres), showing a decrease of only ·7 per cent., there was an increase in yield of nearly two and a half bushels per acre, or six per cent. In the same period cattle had increased by sixteen per cent., or a million and a half head—sheep, however, declining ten per cent., or three and a half millions.

These figures presumably not being satisfactory to the Tariff Reformers, they supplement them by other Tables which, unless carefully examined, are misleading. Table 32 gives the estimated equivalent of meat produced from home-fed live stock in thousands of tons, obtained by the simple process of reckoning every beast in each quinquennium as yielding the same number of pounds of flesh.

This, however, conveniently ignores the very great improvement there has been in cattle and pigs during the past thirty years, an improvement well known to every purchaser of Irish store stock, which has raised the yield per head by many pounds. In sheep the improvement may not have been so marked, but in computing them no allowance has been made for the early lambs, thousands of which are born, marketed, and slaughtered before the annual animal census is taken at midsummer; and no regard is had to the fact that by early maturity our capital in the shape of live stock is being turned over much more rapidly than of old. Attention is properly called to our vast imports of eggs and dairy produce; but no mention is made, and no statistics are given, of the growth in the home output of the same articles. Few would suppose that there were in 1901 a million more acres under arable cultivation and in gardens than, according to Porter's 'Progress,' there were in 1827.

Better results might no doubt be obtained by better farming, and the application of more capital to the soil; but to assume that either would have been obtained in the past, or will be obtained in the future, by State regulations and by limiting the interest of the predominant partner, whether moral or financial, is, in view of Irish experience, to take a great deal for granted. Thorold Rogers wrote when only the first halting

Agricultural Holdings Act had been passed. 'The progress 'of the art (of agriculture) in the United Kingdom is as remarkable 'and continuous as it is possible to conceive it.'

Much is heard of the 'depopulation' of the rural districts, of the unhealthy migration to unhealthy towns; but a movement which has been going on for 500 years,* which obtains in like manner on the Continent and in Australasia, can hardly be accounted for by causes so trifling in comparison as the law of entail or the covenants of farming leases.

What are the facts? They are not easy to agree on, for if you compare 'urban' with 'rural' districts you get one result, while if you compare the towns of 10,000 and upwards with the rest of the country you get a different one. Professor Nicholson points out in his fourth chapter that according to the Report issued in 1904 on the census of 1901 a third, nearly, of our so-called urban districts have less than 3,000 inhabitants; nearly as many more, though exceeding 3,000, have less than 5,000 people; if these be reckoned as rural, which is not a violent assumption, the rural population increased 3·5 per cent. between 1891 and 1901; even if 'urban' and 'rural' are taken in their technical sense, the rural population increased 2·9 per cent. In the 112 districts in which there are absolutely no urban districts or parts of districts, the increase, 1891–1901, was 1·9 per cent., and the growth since 1801 was nearly 43 per cent.

These rates of increase are small, no doubt, relatively to the growth of the general population, but it must be remembered that there is no natural expansion in the demand for agricultural labour. In early days the great bulk of the population was employed on the land, and it could do no more than provide food for itself and the small proportion engaged in commerce. Following on the improved methods developed in the eighteenth century, it resulted that between 1811 and 1831,† notwithstanding corn laws and what was practically Colonial Preference, while the total of families increased by 34 per cent., agricultural families increased only by seven and a half per cent.; yet these were more than enough for the work available, and they grew enough

* In 1405 an Act of Parliament, 7 Hen. IV. cap. 17, declared that 'the fields were deserted and the gentlemen and other people of the nation greatly impoverished' by the labourers seeking apprenticeship in towns, 'and that for the pride of clothing and other evil customs that servants do use in the same.' See also § 20 of the Report of the Small Holdings Committee, and p. 151 of 'Rents, Wages, and Profits in Agriculture.'

† Nicholson, pp. 144 and 145.

wheat for 96 per cent. of the population.* Between 1831 and 1841 the number of adult males employed in agriculture decreased by 35,000, falling from 31·5 per cent. of the total workers to 25·1 per cent. ;† but it was calculated that the amount of food which each could produce was increased by 33 per cent. in the same period ; and Table 6 of the Tariff Commission gives the number of persons maintained on home-grown corn as 400,000 more for 1841–45 than it had been ten years previously ; while in 1887 Lord Playfair stated in an address at Leeds that four men in the United States, working for a year in the growth, milling, and transportation of wheat, could produce enough flour to supply a thousand other men, allowing a barrel of flour to each adult ; and he further told his hearers that, thanks to Bessemer steel and compound engines, a cube of coal small enough to pass through a hole the size of a shilling would drive a ton of food and its proportion of the ship two miles across the sea. Science has not stood still since ; freight rates from Chicago to Liverpool have fallen from 6*s.* to 3*s.* 11*d.* ; labour-saving machinery has been improved and developed ; more and more in the course of progress, in agriculture as in every other industry, increased produce is obtained with less toil, so it is little wonder that since 1850 agricultural labourers have diminished in Great Britain by over 40 per cent.

It is worth while, however, to go behind this bare statement, and to look more closely into the facts as well as the figures. The Report on the Burdens on Land, 1846, states definitely, that more hands were employed in agriculture than economical working demanded ; and we know that their lot was very hard. Caird, writing of the English agriculture of 1850–51, says that in some districts farmers divided up the surplus labour—partly as an insurance against rick-burning—threshing with the flail being continued simply to give employment. Except in the northern counties, the rural population had been so abundant that there was not work enough to go round ; the detestable gang system was in operation, and continued to be till 1867.

Considering that the labourer of the present day is infinitely better housed, fed, and paid than he was fifty years ago, it is hardly a matter of national regret that the numbers should have diminished by over 40 per cent. and that field labour by women, generally a sure sign of poverty, and the employment of young children—poor little mites, less than eight years old, were sweated by the gang masters up to 1867—have almost ceased. How

* Tariff Commission, Table 6.

† Porter's ' Progress,' (1847), pp. 54, 57, and 61.

could the towns have been reinforced by healthy, vigorous stock, if the old conditions still prevailed ? Would not physical deterioration be as conspicuous in the country as in the town, if the rural workers lived as they did in the hungry forties ?

There are hopeful signs in the census tables as well as grave ones. There are far more farmers' sons and male relations following their parents' occupation than ever before. Woodmen, machinists, nurserymen, and the like, all show larger numbers ; the last named, coupled with the increase in farmers' sons, are plain proof, apart from the returns as to areas of farms, that the small holdings are gaining ground. The importance of this, as giving opportunity to labourers to rise in the world, is very great, though it is wonderful what many of the class have accomplished from the time that Robert Sale fought his way to knighthood under Edward III. (was he an ancestor of the famous defender of Jellalabad ?) till Mr. Jesse Collings became a Privy Councillor under Queen Victoria. The ordinary artisan has for centuries been able to earn much higher wages than the first-class hand in agriculture, such as a carter or stock tender, though the latter is in truth a highly ' skilled ' labourer ; and to accumulate the most modest capital on wages of 10*s.* or even 16*s.* a week bespeaks strong character and much tenacity of purpose ; yet even in the days of large farms and high rents Mr. C. S. Read could quote at the Farmers' Club, December 1872, a case in his neighbourhood where the sons of a shepherd were occupying 5,000 acres of land. Positive information on such a point is hardly procurable, but it is probable that there is hardly a parish in the country in which there is not a farmer who was a labourer or a labourer's son, and the reports of the Assistant Commissioners to various Agricultural Commissions, and the evidence given before them, show that in some localities many cases can be found.

To increase the opportunities for agricultural labourers to better themselves is undoubtedly sound policy. It is not one much favoured by farmers, but it is an obvious though not perfect remedy for shortage of labour ; it is also the readiest method of getting technical instruction in agriculture imparted to the young, for every member of a small holder's household has to take his or her share in the work of the little farm. But with the obvious advantages there are obvious difficulties, the most salient being the initial cost of equipping a small holding, and the reluctance both of public bodies and of private owners to sink capital in speculative undertakings, whose success is not assured ; for though it is easy to quote many cases where small holdings answer very well, it is not difficult also to find

instances of failure; and though the latter may be a minority, and though the failures may well be capable of explanation, yet the risk of putting further pressure on the rates weighs, and rightly weighs, heavily with public authorities; while no landowner who depends for his income on his land can afford to do anything that will diminish what is already a gravely depleted income.

In view of this situation the late Government appointed a Departmental Committee in 1905 to inquire into the subject of Small Holdings in Great Britain: their Report has recently been issued, and legislation on the subject is promised in the King's speech.

As yet, however, it is not known how far that will carry out the recommendations of the Committee. Those gentlemen agree in pointing out in their Report that the Small Holdings Act of 1892 has for various reasons disappointed expectation; that the law is more favourable to the development of small holdings in the Scotch crofting districts, in Ireland, and in Australasia than it is in England; that in many places small holdings would be taken up with avidity; and that a cottage and buildings cannot be erected on a thirty-acre holding for less than 360*l.*, or on a fifty-acre holding for less than 400*l.*, and that, if the tenant is to pay a rent to cover and redeem this outlay in fifty years, the additional charge will be 12*s.* 5*d.* per acre in the first and 8*s.* 4*d.* per acre in the second case; equivalent, assuming 25*s.* an acre to be the value of the land as part of an existing farm, to a rent 50 per cent. or 33 per cent. in excess of that sum. There is also substantial agreement as to the possibilities of furthering the movement by stimulating the action of County Councils; by improvements in agricultural education; and by enlisting the assistance of land banks and co-operative societies. When, however, they come to close quarters with their further suggestions for affording greater facilities for the increase in the number of small holdings, differences of opinion begin to develope, and distinct policies are put forward.

The Committee unanimously recommend, in addition to amendments of the Small Holdings Act, the formation of special branches of the Board of Agriculture, who should be armed with an annual grant and compulsory powers of purchase, and charged to make definite experiments in the creation of small holdings; and all recognise that these remedies alone will be insufficient.

Mr. Jesse Collings, in a Minority Report, advises a purchase scheme on the lines of the Wyndham Act; the rest of his colleagues favour loans on easy terms to landowners 'for the

'purpose of enabling them under certain restrictions to under-'take the necessary adaptation and equipment of voluntarily 'provided small holdings throughout the country.' But Mr. Munro Ferguson makes far-reaching reservations, and Sir F. Channing, in a Supplementary Report, goes even further in the other direction in his recommendations of 'State action and 'State powers.'

The points on which the Committee are unanimous are likely to commend themselves to all who have studied the subject. The duties imposed on County Councils are already so heavy and multifarious, the steady growth of rates is already such a serious matter, that it is doubtful if any amendment of the Small Holdings Act will lead to much action by those bodies; but the changes proposed will certainly facilitate the expression of public opinion where there is a demand for the Act; they will render the Act itself easier and more flexible in administration; and the necessity of making annual inquiry, and, if nothing has been done, of reporting why not, will have a stimulating effect; as will the knowledge that there is a Government Department prepared to take up the work if local effort fails. It will be noticed that the Committee in paragraph 132 are careful to state that this new body should work on an economic basis, and that their action should be regarded as experimental, designed, by example and 'demonstration of the economic 'soundness of land subdivision,' to encourage both private owners and local authorities to embark in the operation. Recognising, however, that those who are asking for small holdings are not always capable of doing justice to them, that it is very necessary to select suitable men, and that anything done by the direct intervention of the Central Government or of a local authority must be of slow developement, they desire to stimulate voluntary action on the part of owners of estates, by offering loans on the system of the Public Money Drainage Act of 1846, and believe that thereby agricultural conditions may without loss to the Exchequer be improved in the future just as agricultural productivity was greatly advanced in the past.

It is reasonable to suppose that these anticipations would be realised, and that a good many owners, unless hampered by the disturbance clause of the new Agricultural Holdings Bill, would be ready to take loans for the provision and equipment of small holdings, if subject only to the restrictive condition that the lands equipped by the loan should be retained as a small holding till the loan had been paid off. Mr. Munro Ferguson says that public loans to private owners involve the fatal admission that small holdings cannot pay; but he ignores the difference between

borrowing at 2½ per cent. through the State and borrowing at 4 per cent. through a Land Company. The margin is not large, but it is just enough to make the difference, though there is little to spare in the event of another cycle of agricultural depression; and if the State credit may be used for land drainage, it may surely be used for Social Reform. Few, however, will disagree with his cautious statement that the success of ordinary agriculture on small farms is not a certainty; and most will concur that 'rashly to improvise small farms in 'open hostility to the existing system would be to court failure 'at the public expense,' and that 'to check owners' initiative by 'arbitrary changes in tenure is the surest way of foredooming 'any policy of land redistribution.'

Sir F. Channing, however, takes a very different view. He emphasises, and wisely emphasises, the very great part that co-operation might play, and ought to play, in making agriculture, whether on small holdings or large, more profitable, and points out that there is no better agency or more effectual machinery for creating and equipping small holdings than co-operation; but, unfortunately, people connected with the land do not take kindly to co-operation in this country. The Co-operative Wholesale Society does an enormous business among the miners and artisans * of the northern and midland counties, compared with which the 500,000*l.* turnover of one of the most successful agricultural co-operative societies, the Western Counties, is a trifle; though the latter has customers and branches all over the country, from Southampton and Cardigan to Penzance, and the farmers' evidence, appended to the Tariff Reform Committee's Report, shows that it is exceptional for good farmers to spend less than half the rent on manures or feeding stuffs. Creameries and butter factories are not much more popular with farmers than are co-operative societies, and it will take years of education to teach them that the pleasures of market day and the conveniences of credit may be bought dear.

However freely the State may encourage the two great forces of co-operation and education, rapid developement of small holdings of a highly organised, scientific, and profitable character would never be anticipated except by a visionary, whatever action may be taken or powers exercised by the State, even if it be armed, as Sir F. Channing desires, with the Small Landholders Bill introduced last year by the Secretary of State for Scotland, which measure he describes as follows: †

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* Twenty-one million pounds for 1906.

† Small Holdings Report, page 54.

'The principle of this Bill is to solve the question of the provision of small holdings—in Scotland—by placing all holdings of under 50*l.* a year value on the footing of holdings under the Crofters' Acts, extending the provisions of those Acts to leaseholders, and the rent limit from 30*l.* to 50*l.*, abolishing the restrictive definitions of the Act of 1886, and thus applying to all holdings of under 50*l.*, whether existing or to be created under the Bill, a uniform system of tenure with fair rents, security of tenure, and other crofters' conditions subject to the conditional right of resumption by the landlord.

'A Land Commission, in which the Crofters' Commission and Congested Districts Board are merged, will have power to constitute new holdings, of under 50*l.* rental, by agreement, or, failing agreement, by compulsory order, subject to consideration of the landlord's objection to any proposed tenant, and are furnished with funds annually by the Exchequer, out of which they may provide for buildings, roads, fencing, water supply, or other equipment or adaptation by advancing money either as a loan or as a gift, and out of which they are to pay any compensation due, in their opinion, to persons dispossessed by the creation of the new holdings. This Land Commission has full power and jurisdiction to hear and determine all matters, whether of law or fact, without appeal to any other court, but may at their discretion state a case on a point of law.

'The Land Commission thus created is to exercise, with unrestricted powers, for the purpose of creating small holdings anywhere in Scotland, exactly the jurisdiction the Crofters' Commission has been exercising in what were defined as the "Crofting Parishes" in specified counties for twenty years.'

Sir F. Channing continues:

'While the procedure of such a Commission supersedes the full power of a landlord to determine the dispositions of portions of his estate, it also' (with a generosity for which they should be thankful) 'relieves the landlord wholly of his liabilities to the outgoing farmer whose farm is to be subdivided, and from the cost of equipping the new small holdings.'

This procedure may be, 'as regards the prompt creation of 'small holdings by the use of public money, the simplest and 'cheapest ever suggested,' but such simplicity and cheapness will seem dearly bought by the application of the Irish Land System to 67 per cent. of all the holdings in Great Britain. It is only fair to mention that 37 per cent. of these were in 1895 owned by their occupiers; so, unless let, they would not be affected; but after eliminating them there would still remain over 200,000 little holdings, covering about 3,250,000 acres, an area nearly equal in extent to the whole of the land under hay and green

crops in Ireland in 1906—approximately 10 per cent. of the whole cultivated area of Great Britain.*

The Irish Land Commission, which now has a strength all told of about 300, and cost last year 133,000*l.*, has, according to Thom's Almanack, taken twenty-five years to fix first and second statutory terms for less than 300,000 holdings.† Comment is superfluous.

Anticipating an obvious argument, Sir F. Channing continues :

'It will be urged that it is unreasonable to apply even to the lowland districts of Scotland conditions originally granted for crofter holdings only, and much more unreasonable to apply them to England, and to insist that the tenure of the tenants of small holdings created by the aid of public money should be assimilated to the conditions enjoyed by the crofters of Scotland.' ‡

This, indeed, is likely to be urged with some force ; and if crofter conditions are forcibly applied in the lowlands to existing holdings, it will be impossible to restrict them across the Border to future tenancies ; and in the answer to the argument the point on which the Committee's scheme would break down is plainly indicated.

The Committee (including Sir F. Channing) state in para. 145 'that the voluntary action of the owners of estates will 'form the most important and immediate step to be taken,' and it is obvious that they regard the recommendation as to loans to landowners as one of the most practical points in their report. What would be the position of the landowner who took up such a loan of 400*l.* for the purpose of equipping land worth 25*s.* an acre with a dwelling-house and the necessary buildings ? According to the figures given on p. 24 he would have to pay 5*s.* 11*d.* per acre, or 14*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* per annum, to cover interest and sinking fund, and 2*s.* 5*d.* per acre, or 6*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* for repairs ; together, 20*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*, which he would recover from the tenant by charging him 33*s.* 4*d.* per acre, or a third more than the agricultural value of the land by itself.

* Small Holdings Committee, Ap. II., Table II., and Whitaker's Almanack.

† Exclusive of those for which rents were agreed on between landlord and tenant.

‡ The Report of the Crofters Commission speaks of the remedies which it recommends as 'a complex system of interference,' which it justifies on the ground that 'the crofters possess in their occupations and capabilities certain distinctive features which in the opinion of many entitle them to such exceptional attention and protection as has been granted to other special interests.'

The only condition the Committee would impose is that the land till cleared of the loan should remain a small holding, the owner taking his chance of a fall in rent, and having his chance also of an increase. If these are the lines followed in the Bill promised by the Government there is likely to be a considerable demand for loans by landowners; and as they have peculiar opportunities for knowing who are likely to be suitable tenants, and will have every motive to use that knowledge, there would be much hope of successful results. Sir F. Channing, however, considers such an arrangement too favourable to the landowners. 'It is impossible,' in his view 'to allow the landlord to appro-'priate the additional value the State has helped to create for 'a public advantage'; being *caput lupinum* he is only entitled 'to be superseded in his power to determine the dispositions of portions of his estate' and to bear the loss caused by unearned decrement if such should befall. But 'Heads I win, tails you 'lose' is but a one-sided basis for a bargain, and if the doctrinaire guidance of Sir F. Channing be followed rather than the more practical recommendations of the Committee, and if Commission-made fair rents and fixity of tenure, with the inevitable consequences of free sale * and dual ownership are to be antecedent conditions of loans for creating small holdings, landowners will undoubtedly hold aloof from them. And in their own interest and that of the public, for whom the establishment on Irish lines of dual ownership would be a calamity, they will unquestionably be right.

If, however, the loan system is unfortunately rendered impossible to the prudent owner, and if amendment of the Small Holdings Act will be unlikely to accelerate the increase of small holdings 'with anything like the necessary rapidity' (para. 131), the only alternative seems to be the adoption of the recommendations of Mr. Jesse Collings in favour of a purchase scheme. He puts his case fairly enough—the desire to own land may be less strong in Great Britain than it is in Ireland or on the Continent, so far as is now known under present conditions; but, as he points out, the Committee themselves recorded their opinion that the advantages of ownership have not been sufficiently placed before the labouring classes, and that, if facilities, such as those contained in the Irish Land Purchase Act, were provided, a desire on the part of the men to possess the holdings would probably be seen. Moreover, the Committee's figures show that purchase can, in fact, be effected, and that on less easy terms than those given to the Irish tenants, at a lower rate per acre than hiring.

* Small Holdings Report, p. 59.

The figures given are as follows, the average rent of the land, as let previously, being in all cases taken at 25*s.* per acre, and allowance is made in all cases for repairs at the rate of 1½ per cent. per annum on the cost of the buildings :—For hiring a thirty-acre holding : rent, 37*s.* 5*d.* per acre, at least, for the first fifty years at any rate ; for purchase, instalments of 34*s.* 7*d.* per acre for the first fifty years, and nothing thereafter ; for hiring a fifty-acre holding, 33*s.* 4*d.* per acre ; for purchase, 30*s.* 5½*d.* per acre.

It will be observed that in each instance there is a difference of all but 3*s.* an acre in favour of purchase, more than enough in ordinary cases to cover the tithe which purchase would throw on the owner of the holding ; and there is the great distinction that every year is bringing the purchaser nearer to having his land rent-free ; while the most the tenant can hope for is that his son, fifty years hence, *may* not be paying more per acre for his land than the large farmers around him.

If the loans were granted on the same terms as those of the Wyndham Act, under which interest and sinking fund are both met by a charge of 2¾ per cent. for sixty-eight and a half years, the calculation is even more favourable to purchase, the figures being for thirty acres : Hiring, 35*s.* 2*d.* ; purchase, 26*s.* 8*d.* per acre. For fifty acres : Hiring, 31*s.* 10*d.* ; purchase, 23*s.* 3*d.* per acre ; and it must not be forgotten that all the Committee's calculations as to ownership are based on a price of twenty-four years' purchase of gross rents. As something extra would have to be given in many cases for compulsion and severance,* they are wise, no doubt, in allowing more than the usual average price of agricultural land ; but it is notorious, there is plenty to be bought at twenty or twenty-one years' purchase of gross rents, and another shilling or two per acre off the instalments would put the case for purchase in an even more favourable light.

Mr. Collings quotes from the evidence, and in his book, 'Land 'Reform,' gives various instances in which freeholds established under less favourable conditions have succeeded. Indeed, it is not difficult to show cases of small landowners who have done well, and equally of small landowners who have failed ; but it would be more difficult to say how often the failures have been due to the oppressive action of the laws affecting land.

The Committee have well pointed out (para. 131) that there is thrown on the rates too much of the cost of certain national

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* Sir F. Channing and Mr. Ferguson would treat owners as a conquering army treats the inhabitants of the enemy's country, and would allow only bare market price.

services, and that, till the incidence of taxation is rearranged so as to relieve agricultural land of the unfair burden at present laid on it, there will be a disinclination to become owners. This has been urged again and again; a concrete instance may give point to the argument. The writer has before him the particulars of a small landed property, and as the most important figures are round ones, it is a convenient one to quote: it may be mentioned that there is a railway station on the estate and good markets are easy of access.

Area.—Almost exactly one thousand acres, comprising four farms between 206 and 264 acres and three small holdings. There is no manor house, so the owner has to pay rates and taxes on the house he lives in elsewhere.

Gross Rental.—746*l.*, say, 15*s.* an acre.

Rateable value.—Land, 514*l.*; buildings, 110*l.*

Rates, as paid by the tenants at 1*s.* 5½*d.* on the land, and 2*s.* 11*d.* on the buildings for 1904–5, 52*l.* 10*s.*, of which 28*l.* 12*s.* was for Poor Law and 23*l.* 18*s.* for other purposes. The rent, of course, could be increased by that amount if rates were non-existent; but as rates for Poor-Law purposes are, with Land Tax, regarded as an hereditary burden (even on land acquired before the time of Elizabeth or William III.), it may be argued that the maximum rent the land could pay, if non-hereditary burdens were removed, would be 769*l.* 18*s.*, or, say, 770*l.*

But tithe, which happens to be 75*l.* on present prices, has to be paid, and income-tax at 1*s.* on the remaining 695*l.* These, even after claiming the statutory allowance for repairs, together reduce the landowner's possible receipts to 665*l.*, and the upkeep of the estate is an unavoidable charge on that balance. The actual expenditure under this head has, for the last five years, averaged 110*l.*, almost exactly 15 per cent.; but put it at 100*l.*, and the most the landlord has to put in his pocket, even if relieved of non-hereditary burdens, is 565*l.*

Compare this with the position of a fund-holder, whose investments return 695*l.* per annum. The only charge on him is the income-tax of 34*l.* 15*s.*; he consequently has 660*l.* to the credit of his account, while the landowner, in the hypothetical circumstances, would have only 565*l.*; and as the non-hereditary rates have not yet been put on the foreigner by judicious Tariff Reform, and, in the long run, come out of the owner's pocket, he has, in fact, only 540*l.* or less.

As the buildings were lately valued for fire insurance at 12,000*l.*—less, of course, than they cost, and a moderate estimate places the expenditure of former owners on roads and fences &c. at another 5,000*l.*, the owner is thus receiving about

3 per cent. for the outlay on the estate, and nothing for the land, not even 'prairie value.'

The people who may become the tenants or owners of small holdings do not pay income-tax, nor do they belong to the fund-holder class; but, if they did, such a disproportion of burden as is shown by the figures quoted above might well give pause to any who thought of undertaking the responsibilities of property. Borrowing, unfortunately, has been more in fashion with small owners than investing, and mortgages, no doubt, account for the disappearance of very many of the dwindled yeoman class. But is not our land system to blame for the very prevalence of these mortgages? If by means of registration Free Trade in land had been possible as advocated in past years by Kay and by the Cobden Club, would not many an embarrassed freeholder have sold a portion to clear the rest, instead of increasing his indebtedness?

Still, on the Continent, where the transfer of land is easier than here, many small proprietors are deeply mortgaged; but the comparative lukewarmness of the desire to own land in Britain would be a safeguard, and our men would cling less to their holdings after it was to their interest to part with them. Many foretold that land purchase in Ireland would mean the creation, in a few years, of a new race of landlords, smaller and more necessitous and harder than the older ones; it is too soon to assert that these dismal prophecies may not be fulfilled, but the record as to the 877 original purchasers under the Bright clauses of the Land Act of 1870 is, at any rate, encouraging. These men, having bought in good times, had a hard struggle when agricultural prices fell; but after thirty-five years about half still occupy their holdings; in the great majority of the cases in which changes of ownership have been recorded, possession was continued in the family of the purchaser, and, so far as is known to the Board of Works, sub-letting has been of very rare occurrence.

We cannot dogmatise from less than 900 cases; but such a history reinforces Mr. Collings's arguments; and if it be retorted that land registration will take years to establish, that is no argument for not seeking through it to reach the goal desired by the soundest course.

If we have free traffic in land, the economic forces that are always at work will, in a period short in the history of the nation, bring the land and the people who can make the best use of it together; and the welfare of the kingdom is more likely to be advanced thereby than by artificial regulations, and by importing into the British land system expedients that were only adopted as palliatives for the deadlock in Ireland.

Art. IV.—THE PLEIADE AND THE ELIZABETHANS.

1. *Ronsard and la Pléiade.* By George Wyndham. Macmillan & Co. 1906.
2. *Elizabethan Sonnets.* By Sidney Lee. Constable & Co. 1904.
3. *A History of French Literature.* By George Saintsbury. Clarendon Press, Oxford. 1884.
4. *French Lyrics.* By George Saintsbury. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.
5. *Avril.* By Hilaire Belloc. Duckworth & Co. 1904.
6. *Histoire de la Littérature Française.* By Emile Faguet. Librairie Plon. 1900.
7. *Histoire de la Littérature Française Classique.* By Ferdinand Brunetière. Librairie Ch. Delagrave.
8. *Tableau du XIX ᵉ Siècle.* By Sainte-Beuve.
9. *Premiers Lundis.* By Sainte-Beuve.

There are, it may be, but few who love Ronsard and Joachim Du Bellay, few who read the less-known singers of the Pléiade, but those few are haunted by them. A sound is in their ears, a cool, light sound as of plashing water, and it seems to come from some magic fountain in a forest, like Ronsard's Fontaine de Bellerie in the forest of Gastine, which had power to quench the thirst of poets. Among these few is Mr. George Wyndham, who has just given us his lecture on the Pléiade, together with a selection from their poems, followed by his own translations of them.

The making of selections is a work of literary charity. There are those who love poetry and have no time to prove it; there are those who would love it if they were guided in their choice; there are those who read with difficulty and should only read the best; and, for all such, selections are a boon to be thankful for. Those before us fill a niche of their own. Old students and old lovers of Ronsard will, of course, always turn to Sainte-Beuve's 'Œuvres Choisies,' but that does not include either Du Bellay or the minor stars. Mr. Saintsbury's pleasurable 'French 'Lyrics' covers the ground up to the present day, and so cannot give too much time to any group. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, that able chauffeur of literature, took a record trip through the Pléiade a few years ago, when he published his 'Avril.' It included an essay on Ronsard (which was mainly to prove that Ronsard died a good Catholic) and a very small selection from

the poems of the Pléiade, which could hardly count as an anthology. Mr. Wyndham's choice makes no pretence to be a complete one; but it is admirably made and sufficiently representative. He begins with poems by Du Bellay and goes on to Ronsard; Rémy Belleau and Baïf follow, together with Gilles Durant, Jean Passerat, and the less known Théodore de Viau, all later followers of the master; while to these he adds a few sonnets by Olivier de Magny and some from the hand of Magny's strange lady-love, Louise Labé, the Muse of Lyons, whose work was antecedent to the Pléiade. After the original poems we come to his translations of them, or, rather, of a chosen number. And here we must begin with a technical grumble. If there are to be translations at all, should they not be printed in a double column side by side with the originals? Or, at all events, should there not be an index in which the name of each French poem is given together with its English counterpart? We have no index at all here, and can only compare the two at some expense of time and temper.

But—and this is a vital 'but'—why need there be translations at all? Translations may legitimately exist for three reasons: for the private pleasure of the translator (only then they should not be printed); or because a foreign language is difficult of access to the people who want to read the poems; or, best reason of all, because the translator has gift enough to make his poem stand by itself. The first of these conditions Mr. Wyndham, no doubt, fulfils. Enjoyment is written in every line of his translations—too much enjoyment, for it has carried him beyond self-criticism. But, for the rest, is he justified? It is almost a foregone conclusion that the people who desire to read the Pléiade already understand French and have a taste for French literature. And Mr. Wyndham's English versions do not stand by themselves as works of art; far from it. There is another reason, last, but perhaps first, why one who loves the Pléiade as he does, should never have done what he has done. For, in truth, these poets are untranslatable; the light grace, the airy spirit of their verse is too elusive to be caught by any language but their own, least of all by our deeper, weightier English. The footfall of Ronsard's Muse, of Joachim Du Bellay's, of their colleagues', is, as it were, the footfall of nymphs over dewy grass, in some classic grove, cool and silvery, such as Corot has painted. The atmosphere is not disturbed as they pass, it is only refreshed; you hardly know that there has been movement except for a faint fragrance in the air. But Mr. Wyndham's nymphs have put on overshoes; they have become mortal, English; they are afraid of getting their feet wet;

and so they come trooping by, and we hear them as they walk away. For example :

> ' Let me decease within thine arms, my Dear,'

has hardly a French ring. It is a line that rather recalls another poet, Mr. Silas Wegg, dear to the readers of Dickens ; nor does it in the least convey the courtly sentiment of Ronsard's

> ' Si je trépasse entre tes bras, Madame.'

Or else compare Belleau's

> ' fruicts qui sous le coton
> Du bouton,
> Nourrissent leur jeune enfance '

with

> ' fruits
> Nursed within the downy womb
> Of the bloom
> Budding on the younger shoots,'

and the points of difference will not be far to seek.

Again, listen to

> ' Crespes reflos
> Frappant d'Apollon le dos,'

and then to

> ' Clustered curls that swing
> Back from Phœbus harp-playing.'

The word ' play*ing* ' is, in itself, sufficient contradiction of ' Some translations in the original metres,' the title that Mr. Wyndham affixes to his versions. The ' original metres ' of one language cannot be reproduced in another, and a poetry which, as in France, depends upon the number of syllables must not be confounded with a poetry which, as in England, depends upon accent.

But Mr. Wyndham is a man of great courage—these translations prove it ; and his putting Du Bellay's ' Vanneurs ' into English is a feat of pluck, if not of poetic sense. For many people, however, the chief interest of this volume lies in the essay—originally a lecture—which precedes the poems. With much charm of manner Mr. Wyndham gives us the story of Ronsard and Du Bellay, though he hardly says enough of their meeting, of that chance encounter of two geniuses in a wayside tavern, which was among the memorable events of literature —unparalleled perhaps in poetic significance, except for the coming together in later days of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

For out of their traveller's talk arose the new scheme of poetry which was to revolutionise French ideas—the scheme which found a voice in Du Bellay. Two years later, in 1549, he published his famous essay, the manifesto of the Pléiade—'La Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française.' Ronsard's first four books of 'Odes' appeared in 1550, and his 'Amours' in 1552; Du Bellay's 'Olive' in 1549, and his 'Regrets' in 1558. The Pléiade had already formed itself; Ronsard, Du Bellay, Dorat, De Baïf, Estienne Jodelle, Pontus de Tyard, Rémy Belleau, were the seven stars that made it.

What were the new theories set forth by Du Bellay in his essay? Its central idea was this: that the secret of art was imitation, or, as Faguet says, emulation; that the ancients were by far the best models, though others might be used;* that French poets should go on copying the classics till, saturated with them, they could discard them and stand on their own feet; that they must enrich their impoverished language with new words of all sorts, taken wherever they could find them, abroad and at home, from old times or new, and, most especially, from men of every sort of craft and trade, whose technical terms were treasure-trove. Finally, with clarion voice, Du Bellay proclaimed the dignity of the French language; he reinstated its prestige. It must supplant Latin, till then the recognised literary medium. The forms and themes imported from Greece and Rome must, he said, be adapted to the national tongue, which was to be enriched as he had shown it could be.

'The lyric art,' writes M. Brunetière, 'is most especially an 'expression of an inner life'; and he goes on to prove that a school based upon imitation was bound to be lacking in this respect. For although Du Bellay in one place allows that there comes a time for men to work apart from models, yet the idea he emphasises, his counsel of perfection, is always imitation, or adaptation. As for the second error of the school, it is perhaps involved in the first. Their whole poetic movement was consciously divorced from the life of the people. The popular poetry, Ballades, Rondeaux, and the like, they rejected as 'groceries 'that corrupt the taste,' and Villon they put aside as vulgar. Their advocacy of the French language was really a literary advocacy, for the sake of a refined public—the only public for which they cared—and they made no appeal to the common wants of the nation.

* The Pléiade did use other sources besides the classics, though in a much lesser degree. They drew, as Mr. Wyndham shows us, from Petrarch, from French mediæval verse, from their immediate predecessors in French poetry.

And now we come to the part of the matter which most nearly concerns us; the really important part, we might almost say, for all that we have read hitherto has long been known and written about.

'What effect,' asks Mr. Wyndham, 'did the Pléiade work, 'by example or precept, on the remaking of the English language 'and of English poetry? What degree of influence did they 'exert on our own Elizabethan revival?'

Mr. Wyndham, when he answers that question, can no longer be taken as one man alone. The hand is the hand of George Wyndham, but the voice is the voice of Sidney Lee. Mr. Wyndham has based himself, it would seem, exclusively upon one authority, and in reviewing him at this point it is impossible not to review the other critic who is responsible for his theory; so that henceforth we shall be talking as much about Mr. Lee's Introduction to his edition of 'Elizabethan Sonnets' (1904)—the essay in which he states his views most fully on this question—as about the volume now before us. We will leave Mr. Wyndham to speak in his own words.

'The judgement has stood,' he tells us, in answer to the question he has put, 'that the influence of the Pléiade was of 'the slightest. . . . Is it certain that our late sixteenth-century 'poets drew so much of their inspiration from Italy, and so little 'of it from France? Mr. Sidney Lee has impugned, has indeed 'traversed, that judgement.'

Now for Mr. Lee's statement:

'The promise of a poetic revival in England, which the efforts of Wyatt and Surrey gave, was not fulfilled. Surrey's death in 1547 was followed by a barren quarter of a century, and only at the close of that period did a great literary era dawn on England. In that interval the Pléiade school of France inaugurated and brought to maturity the first golden age of modern French literature. Throughout the same epoch Italian literature was still bearing rich fruit, and it was Italian literary energy that dominated the new French outburst. To Elizabethan literature, however, the primary impulse seems to have come from the new French activity, and not from the continuous flow of Italian poetry. The sonnet was re-introduced, for the second time in the century, into England, mainly from France. Petrarch quickly reasserted over the Elizabethan sonnet that supremacy which Wyatt and Surrey had acknowledged. The best Elizabethan sonneteers—men like Sidney, Watson, and Spenser—were not content to practise the sonneteering art on any large scale until they had steeped themselves in Petrarch's text. But even they studied with equal thoroughness the writings of the Pléiade masters, while the majority of the Elizabethan sonneteers concentrated their attention on contemporary France,

and derived their chief knowledge of Petrarch and of his Italian followers from the French adaptations of Italian work by Ronsard and Desportes rather than by more direct approach. The wholesale loans which the Elizabethan sonneteers invariably levied on foreign literature did not always succeed in extinguishing the buoyant native fire. But genuine originality of thought and expression was rare. Indeed, some of the Elizabethan sonneteers (whose literary morality and whose claim to the honours of poetic invention have not hitherto been impugned) prove, when their work is compared with that of foreign writers, to have been verbatim translators, and almost sink to the level of literary pirates.'

Mr. Wyndham proceeds to develope these ideas :

'The argument may be stated thus : Italian models had been extant since Petrarch, who lived far into the life of Chaucer. Wyatt and Surrey, who turned to these Italian models in the earlier years of the sixteenth century, failed to assimilate them, and did little in the way either of re-making the English language or reviving lyrics. The poets who effected these objects for England, as the Pléiade had effected them for France, praised and dismissed Surrey and Wyatt, the "courtly makers," just as Ronsard had bowed out his precursors of François I.'s Court. But they were familiar alike with the Pléiade's practice and with their preaching. They proceeded to the study of Italian from a knowledge of French, and received Italian poetry through the medium of French art. Thus transmuted it could be assimilated, and this was done by English poets, who echo the music of the Pléiade's verse and repeat their critical conclusions in literary manifestoes. . . .
. . . Will anyone contend that even the verse of Surrey and Wyatt, great though its merit be, is comparable in volume, variety, clarity, and assurance to the verse of the Pléiade ? No ; Surrey and Wyatt grope after Italian models, which could not be wholly assimilated even by them. The other authors included in that collection are mostly—except Lord Vaux—reminiscent of country catches and the "canter-canter" of fourteen-syllabled lines. Our lyrics, stately or melodious, come much later.'

Any theory that derogates from originality is apt to give pleasure to its authors, and perhaps to the public also, because it levels down genius and makes them feel it nearer to themselves. And this school of argument runs another risk—the greater risk—of hair-splitting. The time has come when we of to-day, so proud at having got rid of theology, might almost be thankful to have it back again ; for, of old, it duly absorbed the hair-splitting energies of human nature, while now they have invaded art and literature, the pleasant places which used to be our refuge from them. If we seek for practical illustration of their power, we may begin with Mr. Lee's statement about the

sonnet and see how his own evidence practically nullifies his case. The sonneteering fashion which prevailed in Elizabethan England may, or may not, have been set going by the Frenchmen of the Pléiade; Petrarch and Ronsard may, or may not, lay equal claim to the honour of spurring our singers on to fresh activity, and the exact proportion of the influence due to each can be neither proved nor disproved. What is more important is that, as Mr. Lee himself tells us, the sonnet, once imported from abroad, assumed an indigenous form; that the English sonnet was racy of the soil and different in form from the sonnets of France or of Italy. For English sonneteers 'did away with demarca-'tions,' and 'ran on continuously for the first twelve lines, some-'times for all fourteen;' 'their rhymes were increased from the 'customary five to seven,' and they ended with the rhymed couplet (borrowed from a rare Italian model) and made it 'dominate' the poem.

This is not, however, the main point of Mr. Lee and Mr. Wyndham's statements. The Elizabethans are in the dock for not being themselves at all. Sir Philip is roundly told that 'hardly any of his poetic ideas, and few of his "swelling phrases,"' 'are primarily of his invention.' And Spenser has already been proved guilty. What is certainly true is that Du Bellay's 'Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française' had a great vogue in England and was the common recipe-book for English poets, each of them adapting its counsels according to his will. Essays on the art of poetry were written, in emulation of it, by Puttenham and Webb and Bolton, best of all by Sir Philip Sidney. And the adoption of the metrical rules laid down by Joachim Du Bellay would, of itself, inspire the reproduction of the Pléiade's metres without any need of assuming a direct imitation of their poems. But this is not all. Mr. Sidney Lee's, and more especially Mr. George Wyndham's argument is based upon the assertion that there had been no earlier school in England which counted as an influence.

'Wyatt and Surrey,' he says, 'failed to assimilate Italian 'models,' and did little that lasted for the language or its lyrics. They were 'praised and dismissed,' by the poets who succeeded them. But what does he mean by 'dismissed'? Do contemporary authorities bear him out? And, if not, is his basis secure? Puttenham for one, in his 'Art of English 'Poesy,' printed in 1589, acknowledges them as a living influence.

'In the latter end of the same King's raigne sprong up a new company of courtly makers, of whom *Sir Thomas Wyat*, th'elder, and *Henry* Earle of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who hauing

travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Poesie as novices newly crept out of the schooles of *Dante*, *Arioste* and *Petrarch*, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may iustly be sayd the first reformers of our English meeter and stile.'

Or again :

'. . . *Henry*, Earle of Surrey and Sir *Thomas Wyat*, betweene whom I finde very litle difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English poesie. Their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their conveyance cleanely, their termes proper, their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their Maister *Francis Petrarcha*.'

And Puttenham goes on to technical points. 'This meeter of 'twelve syllables' (he writes) 'the French man calleth a verse 'Alexandrine, and is with our modern rimers most usuall. With 'the auncient makers it was not so. For before Sir Thomas 'Wyatt's time they were not used in our vulgar.' Again he holds up Wyatt's 'Iambics' and Surrey's 'Pentameter and of 'ten sillables' (in a poem on Wyatt's death), as models of those metres, although ten-syllabled measures do not please him. 'The same Earle of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat,' he continues, 'the first reformers and polishers of our vulgar poesie . . . used 'the foote dactil very often but not many in one verse.' And there follow instances of 'odde under and odde over the just 'measure,' drawn from the rimes of Sir Thomas Wyatt, or, again, of Iambics from 'this ditty of th' Erle of Surrie's, passing sweete 'and harmonicall.'

Then, once more hailing them as the most excellent makers of their time, he takes a lingering leave of them. This is hardly to be called dismissal. Nor is Puttenham alone. We may also listen to his contemporary, Edmund Bolton, in the pages of his 'Hypercritica' :

'But before in Age, if not also in Noble, Courtly, and Lustrous *English*, is that of the Songs and Sonnets of *Henry Howard*, Earl of *Surrey* (Son of that victorious Prince, the Duke of *Norfolk*, and Father of that learned *Howard* his most lively image, *Henry*, Earl of *Northampton*), written chiefly by him, and by Sr. *Tho. Wiat*, not the dangerous Commotioner but his worthy Father. Nevertheless they who most commend those poems, and exercises of honourable wit, if they have seen that incomparable Earl of *Surrey* his *English* translation of *Virgil's* Æneids, which for a book, or two, he admir-

ably rendreth, almost Line for Line, will bear me witness that those others were Foils and Sportives.'

And Wyatt and Surrey are not the only poetic forefathers acknowledged by the essayists of that day. They confess to no break in the direct line of poets, from Chaucer to their own time.

'Chaucer' (says Sir Philip Sidney, in his 'Apology for Poetry') 'undoubtedly, did excellently in hys "Troylus and Cresseid," 'of whom, truly, I know not whether to mervaile more, either 'that he in that mistie time could see so clearely, or that we 'in this cleare age walke so stumblingly after him.' And Puttenham, too, mentions a long poetic ancestry, besides Wyatt and Surrey: Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Skelton; Lord Vaux—'a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings'—and Sternehold, both of Edward VI.'s day; and John Heywood, and 'Maiste' 'Edward Ferrys, of much 'magnificence in his meeter.' Nor is it an insignificant fact that none of these writers upon poetry, so often as they discuss 'the Auncients' and their works, ever speak as if they read them in translation, though, had it been a common habit among them, they must surely now and then have mentioned it.

Mr. Wyndham, then, has been a little precipitate in erasing the names of Surrey and Wyatt from the list of those that count in our literary history. There they were to help their successors, and their successors, we see, did not disdain them. 'But,' Mr. Wyndham may respond, 'my appeal is to their work.' This is true. In the passage we have quoted, his argument and that of Mr. Sidney Lee are largely based on the assumption that there was no English poetry before the Pléiade from which Elizabethan metres could have been evolved—that therefore these metres were derived from abroad and, more especially, from France. Ronsard's first volume of Odes was published in 1552. The only anthology of English poems antecedent to it was Tottel's 'Miscellany,' not printed till 1557, but practically written within the twenty years preceding that date.* This collection Mr. Wyndham considers a mere sheaf of monotonous metres, a volume without any bearing on the future destinies of poetry. Yet do the facts bear him out? Let us turn to Tottel's 'Miscellany' (Arber's 'Reprints') and look for ourselves.

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* A collection of poems, purporting to be made from Chaucer's works, had been published before 1557 and contained some verses by other early poets besides. But this, nominally a 'one man' volume, can hardly be counted among 'Miscellanies,' and has no bearing upon our point.

Most of the verses in this collection are Surrey's and Wyatt's; there are some, too, by Lord Vaux, by Grimald, by others of names that are known, and by many 'Unknown' besides. There are a great many sonnets, and a considerable number of other lyrics. Most of these are founded on the four-line, eight-syllabled measure, with the rhymes in the a, b, a, b, order, which has ever since been a common one among English writers. Take the anonymous poem 'Of a Rosemary braunche sente':

'Suche grene to me as you have sent,
Such grene to you I sende agayn:
A flowring hart that wyll not feint,
For drede of hope or losse of gaine:'

or Surrey's

'As cruel waves full ofte be found
Against the rockes to rore and cry:
So doth my heart full oft rebound
Against my brest full bitterly.'

—both are in the measure of Wotton's 'How happy is he born 'and taught,' and of a score of other well-known verses.

There are many varieties of length among the lines in the 'Miscellany': the six, the eight, the ten, the twelve, and the fourteen-syllabled lines are all to be found here, and make up the stanzas, which—composed sometimes of four lines, sometimes of six, sometimes (more rarely) of five, all rhyming in the same a, b, a, b, order—were often crowned by a rhymed couplet.

'Since love will nedes that I shall love:
Of very force I must agree,
And since no choice may it remove:
In wealth and in adversitie,
I shall alway my self apply
To serve and suffer patiently.'

These lines by Wyatt (like several sets by Surrey and others) are in the same metre as Sir Edward Dyer's:

'My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.'

Or here is another poem:

'From these high hills as when a spring doth fall
It trilleth down with still and subtle course,
Of this and that it gathers, aye, and shall,
Till it have just downflowed to streame and force;

'Then at the foot it rageth over all.
So rageth love when he hath ta'en a source.
Rage is his raine. Resistance vayleth none.
The first eschew is remedy alone.'

This, also, is Wyatt's, and so is the seven-lined verse that follows :

'Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise,
Twenty times better ; but once especiall,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said : Dear heart, how like you this ? '

Both these instances are really in the same metre as Fulke Greville's 'I with whose colours Myra dressed her head,' the only difference being in the use of dissyllabic rhymes and in the number of lines in each stanza, not in their sound or rhyming order. Fulke Greville puts four before the crowning couplet—Wyatt respectively six and five :

'I, with whose colours Myra dressed her head,
I, that wore posies of her own hand-making,
I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking :
Must I look on, in hope time coming may
With change bring back my turn again to play ?
. . . . . .
'I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named :
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
Watching with sighs till dead love be awakèd ? '

Or take another fundamental form of English poetry, the rhymed couplet used consecutively and handled with such skill by Surrey and others of his compeers that they seem to invent it afresh. We can find no better example than a description, by an unknown hand, of the birds, and how they are seen

'To mount and flye vp to the ayre,
Where then they sing in order fayre.
And tell in song full merrily,
How they haue slept full quietly
That night about their mothers' sides.
And when they haue song more besides
Then fall they to their mothers' breastes
Where els they fede or take their restes : . .'

The lines seem to link Chaucer with the Elizabethans and the Elizabethans with Keats. But the rhymed couplet was not much pursued by the later verse-writers for its own sake, though it was used, and with exquisite effect, in union with interchanging rhymes, as in Sir Walter Raleigh's

> 'Even such is Time, that takes in trust,
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us but with earth and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wander'd all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days;
> But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
> My God shall raise me up, I trust.'

Again, is not Surrey's

> 'The fire it cannot freeze;
> For it is not his kinde,
> Nor true love cannot lese
> The constance of the mind,'

in the same measure (adopted also by others of Tottel's poets) as Herrick's ?

> 'Now is the time for mirth,
> Nor cheek nor tongue be dumb;
> For with the flowery earth,
> The golden pomp is come.'

Or compare Richard Edwardes'

> 'In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept,
> I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept'

with Surrey's

> 'Lay'd in my quiet bed in study as I were,
> I saw within my troubled head, a heap of thoughts appear'

where the only difference lies in Edwardes' improvement, the lengthening of the first line.

Of course there are song-metres, broken lines, refrains, subtle harmonies, which England borrowed from France. Ronsard's 'Tombeau de Marguerite de Valois,' his 'Hirondelles,' or Rémy Belleau's 'Avril,' must have inspired many an experiment among a people eager to try all things. But even so, these measures were transformed by the nature of the English tongue. The constant and most musical use of dissyllabic rhymes, impossible in French where the rhyme generally falls on the last syllable, makes in itself an essential difference in rhythm.

'Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly, lies
Sleeping.'

What would these lines be without the melodious interracings of liquid dissyllabic rhymes, and, with them, how English is its harmony! Even if the metre came from France, we succeeded in making it English. And whatever we owe in this way to the French, whether or no our forms were derived from the Pléiade, the fact remains that, for a large number of important metres, we had precedent enough at home. That French and Italian influences were at work among us, that they affected our technique, is undeniable; but need we spend much conscience in computing exactly how much this was so?

For the main thing is, after all, not whether the Elizabethans were so influenced, but how far such influences matter. If they do not affect the great issues of poetry, the whole question of influences becomes more like an interesting game for the mind—akin to the *tours d'esprit* of the latest art experts—than a subject of serious significance. Granted that the poets of France evoked the poetic life of Elizabethan England, there is still the fact that they could not kindle a spark that was not latent. To use a homely image, is it of much importance who calls you in the morning, so long as you are duly awakened? The study of processes is a fascinating one for the scholar, but it is the result of the processes which concerns the world at large. We have only lately had an instance of the kind of fallacy that arises when too much weight is attached to processes, in Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Autobiography.' For when he urges his claim to be the founder of the Pre-Raphaelites, he bases it upon the plea that it was he who taught Rossetti painting. Doubtless, Mr. Hunt did call out 'Off' to the P.R.B., but it was Rossetti who won the race; Rossetti who inspired the little band, although he taught them no rules of their art.

Do not Mr. Lee and Mr. Wyndham lead us into much the same error about the Elizabethan poets? The spark, we repeat, must have been latent before the flame leaped up, and upon the meaning of the word 'spark' the case depends. This brings us to the whole question of originality. What, when all is said,

is originality? To ask is easier than to reply. Mr. Lee and Mr. Wyndham practically say it lies in form. But if this be so, why of two poems that have the same form, the one as graceful and musical as the other, does the first remain distinct in the mind, while the second is quickly effaced? One answer, perhaps as true as another, is that there is no such thing. Conventional criticism has confounded originality with novelty; but there has been only one quarry of ideas for the whole world, one mine in which all artists and all thinkers, geniuses and lesser men, have dug, shaping what they got rather differently, according to the age they lived in. It is the man who finds the most triumphant form for the idea, he who gives the jewel the noblest setting, who finally remains its creator. For the inventor and the creator are not necessarily the same person, and the danger of confounding them is no slight one. There is no difficulty in multiplying examples, whether of appropriation or imitation. It is not Lodge's 'Romance of Rosalynd' that lives, but 'As 'You Like It;' and whatever Shakespeare took from Boccaccio became Shakespeare, and will only be remembered in Shakespearian form. Keats is no less Keats because he imitated Chaucer; rather, as he did so, he found himself and became more Keats than before. In later days, Rossetti permeated himself with Dante, yet the 'Vita Nuova' was but the medium in which his own poetic life developed. Again, who that reads Dryden and Pope thinks of the Latin authors, the models they loved and followed?

Originality thus becomes not the idea itself, but the personal attitude towards the idea, so that the same idea might give birth to as many original poems as there were individuals to write them. And this is easily seen by any student of Elizabethan times, when so many writers made competitive verses on the same themes. Robert Greene and Nicholas Breton both wrote tragic lullabies, the songs of deserted love and sorrowing motherhood; and both are equally impressive, equally individual. No one would mistake Greene's

> 'Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
> When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
> Mother's wag, pretty boy,
> Father's sorrow, father's joy . . .
> The wanton smiled, father wept,
> Mother cried, baby leapt;
> More he crowed, more we cried.
> Nature could not sorrow hide.
> For he left his pretty boy,
> Father's sorrow, father's joy.'

for Breton's

> 'Come, little babe, come, silly soul,
> Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief,
> Born as I doubt to all our dole
> And to thyself unhappy chief:
> Sing lullaby, and lap it warm,
> Poor soul that thinks no creature harm . . .
> And dost thou smile? O thou sweet face
> Would God Himself He might thee see!
> No doubt thou wouldst soon purchase grace,
> I know right well for thee and me;
> But come to mother, babe, and play,
> For father false is fled away.

Or take the countless poems on the transitoriness of life, by Shirley, Raleigh, Spenser, Drummond, Henry King, and all their goodly company, and compare them with those on the same subject by the Pléiade—from whom, by the way, Mr. Lee thinks that the Elizabethans stole this topic, though surely it has been a time-honoured subject since prose and verse began. Each will be found to be distinct, to rehearse the same strain in varying tones and with varying cadences. It is only the small poets who are real plagiarists, because they have no personal attitude; they are merely unconscious echoes, not conscious imitators.

It is among inferior poets such as these, artificers and not artists, that Mr. Lee and Mr. Wyndham choose most of the names to prove their theory. Constable, Griffin, Giles Fletcher, Barnes, even Daniel, are not names to conjure with; nor is that of Watson—not the only Watson whose name is suggestive of other men's music. Equally untrustworthy as a test is the poorer work of great poets. And here again neither critic has been fair. Elizabethan literature consists of the best, not of the second-best; but Mr. Lee has, generally speaking, chosen the feebler work of famous men to represent them. It seems absurd to quote dull neo-Platonic verses of Sidney's, and not to mention 'My true love hath my heart.' No one would deny that he had learned much from Italy, and probably from France; that many of his sonnets are the direct result of foreign influence; but neither would any just person deny that the poems he lives by are not such results; that no country had taught him the one thing that matters: to be himself. Or look at Spenser. It is true that, at seventeen, he translated Du Bellay's 'Vision,' and later his 'Antiquités de Rome'; that he was steeped in French and Italian; that you can easily find a score of his poems that are mere copies of foreign models; but it is

truer still that his most characteristic work had absorbed into itself these influences from France and Italy, had fed upon them, changed them to its own uses; that his 'Hymn of Heavenly 'Beauty,' his 'Prothalamion' and 'Epithalamion' are essentially English. The zeal of Mr. Lee and Mr. Wyndham is the zeal of special pleaders; they only cite what supports their theory, and, meanwhile, any unbiassed reader could reel off as many names, could quote as many verses, by the very men of whom they speak, to prove the truth of the opposite argument.

What holds true of original work holds equally true of translators—holds true most especially of the Pléiade. Here was a group of poets who based their whole poetic scheme upon imitation and translation. M. Brunetière has proved that the sonnets of Du Bellay's 'Olive' were all written 'after' classic models, or else direct translations from them—that even his 'Vanneurs,' the poem by which, apart from Pater's 'Essay,' he is best known, is in the same case. Ronsard's 'Quenouille' is translated from Theocritus, and his 'Ode to Cassandre' from Catullus. What does it matter? If every man of originality has his own attitude towards an idea, it will penetrate his translations. Vitality is greater and less conscious than any theory, and the men who formed the Pléiade, real poets that they were, were bigger and warmer than their precepts. The original of 'Les Vanneurs' is forgotten, but Du Bellay's lyric remains the silveriest of poems, a triumph of ethereal grace and fragrance—an enchanting breath of the west wind, so light that it is gone before you greet it. 'La 'Quenouille,' the 'Ode to Cassandre,' are as essentially Ronsard as anything that he wrote. They have his delicious sense of form, his choiceness of curve and sound, his pagan sentiment full of suave regret—a sentiment which is almost one with his style. And there are translations, too, in our days of which the same might be said. 'They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you 'were dead'—who that reads those lines in William Johnson's 'Ionica' thinks twice of Callimachus? Who recalls Dante when he reads the translated sonnets in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's version? And has not Mr. Gilbert Murray, in his recent translations of 'The Trojan Women' and 'Hippolytus,' left us much beautiful work that stands on its own merits?

Now let us see what Mr. Lee regards as a poem, the independence of which has suffered from translation.

'Sonnet XLI.' (he writes) 'fairly represents Sidney's method when at its freest. He describes how he won a prize in a tournament owing to the presence of his lady-love among the spectators. In like fashion Petrarch (Sonnet CCI.) had described a brilliant Court

entertainment which was illumined by the light of Laura's countenance. The central idea of the two poems is the same.'

We give Sidney's sonnet, from 'Astrophel and Stella,' first:

'Having this day, my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well, that I obtained the prize:
Both by the judgment of the English eyes;
And of some sent by that sweet enemy, France—
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
Townsfolk my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise,
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides, I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
Stella lookt on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.'

Next comes Petrarch:

SONNET CCI.*

'Real natura, angelico intelletto,
Chiar' alma, pronta vista, occhio cerviero,
Providenza veloce, alto pensiero,
E veramente degno di quel petto;
Sendo di donne un bel numero eletto
Per adornar il dì festo ed altero,
Subito scorse il buon giudicio intero
Fra tanti e sì bei volti il più perfetto:
L' altre maggior di tempo o di fortuna
Trarsi in disparte comandò con mano,
E caramente accolse a se quell' una;
Gli occhi e la fronte con sembiante umano
Baciolle sì, che rallegrò ciascuna:
Me empiè d' invidia l' atto dolce e strano.'

The resemblance between the two is no easy matter to discover, and to find it at all you must have Mr. Lee's erudition. His proof, indeed, reminds us of Noah and Fohi in the 'Citizen of the World.'

'First' (writes Goldsmith), 'from the vast similitude there is between the name of Fohi, the founder of the Chinese Monarchy, and that of Noah, the preserver of the human race: Noah, Fohi, very like each other truly; they have each but four letters, and only

* This sonnet is in honour of Charles IV. of Luxemburg, afterwards Emperor, who came to Avignon and much surprised Petrarch by embracing Laura, in the French fashion.

two of the four happen to differ. But, to strengthen the argument, Fohi, as the Chinese chronicle asserts, had no father. Noah, it is true, had a father, as the Bible tells us ; but then, as this father was probably drowned in the flood, it is just the same as if he had no father at all : therefore Noah and Fohi are the same.'

Or take the lines by Spenser that he puts beside those of Desportes, the later follower of Ronsard. Here is Spenser :

> 'Ye tradeful merchants that with weary toil
> Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
> And both the Indias of their treasure spoil ;
> What needeth you to seek so far in vain ?
> For lo, my love doth in herself contain
> All this world's riches that may far be found.'

Here is Desportes :

> 'Marchands, qui recherchez tout le rivage more
> Venez seulement voir la beauté que j'adore.
> Et par quelle richesse elle a sceu m'attiser :
> Et je suis sûr qu'après vous ne pouvez priser
> Le plus rare trésor dont l'Afrique se dore.'
>
> 'For lo, my love doth in herself contain
> All this world's riches that may far be found.'

Those two lines are poetry, swift and direct.

> 'Et je suis sûr qu'après vous ne pouvez priser
> Le plus rare trésor dont l'Afrique se dore '

is only elaborate verse, a careful posy of conceits. The one a lover might write when he returned home from seeing his mistress ; the other is made to be read to the admiring ladies of a coterie.

And, if we wish for an even freer translation, we may take this verse of De Baïf's :—

> 'O nature, nous nous plaignons
> Que des fleurs la grâce est si brève
> Et qu'aussitôt que les voyons
> Un malheur tes dons nous enlève ' ;

and contrast it with Herrick :

> 'Fair daffodils, we weep to see
> You haste away so soon ;
> As yet the early-rising sun
> Has not attained his noon.'

Do not these lines sufficiently proclaim how original a translator can be ?

But in talking of all these borrowings, it must be borne in

mind that our laws in these matters were not the laws of the Elizabethans. Their whole scheme of poetry was, as we know, founded upon Du Bellay's 'Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française,' which preached the evangel of imitation as the only true basis of poetic life. And, apart from this, they definitely believed in having all things literary in common; they practised a kind of intellectual socialism. It did not seem strange to them when one man adopted the thoughts, the metre, the images of another. Is it a sign of poverty that we are so particular about our mine and thine? These kingly pirates on the high seas of literature arranged life on a warmer and more generous scale, were as reckless and open-handed as their compeers on the Spanish Main. On board their galleons they had bullion enough and to spare; the main point was to get, not to keep; and to steal and be stolen from in a lordly way was all part of the game. If a lady of the Renaissance had a finely wrought lute, her best friend, bent upon outshining her, immediately ordered another still more beautifully inlaid, and raised the standard of art by emulation. When a Renaissance poet wrote verses, his fellow-poets fell on the same theme and tried to excel him in fancy, laying hands on any word, on any metaphor, that served their purpose at the moment.

Mr. Lee, meanwhile, like a conscientious magistrate, works hard at convictions for piracy. Shakespeare himself does not escape. Mr. Lee has found him out, and (after his Shakespearian labours) we feel as if Brutus were condemning his son.

> 'Shakespeare' (he tells us) 'was the greatest poetic genius who was drawn into the sonneteering current of the sixteenth century. Yet, as soon as Shakespeare's endeavour is minutely scrutinised, the processes of assimilation, which were characteristic of contemporary sonneteers, are seen to be at work in it also. Many a phrase and sentiment of Petrarch and Ronsard, or of English sonneteers who wrote earlier than he, give the cue to Shakespeare's noblest poems.'

It is open to anybody to assert that Shakespeare was Bacon or a plagiarist. There is nothing that cannot be imagined by people of no imagination. But does not Mr. Lee's 'minute scrutiny' make his vision a little uncertain? The part of genius that can be scrutinised is just that which is the least worth knowing; and what Mr. Lee calls a 'cue' is only an unimportant thread woven into the sumptuous pattern.

Where does appropriation, where does imitation end? We come to something like 'the House that Jack Built.' This is the school in England the Pléiade influenced. This is the classic

school that influenced the Pléiade that influenced the school in England. This is the older Greek that influenced the classic school that—and so on. It would be quite easy to prove that Keble was derived from Plato, the authority for the absolute idea. Indeed, the game of influences is one that you can play for ever. The fact is that all schools of art are founded upon tradition, whether the tradition be unbroken, or else forgotten and revived, and, therefore, all schools are founded upon existent models. Imitation is, as it were, a minor offshoot, a literal-minded fragment of tradition, and the art which is consciously founded upon imitation is smaller by nature than that which is founded upon tradition. To substitute the less for the greater was the mistake of the Pléiade, and it is, we repeat, fortunate for us that the Pléiade was truer than its mistakes. But in so far as it believed in imitation rather than in tradition, it injured its permanent value in the history of art.

'The last word about Ronsard has been said' (writes Sainte-Beuve) 'and by the very men who were still pretty near him when they judged him. "He is not quite a whole poet, he is the beginning and the stuff of a poet," so spoke Balzac. "He is only a mason in poetry, he has never been an architect," said Chapelain.'

And the reason lay in no defective form, it lay in that undefined thing we call spirit.

There has been a great deal of vague emotional talk about the spirit of poetry, an inability to grasp that poetry is a science as well as an art. And it is this kind of view which has done much to produce the reaction; and provoke the experts to lay stress upon the definite side of poetry and to cling to its tangible qualities, until they get to believe that it consists exclusively of form. This is quite comprehensible, and their error is no more dangerous, besides being less aggravating, than the error of the sentimentalists. But an error it is. Spirit, though intangible, is as definite as form, and its existence is as sure as it is hard to prove. It is the soul of poetry; form is its body, its one and only medium of expression, so inseparable from the spirit as to seem almost identical with it, and yet, unlike the spirit, a thing quite capable of explanation. Thus the error of the Lee and Wyndham school is unfortunately a vital one, for it separates the two elements, substitutes the accidental for the essential, and so betrays the central interests of poetry.

Whoever takes up any Elizabethan anthology—'The Golden Pomp,' 'Elizabethan Sonnets,' 'The Elizabethan Song Book,' 'The Muses' Garden'—and compares it with Sainte-Beuve's 'Œuvres choisies de Ronsard,' or Saintsbury's 'French Lyrics,'

or any collection of the Pléiade's poems, will feel the difference of national spirit. For the attitude towards an idea, if it differs with every person, differs still more distinctly with every nation. And there are certain main differences between France and England which may even be generalised about. Perhaps they are put in a nutshell when we say that with the French it is form that has come first, with the English it is what they have to say.

The French have spent their art on chiselling a crystal cup for its own sake; the English have thought most of the vintage it was to hold. Their subject-matter has infused and moulded their form, given it new curves and lines, according to its contents—which is only another way of saying that to them form is a secondary concern. But the love of form implies a power of delicate discrimination, of balance, a dislike of exaggeration. It is really a critical quality, and France is the critic among nations; while the force of thought and diction, the colour, the imagery of great English poetry, is essentially creative. The secret of French poetry has been, generally speaking, to adapt the classical to the needs of France—at all events until the days of Gautier and of Hugo. You can see it in the Pléiade, in Racine, in Corneille; you can see it in other arts too. In Jean Goujon's fluid floating draperies and the natural artificialness of his Gallo-Greek nymphs; in Watteau's restrained fantastic idylls; in Corot's silvery eclogues. For England, the classical element has never been more than a means; the inspiration of English poetry comes not from the past but the present; it appeals to the heart rather than to the eye and ear. It is, we venture to assert, a far greater poetry than that of France which touches so exquisitely the æsthetic surface of things; for English poetry deals with main issues and primal feelings—with life and death and love and religion—and pierces its way to the depths without fear of spoiling its symmetry.

There is no greater measure of the essential difference between the French and English, or of what two nations can make of the same idea, than their treatment of the two great interests of life: Love and Religion. Love is, of all feelings, the one common to all nations, yet, more than any other, is love, or the expression of it, coloured by national sentiment. England and France alike drank of the fountain—the mother-fountain—of Italy, and adopted the Petrarchan Idea as the source of their inspiration. They partook of the same spring, but, like Rabelais' pilgrims, to whom the Priestess in the Temple gave the same wine, what they tasted proved different on the lips of each. In France, the Petrarchan Idea soon became no more than idealised matter of fact. Under the guise of high-flown conceits

it was rapidly modified by a light-hearted materialism and grew to be an epitome of Gallic qualities. Horace overpowered Petrarch. 'Let us eat and drink—of the most refined meat and 'wine'—say French poets, 'for to-morrow we die.'

In England the Idea assumed a more profound and passionate tone. It 'informed' sense with spirit; it gave voice to a large and sane conception of love, an equal companionship, a noble reconcilement of soul and body, a tender loyalty and devotion which have their roots in national life. This conception has been our pride and our heritage from the days of Chaucer to those of Robert Browning. Elizabethan poetry was, doubtless, often marred by conceits; but, in spite of that, the great tradition of feeling did not cease in the sixteenth century or afterwards. It began astonishingly early; Sir Thomas Wyatt revived it; it waited for some twenty years; Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden—how many others—carried it bravely forward. Shakspeare burst forth like a sun and lent it eternity. John Donne and more than one of his contemporaries bore onward the Elizabethan torch. And so, after occasional lapses—in the days of the Restoration or in those of the eighteenth century—it reappeared again with our poets of a hundred years ago, and they were followed by Tennyson and Browning, whose names are still young among us. It seems, indeed, as if in England and France certain qualities were nearly inverted, as if the French were superficially poetic and subliminally matter-of-fact, and the English were poetic in the depths and matter-of-fact on the surface.

Could this poem by Wither express a Renaissance Frenchman's theory of love? Could any but an Englishman write it in any age?

'How near me came the hand of Death,
When at my side he struck my dear,
And took away the precious breath
What quickened my belovèd peer.
How helpless am I thereby made!
By day how grieved, by night how sad!
And now my life's delight is gone,
—Alas!—how I am left alone!

'The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day;
Those now by me as they have been
Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

'Lord! keep me faithful to the trust
Which my dear spouse reposed in me:
To him now dead preserve me just
In all that should performèd be!
For though our being man and wife
Extendeth only to this life,
Yet neither life nor death shall end
The being of a faithful friend.'

Or Lord Herbert of Cherbury's:

'So when from hence we shall be gone
And be no more nor you nor I,
As one another's mystery
Each shall be both, yet both but one.'

Herrick, steeped in Horace and Anacreon, well-versed (says Mr. Wyndham) in Ronsard, took the lighter, the more Gallic view of love; so did some contemporary song-writers. But their sentiment did not become the national one—the majority of great poets expressed a different conception. Nor was Herrick's epicureanism quite as fluid or triumphantly graceful as the French poet's. Who but Ronsard, who but a Frenchman, could write this?

'En mon cœur n'est point escrite
La rose ny autre fleur,
C'est toy, blanche Marguerite,
Par qui j'ay cette couleur.
N'es tu celle dont les yeux
Ont surpris
Par un regard gracieux
Mes espris?
Puisque ta sœur de haut pris,
Ta sœur, pucelle d'élite,
N'est cause de ma douleur,
C'est donc par toy, Marguerite,
Que j'ay pris ceste couleur.

'Ma couleur palle nasquit,
Quand mon cœur
Pour maistresse te requit;
Mais rigueur
D'une amoureuse langueur
Soudain paya mon merite,
Me donnant ceste paleur
Pour t'aimer trop, Marguerite,
Et ta vermeille couleur.

'Quel charme pourroit casser
Mon ennuy
Et ma couleur effacer
Avec luy?

De l'amour que tant je suy
La jouissance subite
Seule osteroit le malheur
Que me donna Marguerite,
Par qui j'ay cette couleur.'

Or this:

'Comme on void sur la branche au mois de may la rose
En sa belle jeunesse, en sa première fleur,
Rendre le ciel jaloux de sa vive couleur,
Quand l'aube de ses pleurs au poinct du jour l'arrose,

'La Grace dans sa fueille et l'Amour se repose,
Embasmant les jardins et les arbres d'odeur;
Mais, batue ou de pluye ou d'excessive ardeur,
Languissante, elle meurt, fueille à fueille déclose.

'Ainsi, en ta première et jeune nouveauté,
Quand la terre et le ciel honoroient la beauté,
La Parque t'a tuée, et cendre tu reposes.

'Pour obseques reçoy mes larmes et mes pleurs,
Ce vase plein de laict, ce panier plein de fleurs,
A fin que, vif et mort, ton corps ne soit que roses.'

The Pléiade wrote lines—and very dull they often are—in praise of virtue, but the English made poems about goodness. Virtue is more or less of a Roman nymph and does not seem to have much to do with every day; but is not there a sweet familiar touch about goodness, in Fulke Greville's:

'The chief use then in man of that he knows
Is his painstaking for the good of all
Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soul that overflows
With bitterness, breathed out from inward thrall:
But sweetly rather to ease, loose or bind,
As need requires, this frail, fall'n human kind.'

Here, in turn, is the philosophy of Ronsard:

'Ne s'effrayer de chose qui arrive,
Ne s'en facher aussi,
Rend l'homme heureux, et fait encor qu'il vive
Sans peur ny sans souci. . . .

'Dessus le Nil jadis fut la science,
Puis en Grece elle alla.
Rome depuis en eut l'experience,
Paris maintenant l'a.

. . . . . .

'Arme-toy donc de la philosophie
Contre tant d'accidens,
Et, courageux, d'elle te fortifie
L'estomach au dedans,

'N'ayant effroy de chose qui survienne
Au devant de tes yeux,
Soit que le ciel les abysmes devienne,
Et l'abysme les cieux.'

Perhaps it was the gift of moral insight, of spiritual imagination, which was the secret of English poetry then, which made it a bigger and deeper thing than the poetry of France. Moral insight is a dramatic gift. It helped to create a drama for us in the days of Elizabeth such as no contemporary nation possessed; it made a poetry of the heart which found a response in national feeling. And, like all great gifts, it was unconscious. When French poets were moral they moralised, and chased away the spirit of poetry. To be conscious was part of their programme. And their poems for edification, or their light-souled, leisured poems on love, had nothing to say to *le vulgaire* whom they hated; they were, as they deliberately meant to be, the poets of an aristocracy.

The presence, or the absence, of a spiritual imagination told most in the lyrics of either country that were inspired by religious feeling. Comparisons are odious; generalisations are dangerous; yet both are sometimes irresistible. The French love of form and of lucidity affected the literary expression of their faith. For the French temperament lives in the attainable and cares little for mystic speculation. Definite and rather literal, it makes for absolute conclusions. The English, more slipshod in thought and more imaginative, heavier-hearted and more strenuous, have the sense of mystery strong within them; dwell rather on what may be than on what is. They are idealists—gloomy idealists—where the French are cheerful pessimists. And in the age of Elizabeth, while romance was in the air, religious beliefs were in solution. Men were between the old and the new, the boundaries of faith were not fixed, and thought was an emotion. The minds of men, like the seamen of that day, ventured forth on seas that seemed enchanted, in quest of unknown countries. Thus to the poets of either nation the idea of God was widely different. To the Englishman He represented mystery—the Intellectual Power who harmonised mind, passion and goodness—the unity of all things. To the Frenchman He was either a natural force, or an aristocratic First Person—precise, distinguished and remote, clad not in clouds but in dogma.

But the poets, both French and English, are best left to speak for themselves.

To begin with Ronsard :

> ' Que l'homme est malheureux qui au monde se fie.
> O Dieu ! que véritable est la philosophie
> Qui dit que toute chose à la fin périra
> Et qu'en changeant de forme une autre vêtira.
>
> ' De Tempé la vallée un jour sera montagne
> Et la cime d'Athos une large campagne ;
> Neptune quelquefois de blé sera couvert :
> La matière demeure et la forme se perd.'

Mr. Lee would probably say that Drummond of Hawthornden's lines were imitated from Ronsard :

> ' Nothing is constant but in constant change.
> What's done is still undone, and when undone
> Into some other fashion doth it range ;
> Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon :
> Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
> Rise up and steps unknown to Nature trace.'

It is the last two lines that make the poem English.

Or contrast Spenser's :

> ' Then 'gin I think on that which Nature sayd
> Of that same time when no more change shall be
> But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
> Upon the pillours of Eternity
> That is contrayr to Mutabilitie ;
> For all that moveth doth in Change delight :
> But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
> With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :
> O ! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's sight ! '

with Ronsard's

> ' Le mort ne desire plus rien ;
> Donc, cependant que j'ay le bien
> De desirer, vif, je demande
> Estre toujours sain et dispos ;
> Puis, quand je n'auray que les os,
> Le reste à Dieu je recommande.
>
> ' Homère est mort, Anacreon,
> Pindare, Hesiode et Bion,
> Et plus n'ont souci de s'enquerre
> Du bien et du mal qu'on dit d'eux ;
> Ainsi, après un siècle ou deux,
> Plus ne sentiray rien sous terre.

'Mais dequoy sert le desirer
Sinon pour l'homme martirer ?
Le desir n'est rien que martire ;
Content ne vit le desireux,
Et l'homme mort est bien-heureux,
Heureux qui rien plus ne desire ! '

The difference in climate between the two is one of race and no mere accident.

'There is no new thing under the sun.' It was an older critic than either Mr. Lee or Mr. Wyndham who said that. Perhaps a scholar will arise to prove that Mr. Lee's work is due to the influence of Solomon, or to the group of writers who pass under Solomon's name. Life and literature are larger and more complex than any theory, and it is almost impossible to lay down laws. We cannot get much beyond this: that influences are only of serious importance in connexion with unimportant people. It is the small men they make or mar—the 'poet-apes' (as Sir Philip Sidney calls them), 'poets without 'any commission,' who 'do post over the banks of Helicon 'till they make the readers more weary than post-horses.'

As to the great poets, it is interesting to know what lessons they learned, what masters they sat under: every detail about them *is* interesting. But these things do not make their charm, and their charm it is which affects us. For our chief concern with the poet is that he gives us (to quote Sidney again) 'what-'soever may make the too-loved earth more lovely.' . . . 'With 'a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth 'children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.'

And that the tale so holds us is a fact that can never be explained.

Art. V.—COLONIAL PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS.

1. *Imports into Canada.* Return to an Order of the House of Lords, dated March 30, 1906. Ordered to be printed May 7, 1906.
2. *Annual Statements of the Trade of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions.* Published in 1896, 1901, and 1906.
3. *Statistical Abstract for the Several British Colonies, Possessions, and Protectorates in each year from* 1891 *to* 1905. Forty-third number. 1906.
4. *Colonial Import Duties*, 1905. Return relating to the rate of import duties levied upon the principal and other articles imported into the British colonies, possessions, and protectorates. 1905.
5. *The Customs Tariff* (*British Preference*), 1906, *Reserved Act.* [Cd. 3339.]

We venture to assure the colonial representatives who are now assembled in London, that their presence is as warmly welcomed by those of us whose convictions lead us to criticize the proposals that some of them may bring forward as to a scheme of Imperial reciprocity, as it can possibly be by those whose views are in agreement with theirs. We believe that the maxim *solvitur ambulando* may fittingly be applied to these periodical discussions between the statesmen of the Empire, and we heartily thank our colonial ministers for undertaking such long oversea journeys for the purpose of threshing out questions which have as their aim the common welfare of all parts of his Majesty's widely-scattered realm. We trust, therefore, that such criticism as we are about to offer will be taken in good part, and that it may receive from our visitors, and those who agree with them, such consideration as we in turn are prepared to accord to any fresh proposals they may advance.

According to the agenda paper which Lord Elgin has caused to be drawn up, and which he despatched to the Governors-General of the Dominion of Canada, and of the Commonwealth of Australia (which includes Tasmania), and to the Governors of New Zealand, Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and Newfoundland, the five primary subjects for discussion at the Colonial Conference are (1) the constitution of future conferences; (2) preferential trade; (3) defence; (4) naturalisation; and (5) emigration.

With reference to the first subject it may be interesting to

show what proportion of the inhabitants of the British Empire are directly represented by ministers attending the present conference. The following table sets out this information, the figures being taken from the 'Statistical Abstract for the British 'Colonies, &c.' [Cd. 3253], published at the end of last year, unless otherwise stated.

—	Area	Estimated Population on Dec. 31, 1905	Imports. Total in 1905	Exports. Total in 1905	Total of Imports and Exports
	Sq. miles		£'000's	£'000's	£'000's
United Kingdom .	121,091	43,659,121*	565,019†	407,596†	972,616†
Dominion of Canada .	3,745,574	5,683,396‡	54,849	41,792	96,642
Commonwealth of Australia . .	2,972,573	3,988,663§	38,346	56,841	95,187
Cape of Good Hope .	276,995	2,470,289	20,000	33,812‖	53,813‖
New Zealand . .	104,751	888,639	12 828	15,655	28,484
Transvaal . . .	117,732	1,399,528	16,845	22,799	39,645
Natal	35,371	1,141,406	10,742	2,870‖	13,612
Newfoundland .	42,734	225,533	2,112	2,193	4,306
British India . .	1,087,124	231,855,533	101,399	122,590	223,990

* To June 30, 1906. *See* 'Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom, 1906.' [Cd. 3,092, p. 347.]
† *See* p. 63 of [Cd. 3,092] 'Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom.'
‡ Estimated on June 30, 1905.
§ Estimated, 1904. *See* 'Statistical Abstract for British Empire,' No. 2, p. 1.
‖ Including the value of diamonds and raw gold (the produce of South African colonies) brought overland for shipment, but excluding exports overland.

The second head of discussion, 'preferential trade,' will probably commence with a consideration of the Canadian Preferential Tariff.

Canadian Preferential Tariff.

A year ago Lord Ridley, chairman of the Tariff Reform League, and late Under-Secretary for the Colonies in Mr. Balfour's Government, moved in the House of Lords for a 'Return show-'ing the imports of merchandise into Canada from the United 'Kingdom, the United States of America, Germany, and other 'countries respectively, distinguishing "dutiable" and "free" 'goods, from 1890 to 1904.' In the autumn of last year, when the return had been published, his lordship stated at a public meeting held in Putney that the Liberal party would be forced at the colonial conference to recognise that the Empire was composed, not of one free democracy but of many free democracies, of which only one, and that only temporarily, had pronounced against the principle of preferential treatment. These views have been echoed and emphasised by his supporters, and it cannot be denied that they are honestly held by a good many people, both here and in the colonies. It has become therefore not only courteous but necessary to consider what

justification can be found for opinions so enthusiastically upheld by tariff reformers and by many others who are far removed from the standpoint of protectionists.

Lord Ridley's 'Return'* enables us to show what has been the result of the preferential treatment of the United Kingdom by Canada; and if the results of the 'preference' are seen to be somewhat barren and disappointing, the stand taken by free traders will be correspondingly justified, and it will be reasonable to hope that—sentiment notwithstanding—the assault promised by the tariff reformers and their colonial allies upon the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom may be effectively repulsed.

What, then, is the 'preference' given by Canada to the United Kingdom? Simply this: that on August 1, 1898, what is known as the British preferential tariff came into force, whereby goods (except alcoholic liquors, tobacco, and in certain cases sugar), the produce or manufacture of the United Kingdom and certain British possessions, when imported direct, were entitled to a reduction of one-fourth of the duty to June 30, 1900, and to a reduction of one-third of the duty from July 1, 1900.† But, as the Canadian import duties mainly range from 10 per cent. *ad valorem* to 35 per cent. *ad valorem*, and the majority of goods imported are taxed at the higher rates (see 'Parliamentary Return of Colonial Import Duties [Cd. 2627]), it is evident that the reduction of the duties allowed to the United Kingdom still leaves her goods liable to the payment of duties of from about 6 per cent. *ad valorem* to about 24 per cent. *ad valorem*.‡ In addition, therefore, to the cost of transit across the Atlantic, and insurance, there remain heavy import duties that work to the detriment of British manufacturers, and it is

* Imports into Canada, White Paper, No. 71, published in May, 1906.

† See p. 211 (footnote) of the 'Statistical Abstract for the British Colonies, &c.,' No. 43, 1906. [Cd. 3253.]

‡ It is well to be explicit on this point, as it is not always clearly understood. On p. 239 of 'The Causes of Decay in a British Industry' (Longmans, 1907), the authors have committed a strange mistake in writing of the 'preference.' They say: 'The American general tariff is now lower than the Canadian preferential tariff, and unfinished goods, such as component parts, can be obtained from Belgium at a very low price and are subject to 25 per cent. duty only. The English manufacturer has preference only to this extent; on a shipment value 100*l.* the duty is 30*l.*, *less one-third of* 30 *per cent. on the* 30*l.* : *that is to say*, 10 *per cent. of* 30*l.*, *which equals* 3*l.*, *leaving the duty on* 100*l.* *at* 27*l.*' The italics are ours.—Reviewer.

scarcely matter for surprise to find that the contiguity of the United States enables her citizens to beat the manufacturers of the United Kingdom in the competition to supply goods to the Dominion.

The following table shows the values of the imports of dutiable goods into Canada from the United Kingdom, in periods of four years from 1890–1 to 1905–6, the figures (in thousands of pounds) being those given in Lord Ridley's 'Return.'

Values in £'000's	'90–1 to '93–4		'94–5 to '97–8		'98–9 to '01–2		'02–3 to '05–6	
Canadian imports of dutiable goods from United Kingdom	'90–1	6,464	'94–5	4,792	'98–9	5,657	'02–3	8,676
	'91–2	6,338	'95–6	5,009	'99–0	6,488	'03–4	9,237
	'92–3	6,551	'96–7	4,156	'00–1	6,516	'04–5	9,271
	'93–4	5,651	'97–8	4,636	'01–2	7,207	'05–6	10,958
Total for four years		25,004		18,593		25,868		38,142
Average annual value		6,251		4,648		6,467		9,535

From the above table it is seen that the minimum value, 4,156,000*l.*, was recorded in 1896–7, and that the values have risen each year since, although the increase in 1900–1 was only 28,000*l.*, and in 1904–5 was 34,000*l.* The value in 1905–6, 10,958,000*l.*, being for the year ending on June 30, 1906, has, of course, been obtained since Lord Ridley's 'Return' was published.

The following table shows the corresponding values of the imports of dutiable goods into Canada from the United States.

Values in £'000's	'90–1 to '93–4		'94–5 to '97–8		'98–9 to '01–2		'02–3 to '05–6	
Canadian imports of dutiable goods from United States	'90–1	6,124	'94–5	5,303	'98–9	9,141	'02–3	14,089
	'91–2	6,065	'95–6	5,982	'99–0	11,079	'03–4	15,940
	'92–3	5,871	'96–7	6,266	'00–1	11,018	'04–5	16,197
	'93–4	5,308	'97–8	7,824	'01–2	12,371	'05–6	18,654
Total for four years		23,368		25,375		43,609		64,880
Average annual value		5,842		6,343		10,902		16,220

This table shows that the minimum value of the period was recorded in 1894–5, viz.: 5,303,000*l.*, and that the values have risen each year, except in 1900–1, when there was a decrease of 61,000*l.* upon the value of the previous year.

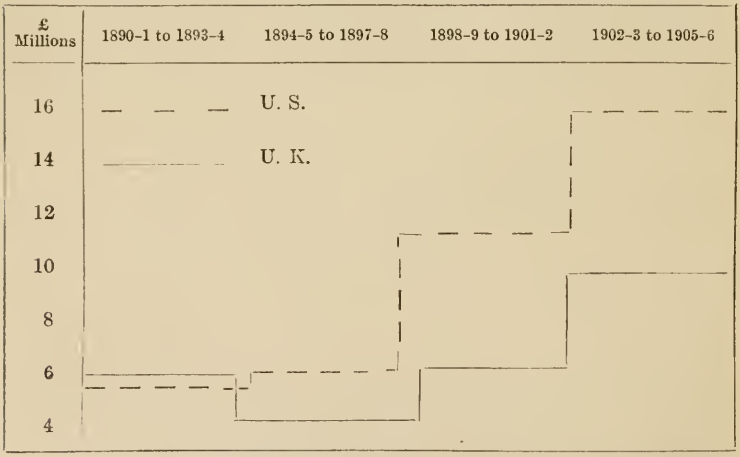
From the first table it can be seen that the increase in the value of the dutiable imports from the United Kingdom, during

the nine years that have passed since the year of minimum value (1896–7), has been 6,802,000*l.*

During the same period of nine years, the increase in the value of the dutiable imports from the United States has been 12,388,000*l.*, as can be seen from the second table, a sum but little short of twice the value of the increase of the imports taken from the United Kingdom. For the last eight years ' preference ' has been granted to the imports of British goods, and for the last six years this ' preference ' has amounted to a reduction of one-third of the import duties charged, yet notwithstanding this advantage the British manufacturers have only sent goods valued at six and four-fifths millions more than in 1896–7, while the United States have sent in goods that have risen in value by twelve and two-fifths millions.

We do not dispute that the ' preference ' shown to the United Kingdom has benefited to some extent her manufacturers, but it has also benefited the Canadian consumers who have purchased the British goods at a price reduced by the amount of the ' preference.'

The following chart, showing the average annual values (during periods of four years given in the above tables) of the dutiable imports into Canada from the United Kingdom and from the United States—enables one to see at a glance how much more rapidly the imports taken from the United States have risen than have those taken from the United Kingdom.



The chart shows that the average annual value of the imports taken by Canada from the United Kingdom during the period from 1890–1 to 1893–4 was just over six million pounds, viz. :

6,251,000*l.*, which sum exceeded the average annual value (5,842,000*l.*), of the imports from the United States by 409,000*l.* By referring to the tables already given it will be seen that in each year of the period the value of the imports from the United Kingdom was greater than the value of the imports from the United States. This is an important fact to remember when tariff reformers state that prior to 'preference' being granted, the course of Canadian trade was towards the United States, but that since 'preference' has been granted it has been towards the United Kingdom.

Only a short time back, Professor Hewins stated at a meeting held at the Constitutional Club that 'the adoption by Canada 'of a preferential tariff had turned the channels of trade towards 'the United Kingdom instead of towards the United States.' But the chart, which is based upon the figures given in the two tables above set out (which figures are supplied by Lord Ridley's 'Return'), shows that although the imports from the United Kingdom have continuously risen since 1897–8, the imports from the United States have risen much faster! The course of trade, or channels of trade, as Professor Hewins terms them, have not been turned to the United Kingdom instead of to the United States.

In the last year (1897–8) before the preferential tariff came into operation the value of the imports from the United Kingdom was 4,636,000*l.* In 1905–6 the value had risen to 10,958,000*l.*, showing an increase of 6,322,000*l.*, or more than 136 per cent. But, in the same period the value of the imports from the United States rose from 7,824,000*l.* to 18,654,000*l.*, showing an increase of 10,830,000*l.*, or more than 138 per cent. Bearing in mind that the imports from the United States in 1897-8 were little less than eight millions in value, while the imports from the United Kingdom in that year were little more than four and a half millions, the fact is very remarkable that the imports from the United States into Canada—during the eight years that 'preference' has been favouring the United Kingdom —have increased by more than 138 per cent., while the imports from the United Kingdom have increased by no more than 136 per cent.

It is interesting to trace the fluctuations of the chief exports to Canada of the produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom. The following table gives the values (taken from the 'Annual Statements of the Trade of the United Kingdom,' published in 1896, 1901, and 1906), of the exports of (1) woollens and worsteds, entered by the yard, as well as those entered at

value; (2) cotton goods; (3) iron, wrought and unwrought; and (4) apparel and haberdashery.

Values in thousand pounds

Year	Woollens and Worsteds	Iron: wrought and unwrought	Cotton Goods	Apparel and Haberdashery
	£	£	£	£
1891	1,318	1,366	691	661
1892	1,418	1,162	715	661
1893	1,414	1,234	754	513
1894	1,040*	759	642*	381
1895	1,104	674	701	452
1896	1,071	627	710	412
1897	1,084	542	727	360*
1898	1,238	459*	826	392
1899	1,359	954	919	385
1900	1,468	864	1,088	399
1901	1,564	1,067	1,111	406
1902	1,822	1,875	1,310	528
1903	2,085	1,988†	1,465	717†
1904	2,400	1,156	1,509†	601
1905	2,418†	1,513	1,489	485

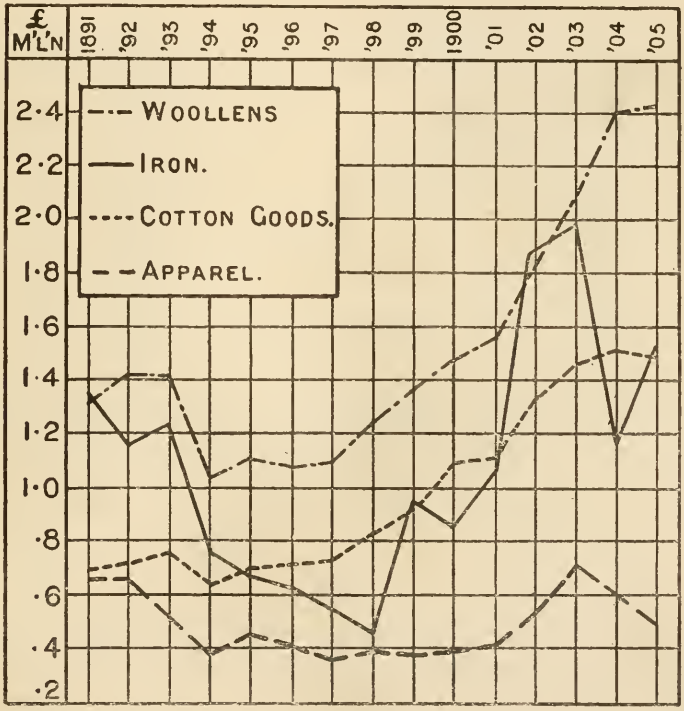
* Minimum value of period. † Maximum value of period.

From the table we see that iron, wrought and unwrought, and apparel and haberdashery attained their maximum values in 1903, that cotton goods reached their maximum value in 1904, and that woollen and worsted goods were at their maximum value in 1905. The minimum values of woollens and worsteds and of cotton goods were both recorded in 1894; in 1897 apparel and haberdashery were at their minimum value, and in 1898 the minimum value of iron was exported to Canada.

The exports of British manufactures to Canada shown in the following chart account roughly for one half of our total exports to the Dominion. The year 1899 and following years, being subsequent to the operation of the preferential tariff, should show a continuous increase if the benefits derived from 'preference' were of material importance. In the case of cotton goods and of woollen and worsted goods there has been a steady increase, but certainly not more than should have been expected from the rapid increase in the population of Canada, due mainly to the influx of experienced and well-to-do farmers from the

North-western States of America, and from the great development of the railway system of the Dominion, the mileage of which has increased during the last sixteen years by about 50 per cent.

In the case of the exports of iron and of apparel, it would be unreasonable to claim that 'preference' has resulted in any consistent gain by the manufacturers of the United Kingdom. The other exports of British manufactures are found, upon analysis, to correspond very closely in their fluctuation to those



of the four principal exports, as shown in the chart. Telegraph cable is the only other export of which the maximum value has exceeded in any year 400,000*l.* In 1902 there was an abnormal export of the material, valued at 833,000*l.* In the previous year the value of its export had been only 86,000*l.*, and in 1903 the value was only 74,000*l.*

In the following table are set out the maximum values of the twenty principal articles exported to Canada by the United

Kingdom, next to the four classes already dealt with. No other class of export has reached a value of 100,000*l.* in any year.

Class of Goods	Year	Value in £'000's
5. Linens	1905	347
6. Telegraph cable	1902	833
7. Spirits, British and Irish	1905	277
8. Chemicals	1904	260
9. Machinery and millwork	1903	371
10. Arms, ammunition, &c.	1896	258
11. Jute piece-goods	1903	220
12. China and earthenware	1903	215
13. Hats, of all sorts	1905	172
14. Silk manufactures	1905	206
15. Glass manufactures	1905	150
16. Ships and boats, new	1902	174
17. Woollen and worsted yarn	1905	171
18. Hides, raw	1899	157
19. Oilseeds	1905	137
20. Oilcloth and floorcloth	1905	128
21. Books, printed	1905	110
22. Leather	1905	118
23. Coal, coke and patent fuel	1902	106
24. Cotton yarn	1903	102

It is worth while to consider what the Canadian import duties are. Reference to Blue Book [Cd. 2679] shows them to be :

Upon carpets	35	per cent.	*ad valorem*
,, women's dress goods, cashmeres, serges, &c., to be dyed in Canada	25	,,	,,
,, travelling rugs	30	,,	,,
,, other woollen and worsted goods *	35	,,	,,

The above heavy duties are reduced by one-third (*i.e.* from 35 per cent. to about 23½ per cent.) in the case of British-made goods imported direct into Canada, but

'Fabrics, manufactures, wearing apparel, and ready-made clothing, cloths, doeskins, cassimeres, tweeds, coatings, overcoatings, and felt cloth, composed wholly or in part of wool, or worsted (except blankets, flannels, and counterpanes), are subject to a minimum duty when entered under the British preferential tariff of 30 per cent. *ad valorem*.'

* For duties upon woollen and worsted manufactures see pp. 31, 32 ; for duties upon cotton goods see p. 16 ; for duties on iron and steel goods see pp. 47 to 54 of Cd. 2627.

Certain goods when imported for further manufacture in Canada are admitted at from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, whether of wool, cotton, silk or ramie.

The import duties payable upon cotton goods are :

Upon white or grey cotton goods . .	25 per cent. *ad valorem*
,, printed, dyed, or coloured goods .	35 ,, ,,
,, cotton - velvets, sheets, towels, napkins, &c.	30 ,, ,,

which duties, under the British preferential tariff, range from about 16⅔ per cent. to 23⅓ per cent. *ad valorem.*

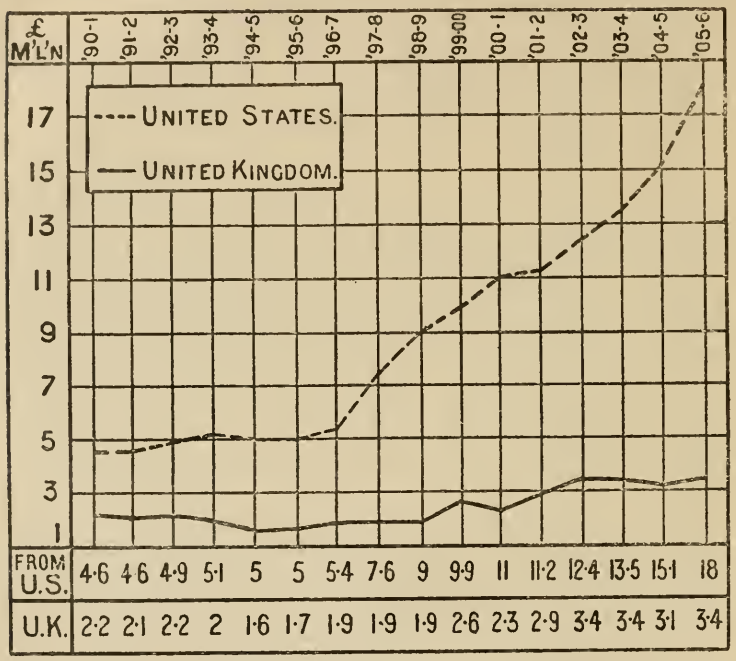
Iron and ironware, which were exported in 1903 to a value of nearly two million pounds, are subject to import duties upon plain and galvanized goods of from 8*s.* 2⅔*d.* per ton to 32*s.* 10⅔*d.* per ton ; or from 5 per cent. to 35 per cent. *ad valorem* (subject to one-third reduction of these duties if entered under the British preferential tariff). Nails are taxed at 30 per cent. *ad valorem* ; screws and tacks at 35 per cent. ; most kinds of hardware at 30 per cent. ; and manufactures of iron at 30 per cent. *ad valorem.*

It would be wearisome to enumerate the manifold subdivisions under which the other classes of dutiable goods are taxed upon entering Canada, but a reference to the Parliamentary Blue Book [Cd. 2679] will show that the bulk of the goods are taxed at from 20 per cent. to 35 per cent. *ad valorem*, which duties become under the British preferential tariff 13⅓ to 23⅓ per cent. *ad valorem.* It is at least doubtful whether this one-third reduction of the import duties in favour of British goods and manufactures compensates for the cost of transit across the Atlantic.

As it is open to tariff reformers to argue that Canada takes other imports than ' dutiable goods,' it is well to show that they have no better grounds for supporting the principle of ' pre-' ference ' in respect of the importation of ' free goods ' by the Dominion, lest it might be assumed that the ' sentiment ' of Canadian importers had induced them to purchase from the United Kingdom rather than from the markets most accessible to them.

The next chart shows that in 1890–1 and 1891–2 the value of the free imports into Canada from the United States was approximately 4,600,000*l.* ; that for the next five years little progress was made in their value ; but that since 1896–7 the yearly increase in their value has been rapid and almost continuous, the only slackening being evident in 1901–2, when the

*Chart * showing the values of the free imports into Canada from the United States and from the United Kingdom, for the years* 1890–1 *to* 1905–6.

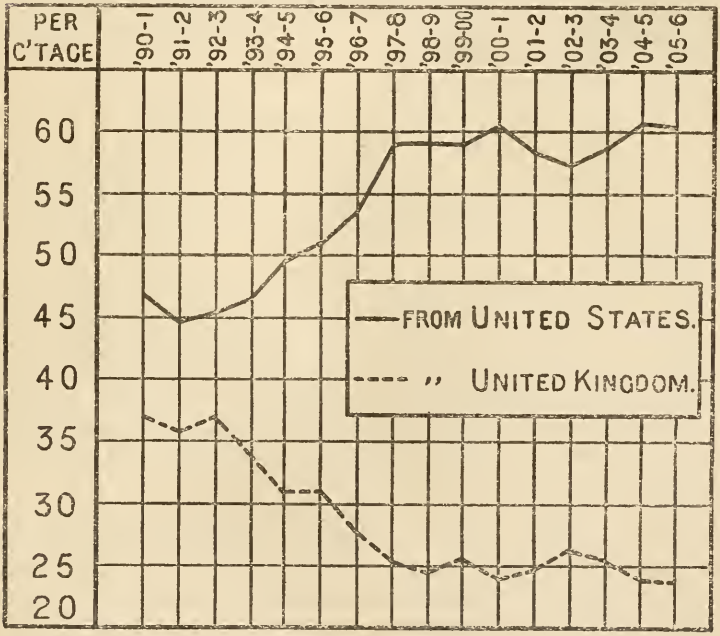


increase was only some 200,000*l.* In 1905–6 the value of the free imports from the United States was within a few thousand pounds of eighteen millions. In that year (ending on June 30 last) the value of the free imports taken from the United Kingdom was only 3,454,000*l.* In 1890–1 the value of the free imports from the United Kingdom was approximately 2,200,000*l.* So that while the United States succeeded in sending in free imports that rose from four and three-fifths millions to eighteen millions, the United Kingdom only succeeded in sending in free imports that rose from two and one-fifth millions to three and two-fifths millions! This fact, taken in conjunction with the enormous preponderance of dutiable goods taken from the United States, will prepare the reader for the result shown by the following chart, in which is shown the percentage of the total import trade of Canada supplied by the United States compared with that

* The figures upon which the chart is constructed are those given in Viscount Ridley's 'Return,' already referred to.

supplied by the United Kingdom. For the latter half of the period the United Kingdom has been receiving the benefit of the preferential tariff, otherwise the tale told by the chart would doubtless be even more unsatisfactory to citizens of the United Kingdom. Let us, however, thank Canadian statesmen for their goodwill towards us, as well as for the fact that they are asking for no alteration in our fiscal system, and let us hope that in the near future public opinion in the Dominion may influence the ministry to reduce still further their oppressive import duties.

Percentage of Imports into Canada.



In 1905–6 the percentage of the total imports into Canada that was supplied by the United States was 60·39, and the percentage supplied by the United Kingdom was 23·75. In other words Canada drew from the United States rather more than three-fifths of her imports, and from the United Kingdom considerably less than one-fourth. The chart tells its own tale as to the rapidity with which Canada is taking more and more from the United States and less and less (*i.e.* not absolutely less,

but only less in proportion) from the United Kingdom, notwithstanding the fact that such preference as she grants to the United Kingdom mutually benefits the Canadian consumers and the British manufacturers and exporters. The Atlantic Ocean serves as the great barrier, and will always act as an ally to the United States in her competition with the United Kingdom to supply the wants of the Dominion, and the value of this alliance far outweighs any possible scheme of preference. But let the facts be recognised; and do not let us be misled by false sentiment, particularly when it takes its origin in unsound arguments. And, above all, let us remember that mutual goodwill between Canada and the United Kingdom was never more pronounced than at the present time, despite the Dominion taking the bulk of her imports from the United States. We have now to consider, on its merits:

The Australian Offer of Preference.

'I hope that the majority of the British Parliament will recognise this as something more than an offer. It is an overture from us which is not to be regarded as a bid, but as a suggestion of friendly negotiation.'

Such was the message that Mr. Deakin sent on August 30 last, when he laid on the table of the Australian House of Representatives a Motion, increasing the duties by 10 per cent. on certain classes of imports when they were 'not imported direct 'from the United Kingdom in British ships manned throughout 'by white crews, and guaranteed to be the produce or manu-'factures of the United Kingdom.'

The message is couched in friendly terms, and despite the insignificance of the offer to a country that imposes practically no import duty whatever upon the produce of Australia (except upon wine), it is but courteous to consider, even if it be somewhat wearisome, the details of the offer made by the Commonwealth.

The first point to be noticed is that exports from the United Kingdom will be taxed 10 per cent. more when they fall among the following classes: firstly—and this applies to the bulk of the goods sent from Great Britain—those goods that are carried in ships whose crews are not wholly composed of white men. The employment of Lascars, or any coloured subjects of his Majesty, upon British ships carrying British-made goods to Australian ports will make the goods liable to the increased duty; secondly, goods that are carried from Great Britain

but are not the produce or manufacture of the United Kingdom, and within this class are all goods of foreign or colonial origin, which are so largely carried in British ships to Australia; and, thirdly, all goods, whether of British manufacture or not, that are not carried by British ships from ports of the United Kingdom. It may be worth the while of some enthusiastic tariff reformer, anxious to consider and prefer the claims of all Britons but those who are resident in the United Kingdom, to work out what the value of the goods—imported from the United Kingdom, of British manufacture, and carried direct in British ships, manned by crews composed wholly of white men—may amount to; but we cannot help feeling that had Mr. Deakin been furnished with this estimate he would never have troubled himself to make the offer.

But the offer has been made, and Mr. Deakin is here to support it, and to point to it as a reason why the British House of Commons should discriminate in favour of Australian produce, the imports of which by the United Kingdom amount to a very considerable sum each year.

Professor Hewins, at the Constitutional Club, said

'that the Commonwealth had adopted a scheme of preference with the United Kingdom, the striking feature of which was the desire to give us a preference upon our shipping. This question of the navigation policy of our Empire was about the most fundamental question that we could deal with,'

and Mr. Chaplin supported the Professor by declaring that the question of 'preference' was most vital to the future of the British Empire and of British trade itself.

How does Professor Hewins consider that British shipping would benefit from the imposition of the various restrictions comprised within the limits of the Australian offer?

The following are the classes of goods upon which the Commonwealth of Australia offers a qualified preference to the United Kingdom: (1) arms, ammunition, fuzes and dynamite; (2) painters' colours and materials; (3) boots and shoes; (4) plated ware; (5) pickles, sauces, and condiments; (6) bicycles, and parts thereof; (7) cutlery; (8) furniture; (9) starch and blue; (10) woodware; (11) clocks and watches; and (12) gas and oil engines and turbines. In the table below are shown the Average Annual Values * of these classes of British manufactures

* For many reasons it appears to be more fair and more satisfactory to take the average over a period of years rather than any one year.

exported from the United Kingdom to Australia for the five years 1901 to 1905. (See 'Annual Statement of Trade of the United Kingdom, 1905.')

	£'000's Average Annual Value.
Arms, ammunition, fuzes, dynamite	518
Painters' colours, &c.	261
Boots and shoes	162
Plated ware	145
Pickles, sauces, and condiments	143
Bicycles, and parts thereof	109
Cutlery	102
Furniture	48
Starch and blue	24
Woodware	19
Clocks and watches	8

We have been unable to ascertain from the 'Annual Statement of Trade' what the value of the export of gas and oil engines, and turbines, to Australia has been; but the above values for the eleven classes amount to a total of 1,539,000*l.* It must be borne in mind that the Australian Government do not intend to reduce the existing duties upon any of these British exports, and that they do intend to increase the duties upon all these goods unless they are carried to Australia in British ships wholly manned by white sailors. The average annual value of the total exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures to Australia for the five years is 18,271,705*l.* (see p. 396 of Cd. 3022), or rather more than eighteen and a quarter million pounds, whereas the total average annual value of the eleven classes of goods named above is about one and a half million pounds, so that upon eleven-twelfths of the exports of British manufactured goods to the Commonwealth it is not even pretended to offer any form of 'preference.'

The average annual value, 1901 to 1905, of the arms, ammunition, dynamite, and fuzes, exported from the United Kingdom to Australia as having been manufactured in the Kingdom, is seen from the above table to have been 518,000*l.*, or about one-third of the 1,539,000*l.* worth of British goods exported in the 'preference' classes. But this total value (518,000*l.*) falls short of the average annual value of the British and Irish spirits exported to the Commonwealth, which stand sixth in the list of the principal British exports to Australia, as is shown in the following table.

Table showing the Average Annual Values of the Seven Principal Exports of British Manufactures from the United Kingdom to the Commonwealth of Australia, from 1901 to 1905.

	£ Millions	Average Annual Value
		£
Cotton goods		2,747,000
Iron, wrought and unwrought	2·5	2,585,000
	2·25	
	1	
	1·75	
Woollens and worsteds	1·5	1,602,000
	1·25	
	1	
Apparel		945,000
	·75	
Machinery		698,000
British and Irish spirits	·5	572,000
Arms, ammunition, &c.		518,000
Painters' colours	·25	261,000
Boots and shoes		162,000

The above table shows that cotton goods stood first on the list, with an average annual value of 2,747,000*l.*, or just under two and three quarters millions sterling, and that iron, wrought and unwrought, came second, with an average annual value of 2,585,000*l.*, or well over two and a half millions. Woollen and worsted goods came third, valued at 1,602,000*l.*, followed by apparel, with an average annual value of 945,000*l.* Machinery (exclusive of engines) came fifth, with an average annual value of 698,000*l.*, and British and Irish spirits sixth, valued at 572,000*l.* Upon none of these six chief classes of exports is there an offer of 'preference' made. Arms, ammunition, dynamite, and fuzes, which come seventh on the list of principal exports, are the most important class in the list of goods scheduled for preferential treatment, and painters' colours, and boots and shoes are the second and third most valuable classes scheduled for such treatment.

From Mr. Coghlan's 'Statistical Account of Australia and New Zealand for 1903–4,' page 962, we learn that the number of hands, male and female, who were employed in the manufacturing industries of the Commonwealth in 1903 were 196,424. Of this number more than 53,000 were employed in the manufacture of 'clothing and textile fabrics and materials,' and

over 37,000 in 'metal works, machinery, &c.,' and more than 31,000 in industries 'connected with food and drink, &c.' These three branches of industry, then, employed more than 121,000 of the total number of hands (196,424) employed in the manufacturing establishments of Australia. It is not unreasonable to assume that this fact has told against the inclusion of British cotton, woollen, and iron exports, as well as apparel and machinery exports, in the list of goods to be favoured with preferential treatment. It is at least to be recognized that the Australian 'offer' has not included goods that are manufactured to any considerable extent in the Commonwealth. As far as we have been able to gather from Mr. Coghlan's work (pages 978 to 993), the total number of hands engaged in industries connected with the classes of goods in the 'preferential list' does not exceed twenty-six thousand, scattered throughout the whole of the Commonwealth. Of these, about half the number are engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes, so that outside this one industry there is absolutely no class numerically important enough to make its voice heard against any 'preference' being given to manufacturers outside the Commonwealth. Mr. Deakin, therefore, has no fear of 'outraged electors' before his eyes.

The United Kingdom exports to the Commonwealth an appreciable amount of goods which her merchants have imported from foreign countries or other British colonies. The following table gives the average annual values, in thousand pounds sterling, of these re-exports that fall within the classes upon which 'preference' is offered, but which—not being the manufacture of the United Kingdom—will have to submit to an increase of duty by ten per cent. ! These values are given in the column next the values of the same classes of goods that are manufactured in the United Kingdom, and thence exported to Australia.

Exports from the United Kingdom to Australia	Manufactured in the United Kingdom	In Foreign Countries and British Colonies	Total Values	10 per cent. of Total Values	Average Annual Values, plus 10 per cent.
Ammunition and explosives . . .	518	73	591	59	650
Painters' colours, &c.	261	2	263	26	289
Boots and shoes .	162	10	172	17	189
Plated ware . .	145	—	145	14	159
Pickles, sauces, &c. .	143	1	144	14	158
Bicycles, and parts of	109	—	109	10·9	120
Cutlery . . .	102	2	104	10	114
Furniture . . .	48	2	50	5	55
Starch and blue .	24	—	24	2	26
Woodware . .	19	2	21	2	23
Clocks and watches .	8	22	30	3	33

The values in the first column are the average annual values, in thousand pounds sterling for the five years 1901 to 1905, of the goods manufactured in the United Kingdom and exported to Australia. The values in the second column are those of the goods manufactured in foreign countries or British colonies, and exported to Australia from the United Kingdom. The third column gives the totals of the values in the first and second columns and the fourth column is 10 per cent. of the values in the third column. This 10 per cent. has been added in order to enable us to deduct the total values of these British exports from the total values of the goods of these classes imported into Australia from all countries; and it is on the authority of Mr. Coghlan (page 242) that we have added 10 per cent. on the actual export values, as representing roughly freight and charges between the port of shipment and Australia.

The average annual values of the imports by the Commonwealth from all countries of the classes of goods upon which 'preference' is offered are obtained from the total values given on pages 82–84 of Cd. 3253—the 'Statistical Abstract for British Colonies,' &c.—and are set forth in the following table, the values being given in thousand pounds sterling.

For period from 1901 to 1905. Average Annual Values in Thousand Pounds	Average Annual Values of Total Imports by the Commonwealth	Average Annual Values of Exports from United Kingdom, plus 10 per cent.	Difference between Australian Imports and United Kingdom Exports
Arms, ammunition, and explosives	722	659	− 72
Paints and colours	268	289	+ 21
Boots and shoes	366	189	−177
Furniture (and minor articles)	245	55	−190
Bicycles and parts *	187	120	− 67
Clocks and watches	164	33	−131
Plated wares	161	159	− 2
Cutlery	123	114	− 9
Pickles and sauces	86	158	+ 72

* Up to 1902 'motor vehicles and parts thereof' were included with 'bicycles.'

The above table shows that the Australian imports of arms, ammunition, and explosives exceeded the values of the exports of arms, ammunition, and dynamite, and fuzes by 72,000*l.* on an average during each year from 1901 to 1905. The discrimination, or 'preference,' to be shown in favour of British-made dynamite which is admitted free (if imported direct from the United Kingdom, in ships wholly manned by white seamen), by the imposition of a 10 per cent. duty on American and other foreign manufactured dynamite, &c., might therefore benefit

British merchants, manufacturers, and shipowners, to the extent of the profit upon this yearly amount of trade, if it were not more than counterbalanced by the restrictions upon the manning of British ships. The same remark applies to the other classes of goods shown in the table, but it must be noted that only in boots and shoes, furniture, and clocks and watches, does the yearly amount of trade—not already done by the United Kingdom—exceed a hundred thousand pounds. Moreover, in the case of paints and colours, and pickles and sauces, it appears as though we actually exported to the Commonwealth more than the total value of these imports that she receives. This discrepancy is due to a difference in the enumeration of the articles that compose these classes, but it is safe to assume that the bulk of the trade is in the hands of the United Kingdom.

It should also be noted that the imports of starch and blue, and of woodware, are not sufficiently large to be specifically enumerated in the 'Statistical Abstract.' Finally, it appears that the total value of the trade done during each of the last five years in the above classes by other countries than the United Kingdom amounts only to a trifle over three-quarters of a million sterling, and it is the profit to be made upon this insignificant amount that is offered by Mr. Deakin under the title of 'pre-'ference.'

The following table gives the average annual values in thousand pounds, for periods of five years, of the imports into the Commonwealth from the five principal exporting countries. The values for each of the fifteen years, from 1891 to 1905, are to be found on pp. 178, 179 of the 'Statistical Abstract for the 'British Colonies, &c., for 1905.' [Cd. 3253.]

From	1891–1895	1896–1900	1901–1905
	£'000's	£'000's	£'000's
United Kingdom . .	19,482	21,798	22,898
United States . . .	1,625	3,754	5,259
Germany	1,134	2,010	2,623
New Zealand . . .	1,220	1,417	2,211
India	653	790	1,063

From the table it is seen that the average annual value, during the first five years, of the imports into Australia from the United Kingdom was 19,482,000*l.*; during the second five years was 21,798,000; and during the last five years was 22,898,000*l.* In 1903 the actual value of the imports taken from the United Kingdom was under twenty millions, but in 1905 the value exceeded twenty-three millions.

The United States sent goods into the Commonwealth to an average annual value of 1,625,000*l.* during the first period; to the value of 3,754,000*l.* during the middle period; and to the value of 5,259,000*l.* during the last period. In 1903, when the United Kingdom only sent about twenty millions, the United States sent their maximum, viz. 6,368,000*l.*, but in 1905 the value was only 4,487,000*l.*

In the first period the imports of goods from Germany were valued at an average of 1,134,000*l.*, which rose in the middle period to 2,010,000*l.*, and in the last period to 2,623,000*l.*

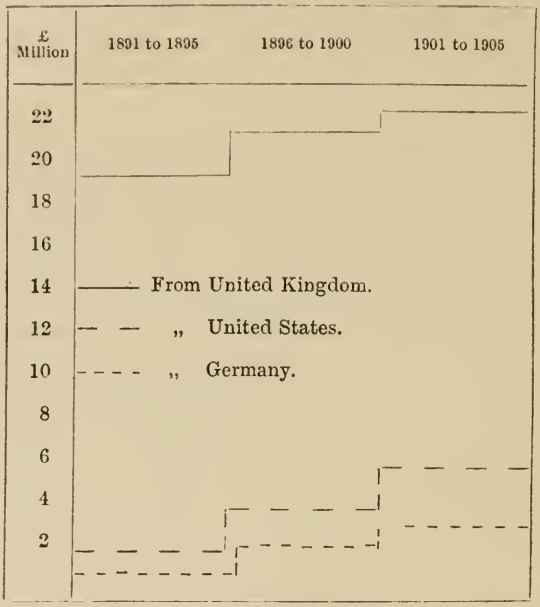
Next to these two foreign rivals of the United Kingdom comes Australia's nearest neighbour, New Zealand, the actual value of her imports into the Commonwealth in 1905 being 2,334,000*l.*; and in 1905 the imports taken from India by Australia were valued at 1,349,000*l.* So that it is quite possible that in a generation or so our principal trade rivals in the Pacific Ocean may prove to be States owning allegiance to the British Crown. In the meantime the overwhelming supremacy of the United Kingdom over her two chief rivals, as seen in the chart following, surely needs no 'preference' of the character offered by Mr. Deakin, which has, indeed, been condemned by many politicians in Australia, and was criticised by Mr. McLean, a protectionist minister in Mr. Reid's late Coalition Government, as being 'miserably small and utterly unworthy of 'Australia.'

Reference to pp. 374, 375, and 378, of the 'Statistical 'Abstract for the British Colonies, &c., 1906,' shows that on cotton fabrics the import duties range from 5 per cent. to 25 per cent. *ad valorem*; upon linen, hemp, and jute, from 5 per cent. to 25 per cent.; upon silk fabrics, from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent.; upon woollen and worsted fabrics, from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent.; and upon apparel, from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent. *ad valorem.*

Upon plate and sheet galvanized ironwares a duty of 15*s.* per ton is levied; and upon other kinds of ironware the rates range from 10 to 25 per cent. *ad valorem.*

The duties imposed upon the classes of goods scheduled for preferential treatment are: upon bicycles, &c., plated wares, furniture, clocks and watches, 20 per cent.; upon boots and shoes, from 20 to 30 per cent.; upon turbines, 12½ per cent.; upon paints, from 2*s.* to 4*s.* a hundredweight; upon pickles, 2*s.* a pint; upon starch, 2*d.* a pound; and upon manufactures of wood, various rates up to 20 per cent.; upon cutlery and revolvers, pistols, air-guns, &c., 15 per cent.; and upon sporting rifles and shot guns, 10 per cent. Military and match rifles and cadet rifles are admitted free.

Chart showing the Average Annual Values, in Periods of five Years, of the Imports into Australia from (i) the United Kingdom, (ii) the United States, and (iii) Germany.



The import duties levied by the South African Customs Union, which comprises Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, Transvaal (including Swaziland), Basutoland, Bechuanaland Protectorate, Southern and Northern Rhodesia, are * upon 'cotton goods, such as blankets, rugs, and sheets, commonly 'used as blankets or rugs, singly, in pairs, or in the piece,' . . . 25 per cent. *ad valorem*; and upon 'all other cotton tissues,'. . . 10 per cent. *ad valorem*, subject to a rebate of one-fourth of the duty when the goods are the produce of the United Kingdom or the Dominion of Canada. The rebate has been allowed under the South African Customs Union Convention of 1903, which came into force on August 15, 1903, and extends to all imports manufactured in the United Kingdom.

The import duties upon woollen and worsted manufactures levied by the Customs Union are * 'upon blankets, rugs, shawls, 'and sheets and manufactures of wool commonly used as blankets 'or rugs, singly, in pairs, or in the piece' . . . 25 per cent. *ad*

* See p. 15 of Cd. 2627 for duties on cotton goods; p. 30 for duties upon woollens and worsteds; and pp. 44, 45 for duties upon iron and steel.

valorem. Upon all 'other woollen or worsted tissues' . . . 10 per cent. *ad valorem*. The duties upon iron and steel goods are lighter,* ranging from 2½ per cent. (in which case a rebate equal to the duty is allowed) to 12 per cent. *ad valorem*.

The following table shows that the exports of the produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom to Cape Colony and Natal, which contain the only ports of entry in British South Africa, are not increasing.

Year	Exports, in £'000's.	
	To Cape Colony.	To Natal.*
1901 . . .	11,692	5,463
1902 . . .	16,738	7,699
1903 . . .	17,676	7,611
1904 . . .	12,049	5,484
1905 . . .	10,517	5,843
1906 . . .	10,501	4,761

* See pp. 354, 356 of 'Annual Statement of Trade for 1905'; and p. 150 of 'Trade and Navigation Accounts, January 1907.'

New Zealand grants 'preference' to the United Kingdom by increasing the taxation of dutiable goods imported from foreign countries by from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. *ad valorem*, under the New Zealand 'Preferential and Reciprocal Trade Act, 'No, 78, of 1903,' which came into force on November 16, 1903.

The import duties payable on entering the ports of New Zealand are: upon cotton goods, mainly from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent. *ad valorem*; upon woollen and worsted manufactures, 20 per cent. *ad valorem*; and upon iron and steel goods, mainly from 5 per cent. to 25 per cent. *ad valorem*.† Although we have only referred to the duties upon the three chief classes of exports from the United Kingdom, in the cases of Australia, British South Africa, and New Zealand, it must not be inferred that other exports are not as heavily taxed. Any doubts upon the subject will at once be dispelled by a reference to the volume of over five hundred pages, filled with the divisions and subdivisions of the import duties levied by our colonies. But space will not permit further reference to the duties that hamper British industry and colonial development.

* See p. 15 of Cd. 2627 for duties on cotton goods; p. 30 for duties upon woollens and worsteds; and pp. 44, 45 for duties upon iron and steel.

† For duties on cottons see p. 14; on woollens and worsteds see p. 30; and upon iron and steel goods, see pp. 41 to 43 of Cd. 2627.

The following table gives the values * of the exports of British produce and manufactures to New Zealand.

	Values in £'000's to New Zealand.
1901	5,599
1902	5,678
1903	6,361
1904	6,315
1905	6,426
1906	7,391

In the preliminary skirmish in the House of Commons, by which the tariff reformers heralded the approach of the conference, Mr. Hills maintained that advantages would accrue to us from a reduction of taxation on colonial goods, and Mr. Balfour said the colonies were not calling upon us to add largely to the list of articles liable to duty. Their demand was that an attempt should be made to establish Imperial preference with the fiscal system we now had.

In view of this statement by Mr. Balfour, it is interesting to consider the two tables following, the first of which gives the values of the dutiable imports of merchandise into the United Kingdom from foreign countries and from British colonies, &c.

Year	Values * in £'000's.	
	From Foreign Countries.	From British Colonies and Protectorates, &c.
1901	35,730	11,797
1902	31,084	11,068
1903	32,443	11,048
1904	33,879	11,357
1905	34,161	11,723

* See p. 3 of the 'Annual Statement of Trade of the United Kingdom,' vol. i. [Cd. 2928].

The above table shows that the dutiable imports from British colonies are, on an average, about one-third of the value of those from foreign countries. When, however, the values of the dutiable imports taken from the various colonies which grant a preference to the United Kingdom are distinguished—as in the next table—it will be seen that the relief to be gained by

* See p. 420 of 'Annual Statement of Trade, 1905'; and p. 151 of 'Trade and Navigation Returns, January 1907.'

such colonies, even by an entire remission of the import duties they now pay to the United Kingdom. would be of infinitely small proportions.

*Table showing the Average Annual Values (for the period 1900 to 1905) of the Imports of Dutiable Goods from the British Colonies and Possessions.**

Values in £'000's.

Canada.	
1. Sugar, glucose	15
2. Rum	8
Total	23
Australia.	
1. Wine	125
2. Brandy	5
Total	130
Cape Colony.†	
1. Tobacco	15
Natal.	
1. Coffee (raw)	14
British India.	
1. Tea	5,226
2. Coffee (raw)	541
3. Sugar (unrefined)	75
4. Dried fruit	7
5. Tobacco	37
Total	5,886
Ceylon.	
1. Tea	3,264
2. Cocoa (raw)	142
3. Coffee (raw)	29
4. Cigars	8
Total	3,443
British West Indies.	
1. Cocoa	523
2. Sugar (unrefined)	451
3. Rum	154
4. Coffee	48
5. Spirits (sweetened)	12
6. Molasses	6
7. Cigars	5
Total	1,199
British Guiana.	
1. Sugar (unrefined)	227
2. Rum	155
3. Cocoa (raw)	2
4. Molasses	2
Total	386
Hong Kong.	
1. Ginger (preserved)	54
2. Tea	46
3. Tobacco	9
Total	109
Straits Settlements.	
1. Sugar (unrefined)	55
British West Africa.	
1. Cocoa (raw)	18
Mauritius.	
1. Sugar (unrefined)	133
2. Rum	7
Total	140

* For the values for each of the six years, 1900 to 1905, see vols. ii. of the 'Annual Statements of Trade with the United Kingdom' for 1900 and 1905.

† From p. 411 of vol. 1 of Cd. 2928 the annual average value of

The above table contains all the heads of dutiable imports into this country from British Colonies that are enumerated in the lists of principal imports given in the 'Annual Statements of 'Trade with the United Kingdom.' The table shows that the average annual value from 1900 to 1905 of the total dutiable imports taken from Canada was only 23,000*l.* The import duties upon the 15,000*l.* worth of glucose and 8,000*l.* worth of rum are the only duties that would be dealt with—as Mr. Balfour suggests the colonies demand—affecting Canada under our present fiscal system. Similarly, the wine and brandy supplied by Australia, which the table shows to have amounted to an average annual value of 130,000*l.* between 1900 and 1905, would be the only two items upon which a remission of the present import duties would affect the Commonwealth. The tobacco from Cape Colony, valued at an average of 15,000*l.*, would be the only item upon which the Cape would be affected, and the raw coffee, valued at 14,000*l.*, imported from Natal, would be the only item affecting that colony. Thus the total average annual values of the dutiable goods taken from the colonies that already grant us, or are ready (as Australia is) to grant us 'preference,' amount to only 182,000*l.*, out of the total average annual value of about 11,300,000*l.*

The remainder of the table shews where a real benefit would be enjoyed by British possessions being granted preferential treatment under our present fiscal system. The average annual value of the dutiable imports into the United Kingdom from British India is nearly six millions, and from Ceylon nearly three and a half millions; while the dutiable imports taken from the West Indies are valued at 1,199,000*l.*, and from British Guiana at 386,000*l.*, or more than twice the total value (182,000*l.*) of the dutiable imports from the colonies granting us preferential treatment!

It is strange that New Zealand should urge the necessity of the United Kingdom 'conceding a preference to colonial products 'that we tax under our existing system,' since that exceedingly prosperous and loyal colony does not herself send us any goods subject to British import duties! We sincerely trust that the result of the discussions that may take place between the Colonial Premiers and our own ministers may be of a character to strengthen their mutual regard and esteem for one another, and that in other directions than an infringement of our present system some mutually satisfactory solution of many pressing questions may be evolved.

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wine imported from 1901 to 1905 is seen to be: from British South Africa, 3,900*l.*; from the Channel Islands, 6,400*l.*; from Cyprus, 1,600*l.*; and from other British possessions, 4,800*l.*

Art. VI.—JOHN EVELYN.

1. *The Diary of John Evelyn.* Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Austin Dobson. 3 vols. London, 1906.
2. *Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn.* Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, from the original MSS. by William Bray, F.S.A. A new edition in four volumes, with a life of the author and a new Preface by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. London, 1906.
3. *The Life of Margaret Godolphin.* By John Evelyn. (The King's Classics.) London, 1904.

[And other Works.]

It was a misfortune for Evelyn, not without its irony, that the publication of his diary should have been the very voice that called forth from its carefully hedged seclusion the diary of Pepys. The two books were immediately forced into comparison with each other, and no comparison could be more disastrous to Evelyn, even though none could be more unjust. His manuscript, which had till then lain unprinted at Wotton, was published in 1818, and its appearance directed attention to another seventeenth-century diary, which lay not merely unprinted, but undeciphered, in a neglected little library at Cambridge. The result was that Evelyn reigned undisturbed as the diarist of his age for no more than seven short years. Since 1825, when the rival manuscript at last saw the light, it is probable that Evelyn's diary has seldom or never been mentioned without the qualification that it is not so amusing as Pepys's. A fact which is at the same time so obvious and so profoundly true as this, is never likely to lack tongues to utter it; and no doubt we shall all remain till the end of the chapter incapable of addressing ourselves to Evelyn without winking, with a knowing intimacy, at Pepys over his shoulder. But if there must always be a touch of formality about our relations with Evelyn, it is at least a formality of a picturesque and distinguished kind—the mere space of time that divides us from him can be trusted to see to that. It is true that the peculiar pleasure of intercourse with Pepys is that the lapse of time counts for so little; he is among us and of us just as much as he is of his own period. But with Evelyn the distance operates in exactly the other way; his charm is that he is frankly *de l'époque*, that he stays in the picture without descending from the frame. He is not, indeed, by any means entirely characteristic of his time. His temperate composure of spirit, his humanity, his suave gravity, recall the lucid age of Anne rather than the restless, fermenting century in which he

actually flourished. Moreover, the type to which he belongs—the dilettante, the amateur, the virtuoso—is a perennial one, equally at home in many other centuries, earlier and later. But he wears his modernity with a difference. The very fact that he seems an incongruous figure against the background of Charles II.'s florid and exuberant Court calls attention to the place he occupies, and makes his relation to his own period the more interesting. And indeed the sobriety of his diary—the diary which is not so amusing as Pepys's—contributes to the same effect. It is not a book to be read simply for its own sake; it is not informal, not discursive, not intimate enough. It has an intrinsic historical value, of course, for it happened that almost every day of the century he lived in added its line, often enough its page, to the book of history, and Evelyn had his opportunities of seeing a good deal of the process. But its artistic value is solely that it implies and illuminates the figure of the writer; it throws out no other attraction, no vivacity or pungent humour by the way. It does not even create an especially entertaining figure, for the man was a little too well-balanced, one might say too priggish, to be exactly lovable, and not priggish enough, and far too genuinely good and generous, to be the subject of ridicule. But then for entertainment it is enough in itself to have a figure re-created, a real character projected upon a far-away background, even if the character has not much that is very amusing to say. This surely is the chief appeal that Evelyn's diary can make to modern readers, and it is sufficient. His narrative is not so guarded that it does not disclose a living presence—a presence through which we see, at a somewhat curious angle, the enthusiasms and contradictions of a restless, an eager, imaginative, and inquisitive age.

The recent publication of two stately editions of the diary shows indeed how far its appeal is from flagging. Mr. Dobson's three volumes and Mr. Wheatley's four have their different points of excellence, but both sets are models of comeliness and convenience. Evelyn's correct text is unfortunately matter of doubt, owing to difficulties in the way of an examination of the manuscript, which have not yet been removed by the owner. It is not necessary here to go into the details of its bibliographical history since the original publication in 1818; Mr. Dobson sets them forth succinctly, and points out that the variations which exist are not in themselves of very great importance. It is enough to say that while the third edition (published in 1827) is that recommended by Mr. W. J. Evelyn of Wotton as being 'correctly printed from the manuscript,' a later edition (1850–52) issued by John Forster contains certain supplementary

passages of the diary, mostly towards the beginning, which had not been before included. The earlier publication contained, besides the diary, a selection from Evelyn's correspondence. In 1879 this edition was reprinted as it stood, with the notes of the original editor, William Bray, by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, who prefixed to it a new life of Evelyn. Mr. Wheatley now re-issues the same volumes (which had long been out of print), with a new and full series of illustrations, in commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of Evelyn's death. Mr. Dobson on the contrary has taken the later version, and has given himself a freer hand as editor. He has made use of the notes both of Bray and of Forster, correcting them where they had become out of date, and adding to them a large number of his own. He has also followed Forster in modernising the spelling, which is kept by Mr. Wheatley in its original form; he has placed at the head a long and admirable introduction; and he also intersperses an interesting series of portraits and views. The ordinary reader, who merely wants the diary, and who wants it in an attractive shape, with enough elucidation to give life to the names which occur in it, will choose Mr. Dobson's volumes. His annotations are at once ample and unobtrusive, and his introductory sketch could not be improved upon, either for its solidity and good criticism or for its vivacity and ease. To the student both editions will be indispensable, Mr. Wheatley's because it includes the interesting correspondence, Mr. Dobson's because it brings the commentary up to date. Evelyn is very fortunate in the two pairs of hands into which he has fallen.

It is in no disparaging sense, it is in the best and most honourable meaning of the word, that we should describe Evelyn as an amateur. It is true that on one subject, that of arboriculture, his knowledge was more than that of an amateur; it is also true that his dilettantism did not prevent his devoting himself for many years to useful public work. But a man of comfort and peace, with a taste for culture and the means to arrange the circumstances of his life as suits him best, is divided by a natural gulf from the man who by temperament or by necessity has to take life as he finds it. Evelyn was able to plan out his sphere of action as he pleased, and very well he planned it. He enjoyed his life, did some useful work, and was a pleasure to his friends. The elimination of difficulty did no harm to his serene and benevolent nature; it simply meant that he was spared the effort of concentration. Such people not only add to the amenity of the world, but have also, for posterity, a very definite place of their own in the interpretation of history. They interpret it, that is to say, in a manner that is particularly easy to understand,

because their outlook upon life varies so little from century to century. They do not pursue the same objects, but they pursue them in the same kind of way. The idea of what constitutes physical comfort may change, but intellectual comfort never. To understand the more trenchant and heroic spirits of history, it is necessary to understand the forces that produced them, to measure the ideals that were the most potent in their time, to realise the purpose of the work which they accomplished. To see through the eyes of Pliny, on the other hand, or Evelyn, or Horace Walpole, is as easy as to look out of window. We do not necessarily know what we shall see, but we know that we shall see it. The despised dilettante, the trifler, the scorn of the earnest in every generation, thus becomes a stable and universal factor, uniting past and future. Other temperaments, like coins of the realm, have no immutable value ; to express them in terms of modern life requires as much previous knowledge and previous mental adjustment as to explain the purchasing power of a Stuart penny. The dilettante, moreover, besides being for us the most accessible personage of his time, is also the character who best serves, as we look back, to correct the historical perspective which so many things combine to falsify. There are few things more pleasant than to generalise, because by that means we can gain the sense of dominating a great number of facts without the effort of remembering them. But though this is proper enough, it is difficult not to be carried away by the happy process of disencumbering the memory. If in this spirit we examine some particular period, its essential complexion seems contained in a few of the most striking figures, the fewer the better for the harassed mind. But the dilettante of the time, all unsuspicious, upsets these simplifications as soon as we come across him—that easy, ambling, mildly versatile habit of mind of his, which we understand so well, existed, it appears, even in times which we think of as entirely engulfed in vivid passions and combating enthusiasms. His presence, by righting the proportion of the picture, puts the whole thing into a new light. It makes it more real, more familiar, more true, and often enough more amiable as well. To enter thoroughly into the world of the past, more is required than that it should seem vivid ; it must seem natural, it must give the feeling of a life which could be led from day to day, not of a series of dramatic climaxes. Here comes in the diarist, and if he is a diarist who belongs to the undying and unchanging race of amateurs, the existence he describes is so much the easier for posterity to take part in and to understand.

Whatever the seventeenth century was in England, it was

not a time of trifling. The robust northern blood, strengthened by generations of prosperity, which nourished the extraordinary vigour of the middle classes, the imaginative richness which had started from the Renaissance long before, and had not yet begun to be formalised, the epic memories of the Elizabethan wars, which cast a romantic glow both upon the wars and upon the religion in the name of which they had been waged—it was such great elements as these that produced, over the length and breadth of the country, a passion for independence, curiously Hebraic in its high, self-sacrificing fervour, its compact self-confidence, its scorn of cultured subtleties. A spirit such as this, kindled in an age when the principle of toleration was still unknown, would be likely to make its vibrations felt to the very bottom of the national life. It is not as though it were merely a long-drawn protest against material hardships, an onslaught of angry poor against passive rich. It was a conflict of principles which were equally active upon both sides, so active and so universal that it seems there could be no outlying pool of thought or society left undisturbed. We all know the map of England, half pink and half blue, which figures in our history books at the opening of the Civil War, one colour standing for the King and the other for the Parliament. The colour scheme has its uses, but it is a most blighting method of conveying information to anyone who wants, not a pair of labels, but a picture of life. If the end of it is that we think for a moment that everybody was either pink or blue, that two uniform shades of thought and conduct accounted between them for the whole island, the sense of vanished life, the one thing that can keep history fresh, has been lost. Moreover, the corresponding map at the end of the war, with the colours almost reversed, proves how shallow after all were the roots of the distinction. Human nature has more resources than can be shown on a coloured map, or even two. At the world's most agitated moments the current of normal life yet goes somehow forward, for it is not in average humanity to live at exceptional pressure for more than an occasional moment. But where, one sometimes wonders, in times of national convulsion, in times when every force of imagination and conscience seem to have joined issue in a universal crisis, where was there room for the plain, the everyday life? Well, here is Evelyn, a man of property, a staunch Royalist who did not dissemble his sympathies, who loved the arts of peace, whose desire was for an orderly life of benevolence and culture—the kind of man, one would say, who must inevitably have found, in those troubled days, the life he wished for closed to him—here is Evelyn enjoying just the kind of existence that an amiable

country gentleman, with a desire to be useful and a taste for self-improvement, might enjoy to-day. True he left the country for a time, but his exile assumed the form of the Grand Tour, which would in any case have taken him abroad. And during some of the years which were most full of difficulty for men of his way of thinking, he was living placidly in his own garden, dropping a sigh over the crumbling fortunes of the King, but able to give his mind in all security to the planting and building and collecting which he loved. From one point of view such a life is as significant as that of Hampden or of Strafford; it stands indeed for a larger share in the general panorama of the time, for it implies a whole foundation of more or less undisturbed monotony; it brings the whole heroic story into relation with normal existence, not dwarfing its impressiveness, but rather heightening its effect by placing it in a region where the standard, the scale by which events are to be measured, is much the same as in our own less dramatic days.

Evelyn's material comfort was due to his grandfather, George Evelyn, who died in 1603 after making a large fortune as the first manufacturer of gunpowder in England. One of the younger sons, Richard by name, of this George Evelyn inherited the Wotton estate in Surrey, which is said to have represented as much as 4,000*l.* a year. Richard Evelyn married a Shropshire lady, Eleanor Standsfield, and their fourth child and second son was born on October 31, 1620. This child, who was thus bred in a tradition of substantial ease and local dignity, was John Evelyn, the diarist. He gave in after years an old and pretty description of his parents. Of his father he writes: 'His wisdom 'was great and his judgement most acute; of solid discourse, 'affable, humble, and in nothing affected; of a thriving, neat, 'silent, and methodical genius; discreetly severe, yet liberal upon 'all just occasions, both to his children, to strangers, and his 'servants; a lover of hospitality; and, in brief, of a singular and 'Christian moderation in all his actions.' His mother was 'of 'proper personage; of a brown complexion, her eyes and hair 'of a lovely black; of constitution more inclined to a religious 'melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory, and a most 'exemplary life; for economy and prudence esteemed one of the 'most conspicuous in her country: which rendered her loss much 'deplored, both by those who knew, and such as only heard of her.' It was the kind of home, in fact, to foster an orderly and cultured habit of mind. It was comfortable, but it was not stagnant, for Richard Evelyn was in a modest way a public man—a Justice of the Peace, and on one occasion High Sheriff for Sussex and Surrey—and was offered a knighthood, which he preferred to

decline. Such a household takes in every generation the complexion both of its religion and of its politics from the most respectable models, and though neither may be exactly vivid, both are upheld with a solid and instinctive loyalty. Evelyn's fidelity to the cause of the Stuarts was as much a part of himself, and as little the result of a reasoned conviction, as the very colour of his hair. He had no kind of doubt or suspicion that there was anything in the agitations and upheavals of the time beyond the inborn perversity of men who cannot let satisfactory conditions be. 'This was the fatal year,' he writes in 1638, 'wherein the rebellious Scots opposed the King, upon the pretence of the introduction of some new ceremonies and the Book of Common Prayer, and madly began our confusions, and their own destruction, too, as it proved in event.' It testifies all the more to his natural candour that in after years, when he came to know the Stuart character at closer quarters, he was able to admit that the mistakes had not all been on one side nor all the wisdom on the other. None the less there is nothing so characteristic of the kind of *milieu* in which he was bred as this serene, unquestioning attitude of mind towards just the problems that seem most to demand question. It implies an easy temperament, and that Evelyn inherited to the full—the temperament which is capable, indeed, of being harassed by the convictions of others, but is not capable of being harassed by its own.

Evelyn's schooling was meagre, the scene of it being partly a room over the porch of Wotton Church, partly a free school near Lewes, where he spent some years with his grandmother Standsfield. At seventeen he entered Balliol, where his education proceeded somewhat fitfully until 1640, when he began to study law, as a student at the Middle Temple ; but there was no need for him, and it is clear enough there was no inclination, to gather his abilities into the channel of a profession. By the time he was of age both his parents had died, and he was left sufficiently well provided for to be able to take life in the leisurely manner he preferred. He saw something of London society, and made a short excursion to Holland, at that time the principal centre of attraction for art and culture, and the home of refuge for Englishmen of both parties who required a temporary retreat.

Then came the actual outbreak of the Civil War, and with it, as we follow Evelyn's story, the proof that the tenor of a man's life, if he really wishes it to be even, has opportunities of remaining so in the very middle of a battlefield. The war, in fact, did not greatly inconvenience Evelyn. His active share in it was confined to coming in at the retreat after the battle of

Brentford, and he does not make it very clear in his diary—perhaps it was not very clear to himself—why he was 'not permitted,' as he says, to remain with the King's forces for more than two days. But it is no reproach to him that war never was and never will be an occupation for such men as he. It is not poverty of spirit, it is simple good sense, which makes a man of peace recognise at such times that he is best out of the way. Out of the way he accordingly kept, spending a busy year in making various 'solitudes and retirements' in the garden at Wotton, now the house of his elder brother. Already he was able to indulge that love of building, planning, planting, laying out, which was so characteristic of him and his age, and of which his age has here and there bequeathed to us such beautiful relics. In Evelyn's youth English domestic art, after having naturalised the fine flower of the Italian Renaissance, had developed a character and a love of experiment entirely its own. It was a happy moment for the birth of a lover of house and garden architecture. Such a man not only found, already established in the art, a solid foundation of pure taste, but he also breathed in with the restless air of the century an insatiable curiosity in regard to fresh ingenuities of ornament. There was nothing catholic, of course, about the taste: Gothic art was quite frankly 'barbarous' to Evelyn; but then there was equally nothing slavish, no shyness of what was new, no fear of not being faithful to some admired model. It is easy to smile at the patronising word of half-approval which Evelyn will on occasion let fall before some masterpiece of the thirteenth century; but the moments at which we feel our superiority are of less importance than the tantalising reminders we perpetually receive of the happiness, denied to ourselves, of being able to feel a no less lively and far more general interest in what is new than in what is old. We may smile, too, at the puerilities, the sham perspectives, what Evelyn calls the 'agreeable cheats,' in which the garden architecture of the day so revelled, and in which the inherited tradition of taste failed before the love of new and amusing contrivances; but what they in fact represent is the fearlessness which art then enjoyed, its lust for experiment and freedom—a condition which, with all the absurdities it entailed, must have made the pursuit of culture more entertaining, to say the least of it, than it has since become. Evelyn's age was of course not alone in that felicity; it would be truer to say that our own age is alone in its misfortune; but the fact marks such a profound difference between the life of an irresponsible amateur of art in that day and a similar life now that it must be insisted upon if we are to try to look through

Evelyn's eyes during his occupations at home and his travels abroad. It is not that we do not admire the things which he admired ; it is easy enough for us to join in his zeal, for even the 'agreeable cheats' have become consecrated by time. The point is the far deeper distinction that for Evelyn neither the bad nor the good required the consecration of time ; he preferred things new.

With these eyes, then, Evelyn set out, late in 1643, for the Grand Tour which was also so convenient an absence from the troubles of his own country. The first year was spent in France. At Paris he frequented the house of Sir Richard Browne, the English ambassador, and diligently visited all the wonders of the place. One of the chief of these was the new Luxembourg palace, with its beautiful gardens, in which he admires

'the number of persons of quality, citizens and strangers, who frequent it, and to whom all access is freely permitted, so that you shall see some walks and retirements full of gallants and ladies ; in others, melancholy friars ; in others, studious scholars ; in others, jolly citizens, some sitting or lying on the grass, others running and jumping . . . and all this without the least disturbance, by reason of the largeness of the place.'

It is curious to realise that with all the history, all the changes and chances, which have passed over the face of the Luxembourg gardens since that day, a modern tourist might write of them in the same tone and very much the same words as Evelyn. Still more piquant is it that this very fact should be one of the incessant indications, not of the modern tourist's likeness to Evelyn, but of his unlikeness. And yet, for all the difference—though Evelyn filled his diary with descriptions of Richelieu's wonderful fountains at Reuil where a modern *petit-maître* would examine his soul in the cathedral of Chartres—though he lavished his adjectives on a collection of curious agates and 'intaglios all on fruit stones' where we should bestow them on the 'primitives' of the Louvre—a broad affinity remains, and it is what we meant by speaking of the race of amateurs as undying and unchanging. The restless interest in a dozen different branches of taste, joined with the power of getting nothing but amusement out of them, no disturbing desire to dive into any one of them out of one's depth—that is the bond of union. Evelyn, at any rate, thoroughly enjoyed his travels in France, and after a delightful year passed with unabated zest into Italy. He was equally assiduous in sight-seeing at Rome, where he made many friends, and began to form a

collection of curios. At Naples he has a splendidly characteristic entry in his diary :

'This I made the *non ultra* of my travels, sufficiently sated with rolling up and down, and resolving within myself to be no longer an *individuum vagum*, if ever I got home again ; since from the report of divers experienced and curious persons, I had been assured there was little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world, after Italy, France, Flanders, and the Low Countries, but plain and prodigious barbarism.'

He retraced his steps accordingly, and spent some months in North Italy, chiefly between Venice and Padua. He took some slight part, though a very discreet one, in the wonderful, extravagant pageant of the Venetian life of the day, and then moved on, accompanied now by the poet Waller, to Milan. Here the Inquisition, established in all its Spanish rigour, made residence a matter of a certain risk ; and having involved themselves in a friendly little adventure with a Scotch colonel, which suddenly became a tragedy (the colonel being killed by an unmanageable horse which he was trying to mount), they hurriedly left for Switzerland, in fear of attracting too much attention to themselves. Evelyn was unreservedly *enfant du siècle* in his opinion of mountains, and his only wish was to get quickly back to France. But an interruption was caused by the one and only inconsiderate act on his part recorded in the diary. Arriving one evening tired and sleepy at Beveretta, and finding a lack of accommodation in the inn, he caused, he says, the landlady's daughter to be turned out of her bed, and promptly, only too promptly, appropriated it himself. It appeared afterwards that the girl had only just recovered from small-pox, and Evelyn paid for his discourtesy by catching it himself and being laid up for some while at Geneva. A good instance of the nemesis on the watch for any faintly questionable action on the part of some particularly blameless person ! This solitary, this precious piece of selfishness has attracted so much attention from its isolation that everyone who has written about Evelyn has thought it necessary (and even Mr. Dobson cannot entirely refrain his hand) to expound the unimpeachable reasons which Evelyn may have had for doing what he did. Let us rather be careful not to explain it away ! Evelyn must be left, as we love him, in possession of this indubitable touch of nature.

When he finally got back to Paris, restored to health, he set to work to put the finishing strokes to his gentlemanly culture. He danced, he learnt German and Spanish, he studied chemistry and music. On June 10, 1647, he makes the announcement in his diary, 'We concluded about my marriage,' and proceeds with

small loss of words to state that on the 27th he was married by Dr. John Earle of the 'Microcosmographie' to a young daughter of Sir Richard Browne. His wife, Mary Browne, was no more than a child, and for the next few years Evelyn left her in charge of her good mother. Meanwhile he himself returned to England.

He returned, to judge of him from the 'Diary,' a sedate young man enough, of seemly bearing and sound principles, perhaps a little too faultless, for twenty-seven, to be exactly entertaining. But it is important to remember that what we call his diary is not, strictly speaking, a diary at all. It is, as we see from frequent indications, a book of memoirs, doubtless founded on old notes and records, but put into its present form in later life. It is not, either consciously or unconsciously, a psychological history; it is simply a 'Kalendarium' of the chief events of his life, and it would be unfair to conclude from it that he was altogether exempt from the more immature attractions of youth. But he certainly had a very well-balanced head, which already gave him, together with his means and his culture, a kind of position in his own party. He visited the King in his semi-imprisonment at Hampton Court, and corresponded in cipher with Sir Richard Browne. His discretion was perfect; but, as showing the extent to which he misunderstood the meaning of the history which was being made round him, the preface to a little book which he published just before Charles's execution is extremely curious. The book was a translation of a French tract on Liberty, and in some introductory remarks Evelyn makes the brave assertion that in the past five thousand years 'never 'was there either heard or read of a more equal and excellent 'form of government than that under which we ourselves have 'lived, during the reign of our most gracious Sovereign's halcyon 'days.' Having known such happiness, 'why,' he asks, 'do we 'thus attempt to render ourselves the most miserable of slaves?' This in a way corresponds quaintly with the language to be heard in our own day from the country gentleman to whom it is revealed at his breakfast-table, morning by morning, that the nation is going to the dogs. The sincere belief that such is the case does not upset the peaceful routine of his life, nor did it upset Evelyn's. At the same time, though no one was likely to regard Evelyn as a dangerous enemy, his boldness of speech was, as he knew, not without its risks. Militarism was now making its first and only appearance in English history, and it was naturally as suspicious as it was uncharacteristic of the country. But Evelyn's multifarious interests were disarming. If he sometimes used bold and subversive language, it was clear that many harmless occupations also shared his attention—he

bought landed property, he planted hedges, he collected books and pictures. The diversity of his tastes was in itself a guarantee of harmlessness. Thus, though Evelyn made no secret of his opinions, he was able to live a perfectly equable life under the Commonwealth. He went backwards and forwards more than once to Paris, and finally, in 1652, brought his young wife back with him to settle at Sayes Court, in Deptford, a property which had belonged to his father-in-law. Mrs. Evelyn appears in the 'Diary' as a harmonious but a shadowy figure. She seems to have had all the appropriate virtues, one of which, one may surmise, consisted in the fact that she gratefully acquiesced in a touch of fatherliness in Evelyn's attitude towards her. Probably he was a very instructive husband. Anyhow it is evident that their long married life was a happy one for both of them, although like all other parents of their time, from the highest to the lowest, they had to see child after child lost to them through what were doubtless often no more than the normal illnesses of childhood. Of a family of nine only one daughter survived her father; of six sons five died in infancy. One of these latter, a child of extraordinary promise, who died at five years old, is the subject of a noble letter of condolence written to Evelyn by Jeremy Taylor—'that pretty person, your strangely 'hopeful boy,' he calls him.

Except for these sorrows, the years passed in peace and contentment, in spite of the nation at large having chosen to become 'the most miserable of slaves.' Evelyn published an occasional little book, generally a translation, one of them being the earliest rendering in English of the first book of Lucretius. More interesting, but long since obliterated, was his work in the grounds of Sayes Court, which he laid out and planted with the utmost care. There was no such fond dandling of flowers in Evelyn's garden as we are nowadays familiar with. Gardening in his day was not a pretty game but an art, little concerned, indeed, with flowers at all, but with that living grasp of form, the loss of which was in a later century to prove so disastrous. Another diversion of Evelyn's was to drive in a coach and four to visit friends in different parts of the country, and the accounts in the 'Diary' of the houses and estates seen on these expeditions are always interesting. On one such excursion, at Oxford, he met 'that miracle of a youth, Mr. Christopher Wren,' who presented him with 'a piece of white marble, which he had stained with a 'lively red, very deep, as beautiful as if it had been natural'—just the kind of present to win Evelyn's heart. Another time he 'had the curiosity to visit some Quakers here [at Ipswich] in 'prison; a new fanatic sect, of dangerous principles, who show

'no respect to any man, magistrate, or other, and seem a melan-'choly proud sort of people, and exceedingly ignorant'—a strangely interesting comment, as being exactly such, with the substitution of Christians for Quakers, as might have been made by a cultivated Roman sixteen centuries before. At other times Evelyn had plenty of visitors to see his already famous gardens and collections at Sayes Court. 'Note,' he remarks after one such incursion, 'the Marquis took the turtle-doves in the aviary 'for owls.' That, too, is a comment which has somehow the air of belonging to all time. The only practical inconvenience of life under the rule of the abhorred regicides occurred for Evelyn on Sundays; he was by habit the most regular of church-goers, but during these years he only went, he says, that he might not be suspected for a Papist, 'sectaries of all sorts, blasphemous 'and ignorant mechanics, usurping the pulpits everywhere.' On one occasion, indeed, when he was attending service on Christmas Day in the chapel of Exeter House, the place was suddenly surrounded by soldiers and the congregation seized. Evelyn was questioned 'why, contrary to the ordinance made, 'that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of 'the Nativity (so esteemed by them), I durst offend, and par-'ticularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but 'the mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart; 'for which we had no Scripture.' But finally, he says, 'they 'dismissed me with much pity of my ignorance.'

At last, on September 3, 1658, 'died that arch-rebel, Oliver 'Cromwell, called Protector.' Evelyn was present at the 'superb funeral,' and incidentally proves that his 'Diary' is really a book of later reminiscences by ostensibly describing the occasion a month before it took place. 'It was the joy-'fullest funeral I ever saw,' he adds, 'for there were none that 'cried, but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous 'noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.' During the ensuing months Evelyn had two designs in which he was deeply interested, one of great practical moment, the other a doctrinaire's dream of the wildest description. The first was nothing less than the idea of persuading Henry Morley, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to reduce the confusion of the day to order by pronouncing in favour of the recall of the Stuarts. Evelyn had already been in correspondence with Charles II., and was qualified to take a useful hand, should the occasion arise, in paving the way for the Restoration. He had just published a bold 'Apology for the Royalist Party,' a pamphlet which attracted not a little attention. But the time was not quite ripe, and Morley drew back in ignorance of Monk's inten-

tions. The other proposal arose out of Evelyn's acquaintance with Robert Boyle, the celebrated natural scientist. Its object was one which in every generation occurs to certain spirits as the only solution of life's difficulties, the erection, that is, of a lodge in the wilderness where philosophers may dwell in peace. Evelyn, in a letter of tortured rhetoric addressed to Boyle, sketches out the plan in full detail. A guest-house, a chapel, a row of cells, and six philosophers, are the main items. A chaplain, a man and a boy, with an 'ancient woman to dress the meat, wash, 'and do all such offices,' are to form the staff. A strenuous and sufficiently rigid round of study and talk is mapped out, and in this sanctum Evelyn and his wife undertake to occupy two cells 'decently asunder.' The scheme was evidently modelled, as Mr. Dobson points out, on the plan of the Carthusian convent in Paris, but for this proposal time had long ceased to be ripe. It was superseded, in the more practical hands of Boyle and Wilkins, Warden of Wadham, by the formation of the Royal Society, of which Evelyn was in its earliest days, just after the Restoration, elected a Fellow.

And now at last the calamitous interregnum was over, the dawn appeared, Astræa returned—Charles II., in fact, arrived in England. His first remark upon British soil, so it is recorded, was an assurance addressed to the Mayor of Dover that the English Bible, which he had been promptly handed, 'was the 'thing that he loved above all things in the world.' 'The 'worthy Mayor,' as a recent historian wittily puts it, 'was 'enchanted at so honest an answer, for he did not perceive 'that the comic spirit had landed on our coast.'* From Evelyn too that fact was veiled as he stood in the Strand and watched the long procession pass by to Whitehall—veiled even when, on his proposing to deliver a 'panegyric ode' in honour of the Coronation, the King anxiously inquired first whether it was in Latin, and secondly whether it was long, before allowing him to proceed. It is indeed a fact which it is easier both to perceive and to relish after two hundred years than it was at the time for other people besides Evelyn and the Mayor of Dover. For us, however, it adds an irresistible element to the situation, and in particular to the picture of Evelyn's life. Evelyn and all that he implies, the solid worth, the dignity, the humane virtue, the touch of prosiness, in the same frame with the Court of Charles II.—this indeed, if ever there was one, is an amusing study in contrasts.

The quarter of a century which followed the Restoration

* 'England under the Stuarts,' by G. M. Trevelyan.

represents one of the rare periods of English history—it might perhaps be shown as the only one—when the Court has gathered into itself, so far as concerned this country, the world of art and of manners. In other words, Whitehall in the reign of Charles II. must be the centre of any characteristic picture of the time, from whatever point of view. The huddled collection of buildings that still did duty for a palace inclosed a life which was both real and picturesque, however questionable in some of its aspects. Its extravagances and its confused morals were at any rate not tawdry; and that which saved them from tawdriness—gave them a certain style, and made the whole scene at any rate æsthetically interesting—was finally the critical wit of the King. At the middle of it all was a clever and ironic figure, capable of criticising and discriminating, even when plunging most deeply into his pleasure. And thus his pleasure, immoderate as it was, has not the quality of heaviness, as, for instance, has the pleasure of George IV. Charles might allow himself to be ruled by Barbara Castlemaine and 'Madam 'Carwell' and Nell Gwynn and the rest, but there was something in him, something sardonic, something sceptical, which escaped them—the result being that as figures on the scene they are dominated by him, however much they might seem to have everything in their own hands. He remains the interesting personage, they the foils. His very indolence is deliberate and contemptuous, not helpless. His critical faculty, his latent power of estimating the real values of things, even if he often enough did not choose to exert it, gives both an intellectual and an æsthetic interest to the world of which he was the centre. Thus it is that the most conspicuous downfall in our history of the principle which makes for restraint and decorum avoids the ponderous vulgarity which in all ages has usually accompanied such catastrophes.

But how, one may well wonder, can such a man as Evelyn come into the picture? Evelyn's integrity was far in advance of his age; his principles could not be bought off, he would not condone what he did not approve because it happened to be to his convenience to do so. Yet the return of Charles II. was the beginning of an active life for him, which at once made him a familiar figure at Court, in close and constant intercourse with the King. Evelyn never compromised with his own ideas of what was right; but then one of the deepest of all his principles was his loyalty to the family of Stuart, and his personal service therefore became a matter of course, as soon as the opportunity for it should offer. If the King required his presence he must naturally have it. And the King was shrewd enough to see

that Evelyn's presence was of very real value to him, apart from the fact that his long devotion had certainly earned the royal gratitude—a word of no great prominence in the Stuart vocabulary. A man of means and position, enjoying everybody's respect, should indeed be useful. He should sit on endless Commissions, he should adorn learned bodies, his culture should not be alienated from the Court. Charles had, moreover, a genuine esteem for Evelyn, and treated him well; 'he was 'ever kind to me,' says the diarist after Charles's death, 'and 'very gracious upon all occasions'; though it would be interesting to know exactly what in his private mind the King thought of his staid and honourable servant. A touch of irony there may well have been; but if there was it never troubled their relation to each other, or marred the universal respect felt for the virtuoso of Sayes Court.

Evelyn, then, by this time a middle-aged man, emerged at last from private life, and held a variety of useful though not lucrative appointments. He sat at different times on Commissions which dealt with the Mint, with Gresham College, with the City sewers, and with the improvement of the streets. One of his most important works was the care of the wounded and prisoners during the Dutch war, at which he laboured during the months of the plague. The Trinity House, the Council of Foreign Plantations, the temporary Commission of the Privy Seal, were other bodies of which he was a member; and he was at all times assiduous in attending the meetings of the new Royal Society. Externally his life was greatly changed. He was in continual contact with all the principal people of the day, as an official (though not as a politician), and also as a friend. His diary of this period requires a good deal of filling in from other sources; often he gives no more than the names of the people who visited him or with whom he dined; but there is enough to present a picture of a busy, useful, and happy life.

The cloud over his world was, however, his shame at the unbridled effrontery of the Court life. For Charles himself, indeed, he could not but find certain excuses—he was in bad hands, he was easily led, and so forth. But for all that, the sight, as he walked in St. James's Park, of the King holding 'a very 'familiar discourse' with 'Mrs. Nelly' over her garden wall was a profound sorrow and a disappointment to him. Moreover, 'the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion' to be seen at the gaming-tables in the palace, and the 'atheistical liberty' of the stage, made him wonder apprehensively what it would all lead to. He did not lose faith in the great blessing of the

Restoration, but he acknowledged that the form which the blessing had taken gave at the least a plausible pretext to the disloyal. The prospect was dark, and if he had known to what an extent Charles was playing with the future of England in his concealed negotiations with France, he might well have lost heart altogether.

But meanwhile there were many pleasant friendships to be enjoyed, and many opportunities for practising the pursuits which he loved. He had the good fortune to discover, as he walked one day near Sayes Court, a young man working in a poor cottage at a large piece of wood-carving. The young man was Grinling Gibbons, and to Evelyn belongs the honour of having first introduced him to patrons of art. On another occasion he persuaded the Duke of Norfolk of the day to present his library and his marbles, inherited from his grandfather and likely to suffer in his hands, to the Royal Society and to the University of Oxford respectively. These are typical instances of the admirable work which he did as a public-minded arbiter of taste and amateur of the arts. His writing gave him another agreeable occupation, pursued as it was in an equally unprofessional spirit. To most of his numerous little books time has long ago paid its debt. They were of the type known as 'occasional,' and were considerably more various than profound. Some of the titles are attractive: 'Fumifugium, or the Incon-'venience of the Aer and Smoak of London dissipated,' 'The 'Three Late Famous Impostors,' 'Tyrannus, or the Mode,' and others; but Evelyn possessed a singularly heavy and pedantic style, so that their interest vanished with the interest of the occasion. 'The knowledge of this sumptuous, magnificent, 'and useful art,' so he begins his 'Account of Architects and 'Architecture,'

'for having been first deriv'd to us from the Greeks, we should not without infinite ingratitude either slight, or innovate those terms which it has pleased them to impose upon the particular members and ornaments belonging to the several orders; and that as well for the veneration which is due to antiquity, as that, by comprehending the signification of them, we may with the more facility and address attain to the intelligence and genuine meaning of what the masters in this profession have delivered to us in their several writings and works.'

This is a fair specimen of the weary English that Evelyn wrote. His *magnum opus*, the celebrated 'Sylva, or a Discourse of 'Forest Trees,' is not more attractive, but it is a book which deserves to be spoken of with every respect; it had a considerable share in starting the scientific and systematic planting of

trees throughout the country, and it long remained a standard book upon the subject. It was the fruit of sound and practical knowledge on Evelyn's part, but, like most of his writings, it lacks the charm to keep it alive after its supersession as a work of reference. An exception must be made of his 'Life of Margaret 'Godolphin,' the graceful and virtuous Maid of Honour, who for a few years shone out so conspicuously among her surroundings at Court. Evelyn had a deep and fatherly tenderness for her, and after her early death he wrote what remains a model of its kind—a little biography in which genuine feeling enabled him to be simple and direct. It is a worthy tribute to the memory of a singularly beautiful and flower-like life, as short as it was fragrant; the story of Sidney Godolphin's young wife needed no ornament.

One of the numerous visitors to Sayes Court, and, of them all, the one whom we most intimately know, has happily left us a portrait of his host, unsurpassable for its vividness and humorous appreciation:

'Thence I to the Swan,' writes Pepys on November 5, 1665, 'thinking to have seen Sarah but she was at church, and so I by water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, shewed me most excellent painting in little; in distemper, Indian incke, water colours: graveing; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Guardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. . . . In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendant, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate, and being pecked at by an eagle that was there.'

This glimpse of the restless, insatiable Pepys, condemned to temporary silence and repose, while his excellent host insists on reading aloud to him, not without a certain complacency, his unpublished plays and poems, is full of the happiest humour and character; a more illuminating moment could hardly have been chosen for us to watch the two friends together. Here is another, in a more unexpected vein:

'The receipt of this news (the capture of the East India prizes) did put us all into such an ecstasy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life

I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth, (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius) that I never saw any man so out-done in all my life ; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth too to see himself out-done, was the crown of all our mirth.'

It is delightful to have Evelyn for once so completely given away—caught unawares by his indiscreet friend in a moment which he would not himself have chosen to perpetuate. Evelyn little knew that anyone who wished to survive as a model of grave and impeccable deportment should be careful not to have Pepys for a friend. Sooner or later those blabbing pages of shorthand would be sure to catch and preserve some unguarded moment which the model would prefer to let die. Evelyn's appearance as a sociable rattle, capping puns amidst applauding laughter, is passed over in silence in his own diary, but Pepys did him good service in recording it. Some indication that Evelyn had his occasional lapses from perfect sedateness is very welcome, and we get none such from himself. His friendship with Pepys lasted until, on May 26, 1703, he writes :

'This day died Mr. Samuel Pepys, a very worthy, industrious, and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the navy. . . . He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation.'

Evelyn grew old in the peace that befitted his character and his tastes. The death of Charles II. made him sadly review the high hopes which the King had so effectually belied, but it was not likely that his belief in the holy cause of the Stuarts would at sixty-five be seriously shaken. It had been from the beginning too purely an instinct for that. But after the Revolution his public activities gradually ceased, though he remained Treasurer of the new hospital at Greenwich until 1703. In 1696 the death of a nephew made him his elder brother's direct heir. He left Sayes Court, and spent his remaining years at Wotton, of which he became the owner in 1699, when his brother died. Sayes Court was let, and was for a time sub-let to his 'czarish Majesty,' Peter the Great. The Czar played havoc with the gardens on which Evelyn had spent such care ; his particular amusement was to have himself trundled in a wheel-barrow through certain famous holly hedges, which had just arrived at perfection. Evelyn's interest in life, his friends, and possessions lasted

unbroken to the end. He died, at the age of eighty-five, on February 27, 1706.

Evelyn's life had a mature, a virtuous, and a dignified completeness, which was the proper expression of his talents and his character. Set in an age which would seem to be full of incompatibilities for such men as he, his qualities yet found room to expand, his virtues to make their proper effect. His domestic life was consistently spent upon an honourable level; clouded as it was with the death of so many of his children, he both felt and bore his sorrows in a natural and manly spirit. He used his talents industriously, perhaps with a little more solemnity than their actual importance justified, but with an unaffected zest and enjoyment. We see him during his middle years moving freely among the public and social life of his day, never relaxing his own high standard and yet everywhere welcomed with respect. To have maintained such a position in such surroundings argues a force of character which it is all the easier to overlook because it was so natural and so unconscious. Evelyn may have felt complacent about his literary performances, but in the matter of his real superiority, his good heart and his clean hands, he was deeply and genuinely humble. Outspoken as he is in condemnation of the morals and manners of Whitehall, there is no single trace of anything Pharisaical in his attitude. He takes no credit to himself; his diatribes have not the object of attracting admiration for the shining example given by his own life. His goodness was instinctive, and his dislike of cruelty and vice, in which he was so much ahead of his time, was equally simple and unaffected.

'I had the honour to be loved by him,' writes Evelyn, in a dignified phrase, of Dr. John Earle. The thought was echoed of Evelyn himself by all to whom he was attached, and perhaps the very stateliness of the expression would have seemed to them appropriate too. His affection did no less honour to his friends than to himself, and we may picture the same decorum in his relations with them as in his general outlook upon the world. He was the kind of man to whom people would naturally show their best and most worthy aspects. Good or bad, they alike respected and valued him: from Charles himself, who never failed in courtesy towards him, to Margaret Godolphin, the Alice of the unpastoral *Comus* of Whitehall, who was like a daughter to him, until he had to mourn her untimely death. It is not for his talents or for his public services, not for any of the things on which he felt he could legitimately pride himself, that he survives for us to-day, but for the qualities of which he was hardly conscious, and among them that very simplicity which made him overlook them.

Art. VII.—LAMARTINE AND ELVIRE.

1. *Lettres d'Elvire à Lamartine.* Par René Doumic. Hachette. 1905.
2. *Lamartine, Elvire. Documents inédits.* Par Léon Séché, Mercure de France. 1905.
3. *Méditations poétiques. Raphaël. Lamartine, par lui-même. Le Manuscrit de ma mère.* Par Lamartine.

If Musset—the passionate and mocking Musset—stands in France for the counterpart of Byron, may we not consider Lamartine the French for Shelley? No poet has touched like these two those dim mysterious confines of the soul where the One becomes the All, and the moment is caught up into eternity. What mighty poets they would be, did not something diffuse and unreal, garrulous and negligent, deteriorate the exquisite quality of their best! They lack judgement and reason. They enchant, ravish, inspire; let us not ask them to support, direct, or console. Yet either thought himself endowed with a mission and a message to correct the miserable destinies of men. If Shelley had lived, he might well, like Lamartine, have ended as a popular tribune and political reformer—a sort of Operatic Rienzi. For they took the scene of our human activities for a Cloudcuckootown, and the promptings of their humanitarian enthusiasm were doomed to remain devoid of effect.

With a like facility and abundance, a freshness of ecstasy unparalleled, either expressed the gospel of idealist universalism. They were a moment in the mind of Europe. What were 1820 without Shelley and Lamartine? Despite his vagueness, the one remains the greatest philosophical lyrist which the nineteenth century can boast in England, even as the other was the sole religious poet—the only Psalmist—which the same period produced in France.

Lamartine is religious by a native aspiration of the soul, as naturally as the sparks fly upwards—religious, but not virtuous, as he himself remarked in a mood of grandiloquent sincerity:

'Des cris d'adoration s'échappent de ma poitrine presque à chacune de mes respirations. Ce sentiment, naturel, constant, passionné, de la grandeur, de la présence, de l'ubiquité de Dieu, est la base fondamentale de cet instrument que la nature a mis dans ma poitrine: harpe ou âme, c'est la même chose! Ce sentiment, cet hymne perpétuel qui chante involontairement en moi, ne m'a pas rendu plus vertueux; la vertu est un effort, et je n'aime pas l'effort; mais il m'a rendu plus adorateur. Adorer, selon moi, c'est vivre.'

This mood of adoration, which is the special quality and grandeur of his verse, is indeed the very depth and spring of his nature; and, but for a chance encounter, it might have remained a hidden depth. How many of us need a well-finder! If no rod strike the barren rock, how often the fountain dwindles imprisoned beneath the dust and granite of the hills! Lamartine would in any case have been a poet, a great poet. He would have written, no doubt, the 'Dernier Chant de Childe 'Harold,' his political hymns, the 'Chant d'Amour,' and the 'Harmonies.' If he had not met with a woman—herself neither a saint nor a mystic, nor even a religious woman, but just a sensitive passionate soul drinking deep of life and death—without Elvire, in fine, would he have expressed in unequalled language the genius of Christianity? Would he have written 'Le Vallon,' 'Le Crucifix,' or 'Jocelyn'? This debt we owe to the poor lady, who met Lamartine too late, even as she glided out of our world, and drew with her, far beyond our mortal horizons, the devoted gaze of a lover made immortal. During four times twenty years her name and place in human society, her form, her features, her character even, remained hidden from us; we knew her only as Elvire—as a mysterious veiled Egeria. But Time, which gives up the secrets of the dead, has at last revealed the personality and published the love letters of Julie Charles.

The service she rendered her lover by inspiring his truest poems has perhaps a set-off in the actual unpopularity of Lamartine, which may be considered a result of his idealism. For every generation judges according to the spirit of the age. When Lamartine was young—during the fever of the Restoration, in the reaction of enthusiasm which followed the grim realities of the Revolution and a period of imperial wars—hard facts were at a discount: men had had to reckon with them too long! Notions and ideas were welcomed as manna in the desert. Abstract intellectual perceptions, conceived and formulated by the mind without reference to experience, such as inspire the muse of Lamartine, awoke a fervent response in the public. Poet and audience were prepared alike to soar up in the blue and pluck a ray from the shining summits of the zenith. This mood of mind, which began about 1813, came to a sudden end with the cataclysm of 1848. The fires of the barricades melted the wax of Icarus' wings: the whole spirit of the age was changed. Philosophy and idealism went suddenly out of fashion utterly, and their altars were appropriated to another worship—the cult of experimental science. The meditations of Lamartine appeared frothy and vain to minds trained in the rigorous discipline of

natural history and physiology. Two generations of Frenchmen, during fifty years, smiled at the rhetoric which charmed their grandfathers. Lamartine and Chateaubriand have long been laid on the shelf. But no one mood lasts in the history of letters. The cult of physical science which since 1850 has swayed the mental tides of Europe may even now be doomed, in the hour of its triumph. In France, at least, M. Bergson, M. Le Roy, M. Péguy and their followers, expect and prepare a reaction, and it is a sign of the times that so great a savant as M. H. Poincaré lends an ear indulgent, perhaps amused, and a sort of sceptical support to these young underminers of the scientific position, anti-intellectualists, who gaze beyond the regions of immediate fact. Some of them, indeed, are inclined to suggest that experimental knowledge is a system of organised conventions, so neatly dovetailed into each other as to produce an effect of apparent certitude, yet with no more real relation to the hidden sources of genius, attraction, life and death, than the elaborate mystifications of a conjurer or the artificial sequences in a game of cards. They whisper that scientific laws are the half-unconscious invention of their contrivers or discoverers; that natural science, incapable of approaching ideal truth, can never be the moral guide of man nor take the leading place in his education. The human mind (they say) deforms and alters everything it touches, giving to what is in reality without form and void a false aspect of system and order, even as sea water, collected in a transparent vase, may appear a shining cube, or globe, or hexagon—but the form is the form of the vessel, eternally distinct from the vast essence of the ocean, of which it contains but a drop. In fact, the mind manipulates Truth and makes it over in a mortal image, and therefore Truth is undiscoverable to human reason. Happily man (they continue) is a medium for other forces than his intelligence—he is inspired by feeling, instinct, faith, ecstasy, and also those blind intuitions which emanate obscurely from a subliminal self. So, right or wrong, reason these young idealists; and if, as it appears sufficiently probable, the generation born during the 'eighties should adopt them for leaders, Lamartine may yet have his revenge and his apotheosis, and appear to our children as a guide, philosopher, and friend.

I.

While we still inhabit a world which seeks to explain the character of men and things by their origin and circumstances—seeing facts in their sequence and taking account of time and

place—let us continue to study our great men in their heredity and history, and strive to surprise the secret of their genius by other suppositions than the sudden, capricious influx of a supernatural force. There are plenty of documents relating to the childhood and family of Lamartine, but not one of them is wholly satisfactory. The letters and poems of his youth are too vague and loose to give a clear idea of his surroundings, while the reminiscences of his old age are often concerted and transformed by a trick of his imagination. Still, by controlling these by those, and comparing the result with the evidence of contemporaries, we may form a fair idea of the young Lamartine.

Like many poets, he owed much to his mother—the feminine strain ran strong in him. Alix des Roys was born and bred at Court, where her mother was governess to the princes of Orleans. She was a creature of great natural beauty and charm—and her dark-blue eyes, dazzling skin, clustering abundant curls, high aquiline features and tall slender frame she bequeathed to her only son Alphonse, along with a passionate, vibrating sensibility, an almost ecstatic sense of nature, a taste for grandeur and beauty. Until her wedding day, Mademoiselle des Roys had spent her summers at the Palais de Saint-Cloud, her winters in the Palais Royal, and could not imagine (she wrote later) 'how 'anyone could live anywhere save at Court.' Yet on her marriage with a young gentleman of Burgundy she accepted, without a murmur or scarcely a regret, the simplest provincial life. The Major, afterwards Colonel de Lamartine, appears to have been an excellent officer, much less remarkable than his wife. Under the Terror, he, she, and their little son (Alphonse de Lamartine was born at Mâcon in October 1791) were thrown into prison —he at Mâcon, they at Autun. But the fall of Robespierre released and united the persecuted family. They returned to their small estate of Milly, in the hills near Mâcon, and lived there in great retirement, cultivating their vineyards and living by their produce. 'Nous nous sommes promenés ce soir dans 'nos vignes en fleur,' writes Madame de Lamartine in a letter, 'tout l'air était parfumé par leur bonne odeur. Nos vignes 'sont tout notre revenu pour nous, nos enfants, nos domes-'tiques et nos pauvres.' The vineyards and sunny slopes of Milly were the earliest tutors of Lamartine.

But his childhood was not bereft of literary influence—an influence which penetrated a receptive nature. The Colonel was one of those sociable men of culture, always common in France, who love nothing so well as to read a brilliant book aloud to an assembled family—in this case, wife, son and, successively, five little daughters. Lamartine's earliest memories

recalled a beautiful mother, serious, tender and gay, half-reclining on a long red sofa of worn Utrecht velvet, one little girl on her lap, another rocked in the cradle kept incessantly in motion by a gentle impulse of the mother's foot. Meanwhile the Colonel read aloud from a handsome gilt-edged volume bound in calf. His voice was sweet and powerful. 'Il l'avait 'beaucoup exercée dans sa jeunesse en jouant la tragédie et la 'comédie dans les loisirs de ses garnisons.' The verse he read was eloquent and clear. It was the tragedy of 'Mérope,' by Voltaire. The child listened, enchanted—

'Et quand neuf heures sonnaient à la grosse horloge de noyer de la cuisine, et que j'avais fait ma prière et embrassé mon père et ma mère, je repassais en m'endormant ces vers, comme un homme qui vient d'être ballotté par les vagues sent encore, après être descendu à terre, le roulis de la mer, et croit que son lit nage sur les flots.'—(*Préface des 'Méditations.'*)

But the mother sometimes took her turn at the reading, and she would choose a comedy by Molière or a fable by La Fontaine. Alphonse, with his mother's character, inherited his father's taste. Molière and La Fontaine slipped off him like water off the feathers of a duck—indeed he disliked La Fontaine. He was, we fear, something of a little prig (he writes 'j'étais né 'sérieux et tendre,' and this is how the prig appears to himself), but there is much to be hoped from the race of little prigs, who not unfrequently turn out the most remarkable of men and women.

Twelve lines of 'Athalie' or 'Mérope' were more to the music-loving ear of this child than all the ravens and all the Renards that haunt the dewy thyme of the 'Bonhomme's' enchanted fields and forests. Voltaire and Racine were to be his masters; he caught the secret of their fluid verse; alone of his age, he knew how to reproduce its liquid pure and pearly music—a lost art, which he was, however, to bequeath to a tardy disciple of his own: Mistral, that neo-classic, the Virgil of Provence.

After Voltaire and Racine came other teachers—Ossian, Tasso, Fénelon, Jean-Jacques, mild or noble ancestors of a mind essentially chivalrous and sweet, but lax and facile. Each of us, passing through a world in which manifold influences rain around him—whirling and multitudinous as the snow-flakes of a storm or the seeds of pollen in a summer hayfield—bears in heart and brain one secret spot which Nature has anointed with a mysterious gum, so that whatever touches it adheres, while dropping like dust or dripping like rain from every other point. Sometimes a whole generation exudes at one

centre this natural adhesive sap. The men born in 1790 and the dozen following years retained the romantic, the passionate, the mysterious, the picturesque, even as our own age is chiefly sensible, out of all the myriad influences of the universe, to the ascendant of the physical sciences. Lamartine was a child of his times, but he wore his romance with a difference, never forgetting a sort of careless classic grace. He was more alive to ideas than his fellows, elegiac rather than passionate, suave where they were sonorous, and, instead of their sense of mystery and magic, he had an Arab's feeling for the omnipresence of the Eternal.

II.

When the boy was old enough to leave his mother, she entrusted him to the Jesuits of Dijon. We know the strong and the weak points of a Jesuit education. There are two possible systems of training—to inoculate in a child's nature the qualities he lacks, or chiefly to develope the qualities he has. Could an Arnold of Rugby have informed Lamartine with the spirit of veracity? Could any such have made him exact, coherent, thorough, logical? We doubt it. The Jesuits at least fostered his native excellences, kept him chivalrous and lofty-minded, and, while full of mundane elegances, yet unspotted from the world. He never lost the trace of his passage through their hands. His art was often merely decorative art—'cette musique 'mi-partie d'église et d'opéra,' as Sainte-Beuve put it. His ideas were expressed with a sort of amateurish grace—the art, in fact, of an 'ineffectual angel.' Something declamatory, something diffuse, florid and inflated, but also certain notes celestial and exquisitely pure, reveal the poet who has never passed through the bracing discipline of the public school, whose character has been formed by indulgent guides,

'Aimables sectateurs d'une aimable sagesse.'

The Jesuits, at least, were innocent of any conscious attempt to form their pupil's muse. The Fathers never had good taste in poetry. Their favourites in French verse were the Père Ducerceau and Madame Deshoulières—'Aussi je n'eus pas une 'aspiration de poésie pendant toutes mes études classiques.' Nor when he first left college,—just the usual *élève des Pères*, well dressed, honourable and brave, with no particular aptitude for anything save amusing himself—did Lamartine show the soul of a great poet. He would have made a good officer or a good *attaché*, for he knew how to represent and how to obey, but his father, who had sworn fidelity to the Bourbons, would

have thought himself dishonoured if Alphonse had taken service under Bonaparte. The young man, chafing at his enforced idleness, travelled a little in Switzerland, in Italy, experienced an 'affair of the heart' with a little cigar-girl at Baia, Graziella, whom his imagination was to transform into a very Miranda; and sometimes by the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, or on some steep Swiss promontory, a formless impulse of poetry, a vague indeterminate ode, would heave the breast of Lamartine and find no issue. And, other times at Milly, during the long idle winters when he sought the refuge of his father's roof, he would whittle and polish some tiny anacreontic 'in the style of Tibullus, 'Bertin, or Parny'—for Parny was the favourite poet of those Imperial days. Napoleon was not jealous of Parny's muse, all sparklets and spangles, no more dangerous to Government than an acrobat at a fair. The despot, alert at every issue, who banished Madame de Staël and sent Chateaubriand in disgrace to Dieppe (although himself at heart a passionate Romantic, an admirer of Werther, of Ossian, and even of René), preferred less afflatus in the minstrels of his train; like Plato, he banished the poets; but he protected the puerile Parnassus of a Parny, a Michaud, an Esménard, a Luce de Lancivel, harmless models for such lads of twenty as love to waste a score of goose quills on an ode. One of these was Alphonse de Lamartine.

III.

Lamartine at Milly was copying out his pretty sensual little odes in a pretty little parchment album bound in green morocco when, in the spring of 1814, Napoleon fell. The face of the world changed. The return of the Bourbons, with a slacker form of government, gave an impulse and a movement to intellectual life. 'We breathed a larger air at last,' wrote Madame de Staël. And Chateaubriand, after declaiming, 'Je rougis en 'pensant qu'il me faut nasillonner à cette heure d'une foule 'd'infimes créatures, êtres douteux et nocturnes d'une scène 'dont le large soleil avait disparu,' continues that the overthrow of one man's colossal dignity coincided with the revival of the dignity of man. 'If despotism has given place to liberty, 'if men walk upright now instead of creeping, it is thanks to 'the Restoration.'

France under Bonaparte had been a vast barracks, disciplined by a martinet, pompous and martial, with plenty of bravery, loot, and glory, little taste, less imagination, and no liberty. What a change! Soldiers and parvenus no longer dominated the scene. Political power passed into the hands of a party of

ignorant country squires and deaf, decrepit *émigrés*. With the *émigrés* the ideas of Hamburg, London, America even, and the lesser German courts appeared in Paris, and, combining with the revival of Catholicism, favoured the long-pent-up expansion of the Romantic movement. With the country squires came their sons, tired of inaction, eager for office. No one, in a passive, indolent way, had been more faithful to the absent king than Colonel de Lamartine. Alphonse was named an officer in the Garde Noble of Louis XVIII., stationed at Beauvais.

The return of Napoleon from the isle of Elba interrupted his career as an officer, and now the desire of his heart was a post in diplomacy. With this end in view, young Lamartine was much in Paris. Ever thoughtless in money matters, he emptied his purse at the gaming-table and shattered his health in idle dissipation. It came to his mother's ears that her lad was ruined and ill. The colonel was absent. The devoted woman laid hands on all the sums she could collect, and set out at once for Paris with her second daughter, Eugénie. On her arrival she hesitated a moment, dared not appear, tired and travel-stained, like a provincial Nemesis, at the young man's lodgings, so, checking the impatience of her heart, she drove to a neighbouring hotel, alighting there with her daughter as though she were in Paris for her pleasure. As she sat silent in her room, combining her plans of approach and rescue, Eugénie stood at the open window looking out at the stream of carriages which poured towards the Théâtre Français; and suddenly the girl exclaimed: 'Maman, venez! Je crois bien que je vois 'Alphonse!'

'Je courus à la fenêtre (wrote the devoted mother), 'et je le reconnus effectivement. Il était dans un élégant cabriolet, qu'il conduisait lui-même, avec un autre jeune homme à côté de lui. Il avait l'air fort gai et fort animé, ce qui me rassura beaucoup. C'était bien lui! Toutes mes inquiétudes tombèrent à sa vue; je ne voulus plus troubler sa soirée. Je passais une assez bonne nuit.'

The next day the charming lady received her son's confidence, paid his debts, and persuaded him to return with her to Milly. She was proud of her triumph. And, indeed, this was for some time his last dissipation. A new spirit seemed poured into Lamartine; but that spirit was not inspired by his mother's love alone. At Aix that autumn he made an acquaintance which decided his destiny. One day he was to write: 'Il y a 'deux éducations pour tout homme jeune et bien doué—l'éduca-

'tion de sa mère, et l'éducation de la première femme qu'il 'aime après sa mère. Heureux celui qui aime plus haut que 'lui, à son premier soupir de tendresse !'

IV.

Disappointment and idleness had produced in the young Lamartine a sort of hypochondria (a liver-disease they called it), for which the doctors recommended the baths of Aix. A slender purse and a melancholy habit bade him give a wide berth to fashionable quarters, and he boarded with a doctor on the outskirts of the town. Part of the same house was let to a young lady, also sent to drink the waters. Madame Charles was the wife of an elderly member of the Institute—an old man, indeed, whose age and pursuits retained him in Paris in the apartment which he occupied at the Institute of France. She was something of a personage at Aix, for her husband was one of the most popular of French *savants*, and his name a household word. Charles was not only a great professor—Franklin and Volta had been his pupils—remarkable for the elegance of his experiments and the lucid ease of his exposition; he was something of a hero: Paris still remembered his marvellous ascent in the air during the summer of 1783. The brothers Montgolfier had been the first actually to invent the balloon; but a first invention is always incomplete. A few months after their exploit, Charles perfected their discovery by using hydrogen gas as a substitute for hot air, and a triumphant ascent had proved the superiority of his method. His celebrity had been instantaneous and durable. Louis XVI. lodged him in the Louvre, the Revolution made him a member of the Institute, the Emperor befriended him. A song made on him some thirty years before was not yet forgotten:

'L'autre jour quittant mon manoir
Je fis rencontre, sur le soir,
D'un globiste de haut parage:
Il s'en alla tout bonnement
Chercher un lit au firmament.'

And Paris, supposed so fickle, remained faithful during more than one generation to the great professor of physics.

Charles was no dryasdust, but a man of the world, accomplished in mind and manners. Several portraits preserve the contour of his charming, open, elegant features, and show us a high cheerful brow, laughing blue eyes, clear complexion, and soft, abundant white hair, light as swan's-down. He appeared

the image of a liberal thinker according to the traditions of the reign of Louis XVI. Something of that *douceur de vivre* which Talleyrand said the world had lost with the Monarchy still lingered in the presence of this amiable inventor.

Unfortunately M. Charles had first seen the light so far back as 1746.

'Der arme alte König
Er hat eine junge Frau.'

Handsome, illustrious, and still well on the sunny side of sixty, in the year 1804 he had seemed to give as much as he got when he married—out of compassion as much as out of passion—a pretty, penniless, motherless Creole, with a drunken father, whom the bridegroom compared to Fielding's Squire Western. Yet as time slipped on it became increasingly evident that M. Charles was seventy when Madame Charles was thirty-two. It is doubtful whether to-day we should call her a beauty; Julie des Hérettes incarnated the ideal of her times. Our taste is no longer romantic and sentimental. Our age of nationalism prefers the indigenous, our habit of sport esteems the alert and wholesome, just as our ancestors admired the frail, the touching, and the foreign. In 1907 we should no doubt be moved rather than enchanted by the slim languor of Madame Charles, the dead-white oval of her face under deep overhanging masses of waved black hair, the pinched wanness of the temples, the bruised marks beneath the great blue-green eyes. Yet, despite the thin drooped lips, a Rossetti or a Gustave Moreau would have admired the spiritual loveliness of her weary fragility. Whether she had beauty or not, there can be no question as to the witchery of this dreamy woman, half-Breton, half-Creole, whom a cool-headed *savant* had been eager to wed, despite a disparity of nearly thirty years; whom a Bonald chose for his friend and favourite disciple; who was to prove at once the Laura and the Beatrice of Lamartine. In Paris a circle of aged scholars, philosophers, and *savants* surrounded her with delicate respect and attention. Julie sat as a child in their midst, and conceived, no doubt, no other way of life, when, on the morrow of her thirty years, heart, lungs, and nerves seemed to collapse in a desperate inability to live. Alarmed by this state of languor—of neurasthenia, as we should say—her husband had sent her to recruit her failing strength at Aix.

There she met Lamartine, and their meeting has glorified the lake and the valley. 'Chère vallée d'Aix,' wrote Julie, 'vous 'n'étiez pas pour nous avare des joies du ciel!' They were so much alike that the people of the little town, seeing them

constantly together, took them for near relations, even as later on in Paris the Memoirs of Brifaut, which record not unfrequent encounters with Lamartine, on quay or garden promenade, describe as the poet's sister the delicate young woman hanging on his arm: 'une jeune femme, au front pâle, à l'air mélan-'colique, à la démarche lente et molle.' As for Lamartine himself, Brifaut sets him down as an image of the Belvedere Apollo, slender and stately, the head poised high on a long neck, massy curls of dark chestnut heaped round a noble forehead, black-blue eyes deeply encased in large sockets beneath ideal brows. He, too, had something exotic in his aspect. With the taste of his times for whatever was foreign or rare, Lamartine liked to imagine himself of Saracen descent, the offspring of medieval Moorish Corsairs settled among the low mountains of the Mâconnais. And the proof of it is, he exclaimed, with the delightful philology of a Romantic poet—'the proof is that the true name of my 'ancestors was Allamartine!' Mashallah! here is proof indeed, enforced, he declared, by his own physical structure—'La 'taille haute et mince, l'œil noir, le nez aquilin, le cou de pied 'tres élevé sur la plante cambrée, le talon détaché, les doigts 'mordant le sol, les doigts de la main maigres, allongés et 'cependant fortement noués aux jointures—toutes marques de 'noblesse essentiellement Arabes;' or as we should say, the signs of a nervous and rheumatic constitution.

When this son of the desert met Madame Charles at Aix, he was, in the slang of our day, 'at a loose end.' He had no aim or object in life. He had read immensely, written much, felt little, and decided nothing. Despite his episode at Baia, he had not squandered the treasures of his heart. Although no model of a young man—vain, indeed, to an absurd excess, spendthrift, and something of a gambler—there was in Lamartine a quality unsmirchably pure. Literature and politics attracted him, but his taste in either was unformed and vague. To be a great poet or to die a romantic death alone seemed worthy of his ambition. He was twenty-six years old, and the winds as yet had wrung no cadence from the Æolian harp that was his soul.

What sort of woman was she who was so profoundly to modify the mind of this young man? What was Elvire? When three-and-thirty years later Lamartine took the world into his confidence, or, rather, into that half-confidence which seldom quite convinces and never quite confirms, in the pages of 'Raphael,' he describes his Julie as a woman of the eighteenth century—in mind the contemporary and equal of her husband, a materialist, almost an atheist—at least an *esprit fort*.

'Elle fait croire au ciel et ne croit pas à Dieu,' like the heroine of 'Jocelyn,' in whom M. Séché sees—and we think it an illuminating piece of insight—the transfigured image of Elvire. Such an attitude appears strange in a woman of the Restoration, the intimate friend and admirer of the Vicomte de Bonald, the centre of a group of Royalist Catholics. It appears stranger in the writer of those four letters of Elvire which that eminent critic, M. René Doumic, published some eighteen months ago. Written in 1817, they are full of pious ejaculations, appeals to heaven, and the last of them, at least, is the letter of a resigned and pious Christian. But we must remember that in 1816 the friendship with Bonald was of recent origin, even as the Restoration itself was in its early days, when the religious revival was a new thing—much less all-pervading under the sceptical Louis XVIII. than under his successor Charles X. It is possible that, born and educated in a period of religious disorganisation, living in a circle of elderly *savants*, Madame Charles may have retained the rationalism of an earlier generation. Her conversion to a Romantic Catholicism *à la Chateaubriand* may have been, as Lamartine avers, due to his zeal for her spiritual welfare. And yet we cannot help mistrusting his love of system, his mania for generalising. We feel that, in writing his own love story he is capable of making Raphael and Elvire typify not only himself and her, but also the two great movements which divide the French ideal during the nineteenth century, the one making for analysis and the individual, the other for mystery and synthesis. Did Julie in very truth discourse in that Lucretian vein which Raphael records? Did she really say to her pained and pitying adorer:

'Il vous est resté deux faiblesses de l'intelligence, le mystère et la prière!

'Il n'y a point de mystère. Il n'y a que la raison qui dissipe tout mystère. C'est l'homme fourbe ou crédule qui a inventé le mystère; c'est Dieu qui a fait la raison. Et il n'y a point de prière. Car dans une loi inflexible, il n'y a rien à fléchir, et dans une loi nécessaire il n'y a rien à changer'?

Was the woman who inspired 'Le Crucifix' a free-thinker? Perhaps! Lamartine, so little the slave of reason, was not docile to her logic. If Julie admitted a universal deity, inexorable and unconscious, careful of the mass and of the hidden aim, but deaf to individual prayer and blind to individual distress, Lamartine still lit a taper on the altar of his forefathers, trusted by a lifting of the heart to penetrate a sphere beyond our universe, accepted his trials as an expiation, or

as a God-sent means of accumulating merit, and kept in touch with all the moral talismans which have consoled the generations of the past. The vitality of his adoration was the light of his soul, and prayer seemed a power in him to communicate with a greater hidden Power, prompt to rescue and sustain. These beliefs had dwelt in him unconsciously from the time of his childhood. They suddenly arose winged, and in full force, as he strove to comfort the dear, dying woman he adored.

V.

What were the relations of Elvire and Lamartine? The critics are not agreed. M. René Doumic, who has published the few remaining letters of the lady, accompanies them with an essay of classic charm, lucidity, conciseness, but of a psychology somewhat summary and superficial—the psychology of the amiable and sceptical man of the world. His is the book for the collector, the *dilettante*, the lover of tales. M. Léon Séché's huge volume of ill-assimilated erudition is, like all his volumes, open to that suspicion of bookmaking which always mars a book. But his great digests or compendiums of information are invaluable to students of the romantic period. The critic of Lamartine can no more do without him than the critic of Sainte-Beuve. M. Séché, then, from the fulness of his learning, refutes indignantly M. Doumic, and we think he proves his case, though we own ourselves inclined to ask of either gentleman the old question: 'Comment faites-vous, monsieur, pour être 'si sûr de ces choses-là?' M. Séché is the true knight and nympholept of Elvire and her virtue. And it is certain that, not only in 'Raphael,' in the notes to the 'Méditations,' but in a score of passages scattered through his correspondence, his *cours*, his *Entretiens*, Lamartine speaks of 'un culte idéal et passionné,' a pure love working an instantaneous reform in a life hitherto frivolous and dissipated. Elvire is a heaven-sent guide and guardian angel: 'J'aimais avec la pure ferveur de 'l'innocence passionnée une personne angélique.' He gave his only child the name of Julia. His wife was the confidant of his devotion to her rival in heaven. And the attitude of M. Charles to the young poet—the attitude of all the circle of Elvire—confirms the supposition—to our minds absolutely evident—of a Platonic devotion.

At Aix-les-Bains, in the autumn of 1816, Madame Charles and Lamartine spent some three weeks together—as strangers, as friends, as lovers. Then she regained her husband's, he his father's, house, not without many plans for meeting in Paris.

Elvire was a true Frenchwoman, practical and politic. While discoursing on romantic love, pantheism, and the ideal, she was none the less occupied with the temporal career of her young friend. As the constant hostess and confidant of the Baron Mounier and his wife, Lally-Tollendal, Lainé, the Viscount de Bonald, and other pillars of the Royalist and Conservative Right, she imagined herself in a position to place Lamartine in a *sous-préfecture*, at least, if not in some official post in Paris. No woman since Madame de la Fayette was more constantly occupied in finding an office or a pension for this or that deserving person in need of fresh resources ; and here was a case where heart and soul would second her kind and managing disposition. She began at once with good advice, according to her lights—checked any wanton wandering proclivities in favour of Liberalism, freedom of the Press, and such like pernicious heresies ; distilled into the young man the true *bon ton* of Royalist politics, and recommended him to write that Ode to M. de Bonald which was to serve him as a letter of introduction. Since he was so fond of poetry, here was an occasion when the Muse might prove of use ! At that time Bonald was not only a thinker (still remembered, if only for one lucky phrase : ' L'homme est une intelligence servie par des organes,' which is a sort of hieroglyph of French idealism), he was also the guide, philosopher, and friend of a whole political party. His noble character and an excellent literary style palliated, so to speak, the extreme rigour of his opinions. To form an idea of his position let us imagine a Mr. Morley—a theocratic John Morley—the apostle of the Altar and the Throne. No protector could prove more useful to a young man equally apt for literature or politics. Lamartine, it is true, was in a state of innocence as to the qualities of M. de Bonald : ' Je ne le connaissais que de nom ; je ne l'avais jamais vu ; je n'avais jamais rien lu de lui.' But what young poet in love would consider such trifles an obstacle, when his chosen Muse, for her first request, sets a subject and demands a poem ? The wild music of the blood is sufficient inspiration ! And so one evening at Aix, climbing the wooded heights behind the house in which his idol had spoken of M. de Bonald, Lamartine composed his meditation on Genius—the first of his lyrics inspired by Elvire ; the first, that is to say, inspired by the real Elvire, for under this name (henceforth reserved for the ' gloriosa donna della sua mente ') he had already celebrated the little cigar-girl of Baia, with that insouciance of poets who follow through a succession of mortals one constant ideal, one Harmony and Muse. The ' Ode to Genius ' is by no means one of the great lyrics of Lamartine. Something

of Delille and Parny still clings to its form and rhythm. But even here, already, the large and natural imagination of a new poet is manifest :

'Tel un torrent, fils de l'orage,
En roulant du sommet des monts,
S'il rencontre sur son passage
Un chêne, l'orgueil des vallons,
Il s'irrite, il écume, il gronde,
Il presse des plis de son onde
L'arbre vainement menacé ;
Mais, debout parmi les ruines
Le chêne aux profondes racines
Demeure ; et le fleuve a passé.'

That is not the Lamartine we know. And yet how different, in its simple, large, almost negligent representation of a natural object, from the poems of the age ! His genius will become more lofty, more luminous, more ethereal and only too abundant ; the simplicity and the love of Nature, the sweet elegiac commonsense, are already there. Who runs, may read. Lamartine, so different from the poetasters who occupied the Paris of his youth, proceeds as naturally as a flower from a bough from the great prose idyllists of the age immediately before him : from a Chateaubriand, from a Madame de Staël, but especially, most especially, from his true spiritual ancestor, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, whose 'Paul et Virginie' was one day to inspire a 'Jocelyn.'

VI.

The Ode was sent to M. de Bonald, who accepted it with interest and admiration, and while Julie in Paris made a hundred plans for introducing the author to people of importance, he, at Milly, was occupied with her religious state of mind.

'Je la suppliais de chercher dans une religion tendre et nourrissante, dans l'ombre des églises, dans la foi mystérieuse de ce Christ, le Dieu des larmes, dans l'agenouillement et dans l'invocation, les douceurs que j'y avais goûtées moi-même dans mon enfance. Elle m'avait rendu le sentiment de la piété. Je composais pour elle ces prières enflammées et calmes qui montent au ciel comme une flamme qu'aucun vent ne fait vaciller. Je lui disais de prononcer ces prières à certaines heures du jour et de la nuit où je les prononcerais moi-même. . . . Et puis je mouillais le tout de larmes ; elles laissaient leurs traces sur les paroles, plus éloquentes et plus recueillies, sans doute, que les paroles elles-mêmes. J'allais furtivement jeter à la poste cette moelle de mes os. Je me sentais soulagé, en revenant, comme si j'y avais jeté une partie du poids de mon propre cœur' (*Raphael*, chap. liv.).

'Elle m'avait rendu le sentiment de la piété!' Religion was ever with Lamartine an emotion, a sort of blonde blue aureole emanating from a world he looked at through a mist of tears. There was little reason for the faith that was in him, but it was not therefore less sincere. 'Le cœur a ses raisons!' The fair Freethinker, by enlarging his heart, awoke in him the impulse of faith. For nearly three months the lack of pence, which dogged and tormented the early youth and later age of the poet, kept him from his liege-lady. The Lamartines were poor, and if life was easy and large at Milly, where the wine and the bread and the meat were grown on the ancestral acres, ready money was a scarcer harvest which the dear improvident heir had already too frequently reaped. Fortunately a country neighbour, the especial friend and confidant of Alphonse—the young Viscount Aymon de Virieu—was established in Paris for the winter in a tiny entresol-apartment of the mansion of the Duc de Richelieu, in the rue Neuve-Saint-Augustin. On M. de Virieu's inviting his friend to share his narrow quarters, Madame de Lamartine opened her casket, drew out the last of her diamonds, and gave it to her son to defray the lesser expenses of a sojourn which might prove important to his future. We all have in our memories an enchanted spot, a golden Isle of Once. For Lamartine henceforth a sacred air hung about the low-ceiled Parisian waiting-room, with the dark alcove where he slept (so little and so late), and the screened writing table by the small round window on the court, where he read and wrote and dreamed hour after hour, the whole day long, while Aymon de Virieu's modish friends streamed to and fro behind his hidden seat, till night-fall came and the hour when Madame Charles received. . . .

M. and Madame Charles inhabited an apartment in the Institute of France where every evening a small, eminent, intimate circle informally collected. On the first evening of his arrival in Paris Lamartine sped thither, heralded by Aymon de Virieu. The door opened. Julie was standing by the mantelpiece, in the full light, her elbow indolently leaning on the slab of white marble, her slim figure, white shoulders, and delicate profile doubled by the reflection in the mirror. She was leaning forward, her head a little on one side, with parted lips, anxiously listening. She wore a gown of dull black silk, as black as her hair, hung over with black lace round the line of the bust, the waist, the hem. A lamp upon the mantelpiece, the leaping blaze of the wood fire, the life, love, impatience of her glance, lit up her pale bright face with a splendid animation.

That hectic spot on the cheeks, those gleaming eyes, that

feverish sweetness reassured Lamartine, too much self-engrossed to be really anxious even about the woman he adored. Nor did he think it strange that M. Charles, M. de Bonald, all the staid old friends and counsellors welcomed so kindly the handsome young poet whose nightly visit was at least a 'distrac-'tion' for Julie. He did not guess, what they knew, that her life hung by a thread. One of that wise and aged company is Suard, the journalist and musical critic—Suard, the 'Glückiste.' He too has a young wife, a beauty. One day she tells her elderly husband that she has ceased to care for him. 'Cela re-'viendra!' he replies. 'But I love another!' she murmurs, and he soothes her with a 'Ça passera!' in a tone of gentle encouragement. Such were these gracious ironical survivors from an Ancien Régime, students of Nature, accustomed to her shoals and quicksands—consenting, at worst, to throw half their cargo overboard in order to keep the rest. Was Julie's fatherly husband of M. Suard's opinion? Was he reassured by Julie's physical danger? He placed no hindrance on the continued intimacy of the two young people, accepted Lamartine as his wife's elected 'brother.' Only, oddly enough, no post could be found insuring a permanent residence in Paris for the handsome young poet who, when the spring was in full riot of flower, was forced, his funds and health exhausted, to return to Milly, still destitute of place or expectations.

The lovers wrote to each other constantly, in anticipation of a meeting that summer in their enchanted Vale of Aix. Lamartine was there, waiting, by the middle of August. During that month and the next he composed 'L'Immortalité,' 'Le Lac,' sovereign poems, than which he will write nothing sweeter. The extreme tension of the last year has evolved a poet, a great poet, from the 'sedulous ape' of Parny. Who can read 'Le 'Lac' unmoved? Romantic fervour and classic purity radiate from such a lyric. We are lifted, as with a stroke of the wing, in rapt upward flight in as sublime and natural an impulse as that angel's of Rembrandt's in the Louvre, who cleaves the sky so swiftly and yet looks back so tenderly at the earth. A mystic, supernatural sun, shining supremely from a zenith higher than ours, irradiates mysteriously the summits of such verse. 'Le Lac,' 'Souvenir,' 'Le Vallon,' 'Le Soir,' 'L'Isolement,' 'Les Etoiles,' 'Le Crucifix,' are poems neither brilliant nor complex, but gleaming with an inner light. More than one century, we imagine, will repeat them with a tender predilection.

VII.

When we open the slender volume which contains the four sole love letters remaining of all that incessant correspondence we see but dimly at first what manner of woman was Elvire. The physical note strikes us first. In their fervour and their fever, these are the letters of a consumptive. And then, beneath the emphatic sensibility of the age, we note the sweet, material commonsense of the French woman. Elvire is full of counsel. She would fain have mothered her Alphonse as Henriette de Mortsauf mothered Balzac's sorry hero.

And there is little more. When we open some long-locked casket of feminine love letters we experience the sense of a period rather than the sense of a person, just as in some century-old hanging press we say, 'So this is what they wore!' and not 'Such was the taste of one vanished lady!' Only a great personality—a Julie de l'Espinasse or an Elizabeth Browning—triumphs over the vague generalities of the little language and affects us immediately as Herself. We see in Madame Charles a product of Rousseau, with the gift of tears, the declamatory tenderness, the taste for sentimental complications, peculiar to his heroines and god-daughters. Alphonse is her child; she is his *mère*; he has for her 'une passion filiale.' We note, too, a plaintive peculiar sensitiveness. Here is a charming passage. Lamartine has reproached the lady for the seeming indifference (Good Lord, what did the man expect?) of her later letters. She says:

'J'aurais cru mourir plutôt que de vous écrire froidement. Une seule chose pourrait m'expliquer à moi-même ce dont vous vous plaignez. C'est si je vous ai écrit devant les autres et tellement vite, à cause de l'heure, qu'il fallait étouffer toutes mes pensées. Je sens fort bien que quand un autre me regarde je ne puis vous rien dire. Il me semble qu'on m'écoute. . . .'

It is evident that she, at this moment, is more passionately in love than he—she is six years the elder—vibrating with thrills of jealousy, provocation, remorse, and passionate chafings. But in all this we see much more of the eternal feminine than of poor Julie Charles. Her letters, too, by now are only a handful of dust, like the fervent heart that prompted them.

Once, jealous of that earlier Elvire whom Alphonse had known by the shores of Baia, the poor lady questioned Aymon de Virieu as to the qualities of the fisher's daughter. The guileless youth replied, 'Oui, c'était une excellente petite personne, pleine de 'cœur et qui a bien regretté Alphonse.' And thereupon Madame

Charles throws up her wasted hands to heaven. 'Mais elle est 'morte de douleur, la malheureuse! Elle l'aimait avec idolatrie! 'Elle n'a pas pu survivre à son départ!' Is that the right way to speak of a 'femme angélique'? Or was Lamartine's passion a delusion?

'Et moi aussi, cher Alphonse, vous me louez, vous m'exaltez et vous m'aimez, parce que vous me croyez un être supérieur. Mais que l'illusion cesse, que quelqu'un déchire le voile, et que me restera-t-il, si vous pouvez vous tromper ainsi dans vos jugements? Est-ce donc l'imagination qui s'enflamme chez vous? . . . Oh, mon ange, je ne puis le croire et cependant je tremble! Si un jour, cher Alphonse, on allait vous dire de moi: c'etait une bonne femme, pleine de cœur, qui vous aimait.'

Peace, poor lady, 'Le Lac,' 'Le Vallon,' 'Le Crucifix,' have made immortal the memory of Elvire.

VIII.

Lamartine kept his tryst at Aix alone. Julie was dying.

'O lac! L'année à peine a fini sa carrière,
Et près des flots chéris qu'elle devait revoir,
Regarde! je viens seul m'asseoir sur cette pierre
Où tu la vis s'asseoir.'

They never met again. Madame Charles died in Paris, under her husband's roof. Aymon de Virieu brought the despairing lover the crucifix which had received her dying breath.

Lamartine was at Milly. For three days and nights he roamed the woods and fields like a man distraught. When he returned, it was to magnify the memory of his loss by those meditations which embalm the name of Elvire, her pious end, and celebrate her soul in heaven. They are, 'Isolement,' 'Le Désespoir,' 'L'Appa-'rition,' 'Souvenir,' 'Le Crucifix,' 'Les Etoiles.' . . . 'Julie 'était morte (writes M. Doumic), Elvire allait commencer à vivre. 'Comme on voit dans des légendes naïves et pleines de sens toute 'une floraison jaillir d'une tombe à peine fermée, ainsi sur la 'tombe de la jeune femme l'amour refleurissait en poésie.'

In one of his Meditations the poet feigns that God created for the use of men two different kinds of speech, the one articulate, sensible and variable, the other mute, instinctive, eternal, universal. Those rare souls who command the 'langage senti' express themselves in sighs, dumb ardours, sudden illuminations. It was in this burning and silent tongue, felt not heard, that Lamartine drew from his heart that secret elegy of Elvire whose broken echo haunts the noblest of his poems, like a passion.

Art. VIII.—THE MENACE OF THE DESERT.

1. *The Desert and the Sown.* By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Heinemann : London, 1907.
2. *In the Desert.* By L. March Phillipps. Arnold : London, 1905.
3. *Esto Perpetua.* By H. Belloc. Duckworth : London, 1906.

It is probable that at no time, since the first conquests of the race, have the Arab people and Arab politics so attracted the attention of the West as now, when the ambition and common desire for expansion of the European nations encounter in so many quarters the opposition of Arab ideas and the Moslem faith. There is, indeed, the difference that in the seventh century the Arabs were the aggressors, the era being for them one of sudden and violent expansion, while at the present time the reverse is the case and it is the Arab states and frontiers which are everywhere yielding to, or being threatened by, the advance of the modern nations. Twelve hundred years ago the Arab was advancing upon Europe ; to-day Europe is everywhere advancing upon the Arab. Still, the net result is the same in this : that we are all, now as then, concerned with Arab doings. The race is an important factor once more in European politics, and each Western nation, with responsibilities already incurred, or dreams of territorial expansion to be gratified, in regard to some Arab state or other, is more or less intimately interested in the actions and aspirations of Arabs generally.

At the same time, when we speak thus of Arab states, what do we mean ? We do not necessarily mean states in which the population is wholly, or even chiefly Arab, but states in which the Arab influence predominates. All through Northern Africa, for instance, the Arabs are heavily outnumbered by the native races ; yet we always speak of those states as Arab, and we do so because ever since the Arab invasion they have been permeated with Arab ideas and submitted in all the crises of their history to the ascendency of the Arab character and the Arab influence. The same is the case throughout many of the regions and coasts and cities of the near East. The people are referred to as Arab because the Arab type is the dominating and only clearly defined one. So of the traders and slavers of East Africa : they are all, as Sir Frederick Lugard tells us, called Arab though but a remnant of them are of the genuine desert breed. They have, however, adopted the Arab religion and assimilated Arab ideas, and so imbued are they with the influence of the stronger race that in habit and conduct they pass as Arabs themselves.

This Arab influence is worth considering. It is both potent and peculiar, and has made a profound mark of its own in history. Arabia was no populous and teeming nation which could pour forth its millions to colonise and settle and subdue by sheer weight of numbers, and the effect produced by the sparse Bedouin armies of the desert was certainly not due to the causes which explain the success of the Gothic or Hunnish inundations. Nor was it due to their martial prowess, even, for though impetuous in attack they had no knowledge how to organise conquest, and the roads and garrison towns and fortified camps which assured Rome of her prey played but an insignificant part in the Arab military system. What carried them forward in the first place was, no doubt, their own furious energy, but what assured them dominion, or at least a dominating influence, was the power they possessed of making their ideas felt and accepted, of exerting over other races a natural ascendency and communicating to them their own impetus. This influence never failed of its effect. By the time of the Crusades, in Syria itself, every living trace of Greek, Roman and Byzantine civilisation had already become blotted out, and the mixture of many races had so completely absorbed the thoughts and feelings of the Arabs as to have become, to all appearance, Arabs themselves. From the date of the Arab occupation every enterprise emanating from any country that had fallen under the Arab spell became an Arab enterprise. The invasion of Spain, though the work not of the Arab race, but of their Berber allies from the opposite coasts of Africa, is still thought of as an Arab, or, to give the desert breed its more romantic title, a Saracen invasion ; just as the Syrian resistance to the Crusaders always has been and still is thought of as a Saracen resistance. Technically we may be inaccurate in our use of words, but essentially we are right. Whatever may have been in either case the proportion of men of Saracen blood engaged, it was Saracenism that beat back the Cross on the plains of Syria and Saracenism that carried the Crescent over the Pyrenees. It was, that is to say, the desert *élan*, the physical and spiritual impetuosity which the emotional temperament has so extraordinary a power of communicating, which was able to combine the dregs of effete races in strenuous action, or inspire among mountain tribes, hitherto content with their own fastnesses, the thirst for great exploits and romantic adventures.

This power of communicating to others its own impetus is undoubtedly what explains the influence of the Arab in the past. But, being as it is an inalienable racial characteristic, it explains

also his influence at the present time. That influence even now, though yielding wherever it directly encounters Western civilisation, is by no means a decadent influence. On the contrary, in many regions and among many races it is an expanding and progressive influence. And wherever it expands and makes progress it does so by the same means and the same agency which spread it so effectually thirteen centuries ago; it does so, that is to say, by the emotional appeal it exerts and the stimulus it seems able to communicate to all who come within its reach.

Throughout Central Africa at the present moment the increase of Arab prestige is the occasion among not a few keen onlookers of a certain solicitude; and although among those tribes the Arabs are mere isolated missionaries, yet the effect of their presence is still felt in the same manner in which it was always felt in ancient times. It is felt as an incentive and stimulus to action. The French in Algeria and throughout their territory in the Sudan have had frequent experience of the sudden and fiery outbursts of energy which contact with the Arabs can arouse not only among the tribes of the northern hills but among those of the southern jungles. We, too, and that within the year, have had to deal with risings among the inhabitants of Northern Nigeria of which the origin was credibly assigned to the influence of the Saharan Arabs. The action of a force so elusive and intangible may well be difficult to trace, and it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that this vague menace should have given rise to rumours so picturesque and terrible that the imagination of some people already presents Central Africa to them as a vast continent seething with latent rebellion, fostered and directed by Arab enterprise, and prepared to rise at the given signal and exterminate the intrusive whites to a man. Cooler critics, while rejecting these phantasies, are prepared to admit the spread of late years of the Arab influence throughout these regions, and with it a considerable accession of energy and initiative, and in some quarters unrest, on the part of the native tribes. Doubtless El Islam as a religious teaching is responsible for much of this effect, but it is to be noted, as regards this, that it is impossible to separate the Arab religion from the Arabs themselves whose character and temperament it perfectly embodies. None have ever succeeded in propagating the faith save Arabs, and every great movement of revival and resuscitation which has fanned Mohammedanism to a fresh blaze has proceeded direct from the desert. The truth is Mohammedanism may be considered as a convertible term for that 'Saracenism' of which we just now spoke, the effect

of which was so wonderfully to inflame and stimulate all receivers of it. It is the name of the Arab influence—of that influence, so difficult to account for logically, yet so impossible to mistake in its effects, which is to be traced to-day, as it was to be traced centuries ago, by a certain glow of excitement and animation which everywhere mark the range of its operations.

Such an influence is difficult of comprehension to an Englishman. We are ourselves in the main a practical and reasonable people. Our actions are usually based on tangible causes and directed to rational ends. We expect in others the same motives and mental conditions, and are baffled when they are not forthcoming. The Arab is certainly neither practical nor reasonable, and it would puzzle himself to specify the causes or the objects which prompt his fitful and impulsive enterprises. And yet, though he may not be able to direct the energy he awakens to any intelligible purpose, this does not make him any the less successful in awakening it. Among Orientals, for the most part contemplative and inclined to quiescence, the nervous and high-strung Arab is a goad pricking to perpetual restlessness. Those who belonged to the Egyptian Army in the days when Wady Halfa was the front, and Sarras the furthest outpost, will remember the days and nights of strained vigilance and the attack that came at last like the swoop of a kite out of the bare sky. Unreasoned, unthinking, blind, but constructed of pure impetuosity, those dervish attacks had the very quality of the Arab temperament. How many such tales have the chasseurs and spahis of the French army of occupation to tell? This Arab *élan* once known is not forgotten, for its fiery and glancing motion is like no other human force. Moreover, wherever it abides its effect is perceptible. Wherever there exist centres of unappeasable strife or unrest, whether in the Yemen, or on the Upper Nile, or in the depths of the Sahara, or amid the tropical forests of Central Africa, *cherchez l'Arabe*. He belongs to a race which in the nature and degree of its influence on others stands alone. Many races have passed through the phase that craves action and free outlet for the adventurous and romantic instincts; but only the Arab, so far as we know, has remained permanently established in that phase; only the Arab has so absorbed the restless, adventurous craving into his whole being that it has become a permanent racial characteristic, an influence which he unconsciously radiates round him, upon all with whom he comes in contact.

Such a personality, we repeat, must appear of quite exceptional interest, and the very difficulty we rational Western people have in comprehending the purely emotional impulses which

govern Arab conduct will prompt us to welcome with the more eagerness any reports or descriptions by competent observers which may help to make clear that personality to our understanding. It is for such reasons we attach importance to Miss Lowthian Bell's account of her recent travels in Syria. In her preface Miss Bell tells us that she 'desired to write not so much 'a book of travel as an account of the people whom I met or 'who accompanied me on my way, and to show what the world 'is like in which they live and how it appears to them.' The better to reveal those people to us, she has for the most part allowed them to tell their own tale ; that is to say, she has jotted down as she heard them anecdotes and scraps of conversation, 'the stories with which shepherd and man-at-arms beguiled 'the hours of the march, the talk that passed from lip to lip 'round the camp fire, in the black tent of the Arab and the 'guest-chamber of the Druze, as well as the more cautious utter-'ances of Turkish and Syrian officials.' This evidently is just the kind of treatment from which we shall be most likely to realise the Arab as a living personality, and indeed as we turn the pages of Miss Bell's book the traits of such a personality begin to appear. A figure with characteristic pose and movements, a face with lineaments and a play of expression bearing witness to a well-marked individual temperament detach themselves from the background of daily incidents, and we begin to find, as our progress extends, that the details of the camp or march which we enjoyed in passing were touches which in the long run tend to combine into an intelligible portrait. We will attempt in a moment to define what seems to us to be the characteristic expression and meaning of this portrait which Miss Bell has drawn for us, but in the first place we wish to devote a few words to the literary quality of the book itself and to the circumstances which led to it being written.

A journey through the little-visited interior of Syria, on the borderland between the almost waterless Eastern deserts and the sparsely cultivated land that extends towards the Mediterranean, among tribes often hostile to each other and whose attitude towards a stranger might well seem problematical, alone save for native guides and servants picked up in the streets of Jerusalem—such a journey, with its long and arduous days in the saddle, its exposure to all weathers, and possible risks, might be one which even a man accustomed to roughing it would look back upon with a certain sense of achievement. But for a lady such a journey must demand no ordinary gifts of judgment, courage, and self-reliance, as well as physical endurance. That Miss Bell possesses the qualifications necessary for such an

undertaking is, no doubt, the reason it seems to her the most natural and easy thing in the world. The sun and sand of the desert, the rain and snow of the hills, comfortless quarters or pleasant ones, obstacles and delays or help and encouragement—she accepts them all with the same cheerful philosophy and the same pleasant humour. It is true she has had the advantage of some previous experience of the country. She has been here before, she knows the language, she has friends among the people. But it is by her own intrepidity that these advantages have been secured, and it is impossible to read the present book without desiring to compliment her warmly on her gallantry and success. We must add that her interests and researches are not limited to passing events but extend to history and archæology, and in the course of several papers contributed to the 'Revue 'Archéologique' she has added many useful observations and measurements to our knowledge of the Byzantine remains of Northern Syria. This is a matter of some importance. The main thought of this Syrian style of architecture was no doubt to shake off the involved and mongrel construction of Rome with its mixture of arch and lintel which had tyrannised so long over the classic world, and to evolve a structural scheme which, based on the principle of the arch alone, should exhibit the coherence of a single motive. The beginnings and first steps of the style as seen in Syria, so full of a growing purpose and a definite idea, so unmistakably guided and led on by the clear-sighted Greek genius, are of exceptional value and interest, and any addition to our knowledge of such remains are gratefully to be welcomed.

However, it is not with Miss Bell's archæological researches that we are rightly here concerned, but rather with her descriptions of the people and the country. The present book in which those descriptions are set forth has met with a success which it certainly deserves, but we are not sure that the praises accorded to it have been in all respects those which it could most fully justify. To equal these sketches with Kinglake's 'Eothen,' to describe them as the best book of travels that has appeared for many decades, is to burden them with a praise which rather conceals than defines their real merits. They have not, they do not pretend to have, the depth of thought and the intellectual quality which go to the making of a work of the kind indicated by such criticism. They pass lightly over the surface of many questions, but their glance is rather lively than profound.

At the same time, one signal merit they do possess. They contain scattered through their pages glimpses of Arab nature which are authentic and which collected and fitted together

indicate the man. We may say that Miss Bell has a vocation for describing the Arab. With the crackle of the first camp fire, and the listening to the first rumours and tales running on 'through the familiar stages of blood feud and cattle lifting,' there enters into the style of the narrative an unmistakable relish and gusto, and the author's welcome to the gossip of the desert—'I could have wept for joy at listening to it again'—is spoken from the heart. All, no doubt, who have such experiences to look back to must echo that exclamation; but we take it that in the generality of cases the fascination of desert travel is felt to reside more in the desert itself than in the people inhabiting it. It is the wildness of the landscape, the wandering life and lightly shifted camp, the stimulating, pure air at once burning and bracing, and the vastness of the great vault of the sky above which create the durable, the remembered impression, and on the effects of which the traveller in his description is most apt to dwell. But in the present instance it is otherwise. We have rarely read a description of foreign travel in which the scenery itself plays so inconspicuous a part. The truth is Miss Bell can never divert her attention from the people to the landscape for more than a minute or two. She would rather chat with any wanderer whom chance might throw in her way than pore in secret over the finest scenery in the world. The longest day's march leaves her not too tired for a visit to the Sheikh of the tribe or village in which she camps and a chat which ranges impartially from the immediate affairs of the neighbourhood, and the quarrels in which the tribe may be more particularly interested, to imperial politics and the designs and prospects of the Turkish Government; while her memory for old friends and acquaintances, made during her travels of five years before, and the knowledge she retains of their affairs are sufficient of themselves to account for her hosts' pleasure in seeing her and the invariable hospitality with which she is entertained.

It is just this eager sociability and quick personal sympathy which is the author's main qualification for her task of interpreter. She has the knack of catching, among the light phrases of daily talk, just those which will be found to weave together into an intelligible character sketch. Not that this is at all her conscious object. The conversation moves freely, touching many topics with a light deftness and sense of humour which draw the reader pleasantly on. Sometimes it penetrates. It would be difficult, for instance, to indicate more curtly the nature of a certain profound suspicion than is done in a few sentences of conversation between Miss Bell and a Turkish pasha.

'Excellency,' said I, 'we English are a maritime people, and there are but two places that concern us in all Arabia.'

'I know,' he interpolated, 'Mecca and Medina.'

'No,' said I, 'Aden and Kweit.'

In the same way the characteristic methods of Turkish government, the railway extension schemes, the English occupation of Egypt and other general political and social topics are from time to time presented to us very interestingly from the Oriental point of view. But it is not these reports which seem to us most valuable, but much more those everyday, casual descriptions and scraps of talk which seem dictated by nothing more than a friendly interest in the people. It is here Miss Bell is most herself. The only deeply felt allusion to desert scenery we have come across in these pages is one in which, after a talk with the Arabs, she seems to catch their point of view and to see the desert for a moment as they see it. The occasion is characteristic. We are riding through a plain, deserted and almost featureless, yet abounding in names.

'A rise in the ground, a big stone, a vestige of ruin, not to speak of every possible hollow in which there may be water either in winter or in summer, these are marks sufficiently distinguishing to the nomad eye. . . . We presently came to a little mount which Gablan called Thelet el Hirsheh, and then to another rather smaller called Theleleh, and here Gablan drew rein and pointed to a couple of fire-blackened stones upon the ground. "That," said he, "was my hearth. Here I camped five years ago. Yonder was my father's tent, and the son of my uncle pitched his below the slope." And then after an interlude the same topic is recurred to, and Gablan sums the subject up in a sentence. "By God," said he, "the plain is covered with places wherein I rested." The words are a clue. "I looked out beyond him into the night and saw the desert with his eyes, no longer empty, but set thicker with human associations than any city. Every line of it took on significance, every stone was like the ghost of a hearth in which the warmth of Arab life was hardly cold, though the fire might have been extinguished this hundred years.'

With most people it is the desert that interprets the Arab. With Miss Bell it is the Arab who interprets the desert. It is natural that it should be so. The merit of the present book, we repeat, consists pre-eminently in the sympathy and understanding which exists between the author and the desert tribes.

What then, let us go on to ask, are the results in the direction of Arab portraiture to be derived from these casual notes and wayside jottings? Miss Bell attempts no *résumé* and final summing up of her own, but she supplies such hints and information as render the task comparatively easy or at any rate tempting.

It is easy at least to detach one or two main traits. The journey we are taking part in extended from the borders of the desert, fifty miles east of Jerusalem, northward, *via* Damascus, to Aleppo and thence to Antioch, and from the first moment of our setting out one chief characteristic of Arab life, the Arab love of fighting and the chronic state of dissension in which the tribes dwell, is accentuated. Nay, even before our actual setting out the note is struck, the servants engaged having seriously to consider the politics of the tribes through whose territory the journey is to lie, and the chances of having their throats cut by feudal enemies *en route*. This preliminary hint is developed as we proceed. Not only are feuds and forays the mainstay of desert gossip, they are the most exciting and prevalent occupation of desert life. The talk is not of battles long ago, but of those of last year, or this year; or perhaps of those now pending, and for which preparation is being made. The supply of such adventures is ever fresh, and we have scarcely made our entry into the desert with Miss Bell and her little caravan when we find ourselves in the track of a raiding party which the very day before 'had swept these plains, sur-'prised an outlying group of the Beni Hassan, and carried off the 'tents, together with two thousand head of cattle.' The incident and the scenes of destitution it had occasioned turn the conversation on to the *ghazu*, or raid, and the etiquette that governs it, and the author gives us a picture of the uncertainty of Arab fortunes. They are, she says,

'as varied as those of a gambler on the Stock Exchange. One day he is the richest man in the desert, and next morning he may not have a single camel foal to his name. He lives in a state of war, and even if the surest pledges have been exchanged with the neighbouring tribes there is no certainty that a band of raiders from hundreds of miles away will not descend on his camp in the night, as a tribe unknown to Syria, the Beni Awajeh, fell, two years ago, on the lands south-east of Aleppo, crossing three hundred miles of desert, Marduf (two on a camel), from their seat above Baghdad, carrying off all the cattle and killing scores of people.'

To 'live in a state of war,' however, is to the Arab no discomfort. We remember to have read a vivid account by a naturalist of the state of fear for their lives in which birds and animals for the most part exist, of the unceasing vigilance which the thrush upon the lawn must exert if it is to escape its never distant enemies, and of the utter impossibility of the human temperament and human nerves supporting for long so intolerable a strain. The writer had perhaps in this connexion overlooked the Arabs. They, we imagine, far from finding such an

existence intolerable, would discover in it all that most suited their requirements. Nay, such is the life they make for themselves; such an atmosphere of perpetual risks and reprisals, of chasing and being chased, is the atmosphere in which they dwell for choice, and which they find most conducive to their happiness and well-being.

We speak of what is familiar, but not of the less importance perhaps on that account. Everyone knows the Arab is excitable. But it is one thing to have the usual cognisance of the fact and quite another to realise and understand the temperament which thus expresses itself. Yet, if we are really to appreciate the Arab influence, not only in history, but in the present within the limits and along many of the frontiers of our own Empire, it is the temperament of the race, the source and fountain head of all action with which we are concerned. Now in regard to the Arab fighting instinct there is a difference between this and the fighting instinct of most races. The generality of people are ready enough to fight on occasion, but they usually do not fight without some reason or provocation, and once resolved to fight they fight in deadly earnest with all the determination, tenacity and doggedness of which they are capable. The fighting mood, however, is not among such races the normal mood. It is one that requires to be stimulated and aroused by motives outside itself. Ambition, rivalry, patriotism, the thirst for dominion are its common incentives, but stimulated by some means or other it must be. It does not exist as a natural and chronic condition of the mind.

In the Arab, however, it does so exist. 'How many thousand 'years this state of things has lasted,' Miss Bell observes of the Arab inter-tribal feuds and forays, 'those who shall read the 'earliest records of the inner desert will tell us, for it goes back 'to the first of them.' This Arab warfare has its own character. It lacks much of the sternness and settled purpose that we usually associate with the word, being indeed occasioned less by the desire to kill and overcome than by the wish to relieve a constant nervous excitability. 'The spirit of adventure finds 'full scope in it—you can picture the excitement of the night 'ride across the plain, the rush of the mares in the attack, the 'glorious (and comparatively innocuous) popping of rifles and 'the exhilaration of knowing yourself a fine fellow as you turn 'homewards with the spoil.' Miss Bell likens these desert forays to a fantasia with a spice of danger added, and, indeed, the wild games which are often to be seen in the neighbourhood of desert towns and settlements, what with the whirling dust, and galloping horses, and bournouses streaming in the wind,

and rifles cracking at hazard in all directions, are not so very far removed, we have often thought, from something other than play. They indicate the closeness of fun to fighting in the Arab estimation, and a pastime so like to the real thing would seem to indicate that the real thing may be regarded almost in the light of a pastime. Miss Bell contrasts in this respect the instincts of the Arab and the Druze. To the former, raiding is the game *par excellence* of the desert, a relaxation rather than a grave and desperate undertaking; to the latter it is fearful earnest; a business to be inaugurated deliberately with grim ceremonies and bloody resolution, and to be prosecuted to extermination. Of the two the Druze is certainly the most formidable adversary, but the Arab is the most persistent and irrepressible. No days of obstinate fighting, patient, dogged, and hand-to-hand, are connected with Arab warfare; nevertheless, of his own style of fighting—a style elusive and flexible, abounding in ambushes and surprises, and rich in galloping, shooting and shouting—he never tires. On these lines he will, as a rule, take on any adversary day after day for every day in the year, the only exception being when such an adversary is so scientifically armed as to be able to deal a blow heavy enough, for a while at least, to stun and crush him. Short of such a catastrophe he will ask nothing better than to fight on and off from one year's end to another, and the reason he is able to persist in so desperate a pastime is not that he is fiercer or more bloodthirsty than other people, but simply because fighting—his kind of fighting, that is—is for him the expression of a mental condition in which he exists habitually.

This is what, as an index to character, is illuminating. We are speaking, of course, not of the town Arabs, more properly called Moors, but of those tribes who still, whether in Syria, Arabia, or North Africa, dwell in the desert and imbibe from it that fiery and intractable spirit which seems indigenous to those burning wastes of sand. A single week passed under the same conditions will initiate the stranger more deeply into the secrets of the Arab temperament than many pages of writing. He will understand when he has inhaled that intoxicating air and galloped over those free interminable spaces how it is that a race thus nurtured may come to be endowed with a nervous organisation so high strung that actions exceptional among ordinary people may to it become usual and customary. We might easily, were it necessary, illustrate this quality of the Arab temperament from the works of many writers. Burton and Burckhardt would furnish us with abundant testimony, while if we had recourse to that work which, as an authority on desert

life must eclipse all others, and consulted those wonderful volumes in which Mr. Doughty has recorded the experiences of his many years of life among the Bedouins, we could abundantly confirm the impression already received of the prevalent trait in Arab character. But, in fact, the whole course of Arab history is a confirmation. The original Arab eruption—the overflow of impetuosity stored up and hitherto contained within the limits of the desert—stands out by itself in history as an exhibition of pure energy. It exhibits on a tremendous scale a quality instantly recognisable by all who have ever had experience of the ways of Arabs—the quality namely of an intense nervous excitability; an excitability not transitory but sustained, feeding on the headlong motion and perpetual conflict which commonly exhaust such a mood, and normal in this race alone. Arab poetry, again, contains the most consistent expression extant of this mood. The chivalric poetry of Europe is excitable and martial enough for anything; still it treats fighting only as an important incident in life; a fine accomplishment, a noble pastime. The main part of the ballad poetry of medieval Europe is concerned with other aspects of life. But, to judge by Arab poetry, the feud and the foray are to the Arab life itself. Not only does poem after poem centre in the actual contest, but all lesser and subsequent motives derive from that central one their significance. Pathos and pity gather round the wife whose husband has fallen in combat, or the warrior who mourns the loss of his comrade and recalls his noble qualities and the intimacies of their friendship. Magnanimity and dignity ennoble the captured chief, a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, wounded, doomed, but unshakable in fortitude. Every impulse of generosity and loyalty, every tie of friendship and love, all common hopes and memories and ambitions are made the incentive to renewed action and a more desperate attack on the clan's enemies. In short, all the feelings and emotions dealt with either proceed from or lead up to the combats and deadly feuds in which all the tribes seem to have been perpetually engaged. In this way Arab poetry combines with Arab action to depict for us a race formed by nature of so electrical a temperament that foray and raid and whirling charge seem to it as commonplace occupations as a country walk or a round of golf might seem to an Englishman of to-day.

We might easily trace the same excitability of temperament in many minor manifestations, for it is a quality which, established in the depths of the Arab's nature, peeps out in all he says and does. Guided always by feeling and emotion, his glance and manner have a sensitiveness and readiness of

apprehension which are entirely new in the experience of a Western traveller. His acute sensibility is acted upon by the slightest causes—by causes which often elude the observation of the more phlegmatic European entirely. Indeed, so purely racial is this alertness and so much evidently a matter of environment and upbringing, that it is inevitably lost by those Arabs who betake themselves to the life of cities and associate with other races. They are infected by the duller apprehension of those among whom they dwell. They catch a vulgar habit of laughing, and their manners lose the fineness of their edge and become familiar and second-rate. A similar change seems to creep through their nature. They forfeit in some degree that intense, quivering alertness which is so notable a characteristic of the desert Arab, and grow callous and indifferent. Even in physical appearance they change, and the lean sinewy limbs assume a plumpness and sleekness which are far from being desert attributes.

It is, however, in their condition of primitive refinement, unspoiled or very little spoiled by contact with the West, that we make acquaintance with Arab manners in this book. Miss Bell is sensitive to their charm, and makes us sensitive to it too. Gablan in particular, cousin to the Sheikh of the ruling house of the Da'ja, who comes to guide the lady to his uncle's tents, and who remains with her until their approach to the territory of his blood enemies renders his return necessary, is irresistible. The reader of these pages gets as fond of him as the author herself. His courtesy, his easy, effortless understanding, his responsiveness, so sure and quick that he often gets ahead of his interlocutor and puts her thought or feeling into a better phrase for her, combine to make of him a most attractive personality. In every word he speaks there are apparent the deftness and sensitiveness of a nature guided not by rule, but by its own immediate impulses and emotions. Latent under that sensibility we divine easily the presence of a certain fiery impetuosity of temperament, a nervous system sharp set and responsive as a hair trigger to the faintest touch, and realise the man as a perennial source of an exciting and stimulating influence.

But to this there is something else to be added. If intense nervous energy is the chief Arab attribute, the instrument with which he has written his signature in history, yet everyone, we imagine, must have been struck by a certain condition inexorably attending upon this energy and shadowing it in its progress through the world. Everyone must have noticed that this energy is after all a barren energy, that it seems powerless to bear fruit or accomplish any tangible results. Miss Bell herself

is struck by this. She feels, what all must feel who have become acquainted with the fitful gusts of Arab impulse, the utter impossibility of the race ever accomplishing anything structural, whether in the way of art and science and civilisation, or of a permanent government, or of a stable and settled social organisation. 'There is no nation of Arabs.' The Arab merchants of the towns are nearer to the Turks than they are to their own brethren of the desert. Syria itself is 'inhabited by Arabic-'speaking races all eager to be at each other's throats, and only 'prevented from fulfilling their natural desires by the ragged, 'half-fed soldier who draws at rare intervals the Sultan's pay.' No ordered progression, no coherence of these volatile and eddying human particles, seems possible. 'Of what value,' asks Miss Bell, half scornfully, half sorrowfully, 'are the pan-'Arabic associations and the inflammatory leaflets that they 'issue from foreign printing presses? The answer is easy—'they are worth nothing at all.' And they are worth nothing at all, at least to the Arab, because, even were they to add to his energy and hearten him for fresh contests with his would-be rulers, or even enable him to shake himself free from these and declare a temporary independence, yet they never can endow the Arab character with that constructive instinct and capacity for united action of which the very rudiments are lacking in it.

Add, then, to unparalleled energy an entire want of the constructive sense, and you obtain some idea of the why and wherefore of the sinister effects which the presence of the Arab invariably produces. There is no country which Arabs have inhabited, and in which they have been permitted to run their course, which has not been brought to ruin or to the verge of it by their presence. Such a country is Irak, the ancient Mesopotamia, once the rival in fertility of Egypt, now little better than a desert, its stately cities that stood surrounded by gardens and palm groves obliterated or vaguely indicated by a few crumbling ruins. The elaborate system of canals, which once distributed the waters of its two parent rivers over the land, have fallen in or become silted up, and the water now idly evaporates from stagnant marshes. The sand has eaten up the arable land, and the signs of human occupation and of a prosperity which goes back before the dawn of history are almost wholly blotted out. It is from the Arab occupation that this ruin dates. The power of organisation and of patient co-operative labour necessary to keep in working order the vast scheme of irrigation on which the life of the country depended were qualities wanting in the new invaders. The scheme ceased by degrees to work, and the

wind and the sand did the rest. And this is no solitary instance. But for the fact that the Nile distributes its water automatically the same fate would long ago have overtaken Egypt, as, in great measure, it has overtaken the rest of North Africa. Of the thoughts suggested by a brief visit to Algeria, this thought of the fugitive character of all Arab designs and the inevitable association of the race with ruin and decay seems to have been the chief that occurred to Mr. Belloc and haunted him in his travels through the country. The relics of the Roman era survive on all hands, but always amid desolation. 'To round a 'sandy hill without trees or men, and to come, beyond a dry 'watercourse, upon those enormous evidences of our fore-'runners and their energy,' is a common experience of the traveller. They exist 'sometimes in the desert, nearly always 'in a solitude. . . . The silence and the loneliness frame them.' We know well who were the architects of that desolation, that loneliness. The signs that never fail to accompany the Arab attended his settlement in Algeria. 'Gradually the wells 'filled; the forests were felled in bulk; none were replanted. Of 'the olive gardens, the stone presses alone remain. One may 'find them still beneath the sand, recalling the fat of oil. But 'there, to-day, not a spear of grass will grow, and the Sahara 'has already crept in.'

But Mr. Belloc, if we may say so, is in error in supposing that this kind of desolation is confined to the country in which he is travelling. 'It is indeed the peculiar mark of Barbary,' he says, 'which makes it a scene of travel different from all 'others, that everywhere the huge monuments of Rome stand 'out in complete desertion.' Far from being the peculiar mark of Barbary, this association of past greatness and stability and order with present emptiness and sterility is characteristic of every country throughout the Near East where Arab rule, or Arab anarchy rather, has succeeded to Roman government. It is brought home to us vividly by Miss Bell's descriptions, and more vividly still perhaps by her camera. Of the photographs lavishly scattered through her book we should say that at least half were of ruins, either of Byzantine or of Roman date. They accompany us through the journey, and we become well accustomed to the sight of the familiar fluted columns, with their Corinthian capitals, standing by ones and twos among heaped fragments and scattered stones, or the remains of walls built of the unmistakable accurately jointed blocks, or great gateways leading to nowhere, yet still enduring with the awful tenacity of all Roman designs, or long beams of entablature, carved with the egg and dart, strewn upon the ground with branches of

asphodel growing in the gaps between. The wealth of these remains, forming a veritable succession of the ghosts of ancient cities through which we journey from day to day, testifies unmistakably to the presence here, under Rome's government, of an ample and settled population. Where is that population now? One after another, we turn these pictures and see, extending on all sides round the vestiges of ruined stateliness, scenes of an utter desolation. Sandy untenanted plains and arid stony tracts, empty of life save for some wandering goatherd with his few lean goats, frame ruin after ruin instead of the irrigated and tilled lands that once encompassed them. Here, too, 'not a spear of grass will grow.' The reader who has learnt to recognise the character of a particular race's handiwork will not need the sight of the occasional alert and hawk-eyed Bedouin, sitting on his mare by broken wall or arch, which these photographs sometimes display to guess the author of so complete a desolation.

We cannot here stay to trace the steps whereby the old civilisation of the Roman and Byzantine Empires was gradually obliterated. The process dates from the Arab conquest in the seventh century,and the root of it is to be sought in the profound, instinctive repugnance of the Arab for anything in the nature of habit, routine, a settled existence, a fixed round of duties. It is a part of the interest of Miss Bell's book that it introduces us to this instinct in its immediate operation and as it affects the fortunes of the tribes to-day. We have, for instance, a typical conversation over the coffee, which throws light on the position of certain tribes of the Belka. 'They are hard pressed by 'encroaching civilisation. Their summer quarters are gradually 'being filled up with fellahin, and, still worse, their summer 'watering places are now occupied by Circassian colonists settled 'by the Sultan in Eastern Syria.' The Circassians, it seems, are a disagreeable people enough,

'but industrious and enterprising beyond measure, and in their daily contests with the Arabs they invariably come off victors.' Miss Bell adds that, 'to judge by the ruins, it will be possible, as it was possible in past centuries, to establish a fixed population all over their territory, and they (the Arabs) will have to choose between themselves building villages and cultivating the ground or retreating to the East.'

The conclusion is that 'the days of the Belka Arabs are 'numbered.'

It will be seen that the Arabs are spoken of as if they were a kind of wild animal which must needs be driven from its

haunts by the presence of the settled habitations and occupations of man. Industry and enterprise are qualities they cannot participate in. If it is a question of building cottages and cultivating the ground or going, they must go. They have brought in the desert, and any influence that threatens the desolation they have introduced threatens their own existence. De Vogüé in his work on Central Syria arrives, we may note, at exactly the same conclusion.

'Quand, par suite de la faiblesse du gouvernement turc (he says), les tribus envahissent le territoire cultivé, la population et la culture disparaissent, les villages abandonnés tombent en ruines, les champs se couvrent d'une végétation parasite, le désert gagne : le jour où un pouvoir plus fort et plus soucieux de ses véritables intérêts aura succédé à l'administration actuelle, le désert reculera devant la civilisation.'

It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to point out how, all along the southern seaboard of the Mediterranean, throughout Tripoli, Tunisia and Morocco, as well as Algeria, of which we have already spoken, the same effects have followed the Arab occupation. Even in the case of Spain, so often cited as an example of the capacity of Arab civilisation, a closer glance reveals the fact that their civilisation consisted in little more than a veneer of Oriental luxury, unsupported by any consciousness of national life, relegated to a narrow corner of the Continent and kept in being rather by the constant presence and pressure of outside danger than by any inherent vitality of its own. In the same way Sir Charles Eliot in his history of the East Africa Protectorate has recently pointed out that the prolonged Arab occupation of the country has introduced nothing of durable value, and that their influence has been intensely anti-social and antagonistic to all peaceful settlement. In one form of industry alone do they excel. 'It is as slave-owners and slave-traders only that 'the Arabs have cut a figure in East Africa.' Even from those mid-Saharan oases, subdued during the last few years by French expeditionary forces, reports of the same general character reach us. The Berber communities among these oases, like the Druzes of the Syrian hills, have shown themselves not without an instinct for self-government, and their assemblies of chiefs have exercised a universally accepted and so to speak constitutional authority. Among the Arabs, on the contrary, there exists no such recognised authority; no kind of law and order is maintained, and government consists for the most part in individual supremacy, not openly acknowledged but surreptitiously established by cabals and secret intrigues among the

leaders. The accounts of these petty plots and counterplots precisely correspond with all that we know of the methods of Arab rule in Syria, Spain and elsewhere. That rule has never been based on any intelligible principle, for the Arabs in all ages appear to have been as impatient of despotism as they were incapable of evolving any scheme of a rational self-government of their own. The consequence has been a tendency to furious but futile risings on the part of the people, risings that have achieved perhaps the murder of a favourite or the massacre of a faction, but have never been the means of inaugurating any more logical and durable governing system; while in the intervals of such risings the perpetual plotting and intriguing have been carried on with true Oriental subtlety and diligence, and the death of a sovereign, or, in a minor degree, of any lesser potentate, was usually the signal for a silent struggle between rival claimants, in which the dagger and the poison bowl played a recognised part. Each petty satrap of a province or governor of a city cherished ambitions which, being always individual rather than national, tended inevitably to disintegrate the empire. Scarcely had the original conquests been effected than this inclination to dismemberment showed itself, and although the empire broke, to begin with, into large pieces, and Spain, Egypt and Asia Minor might each furnish an ample sovereignty, yet in reality the same dividing influences were at work in each fragment. A thousand local and petty schemes were forwarding dissolution, and each separate kingdom might be likened to some moth-eaten vesture so corroded through and through as to be ready to drop to pieces at a touch.

To eke out the significance of such cursory indications as we are able here to bring forward we must rely necessarily on the results of the reader's own study and knowledge and experience. The acceptability of the idea of Arab character we are suggesting will depend on the degree in which it fits in with this previous knowledge and is corroborated by recollections and associations which will occur to the reader of their own accord. Much of course remains to be said; many details must be added and qualifications considered before such a sketch as we have attempted could pretend to completeness. Nevertheless, we believe that, however elaborately finished and shaded such a picture might become, the two dominant characteristics, which would always give it individuality among a whole gallery of figures, would be those two to which we have directed attention, namely an insatiable nervous energy combined with an entire lack of purpose. The energy of other races is less, but it is directed to definite ends. It is the energy of the mill-wheel

which grinds corn and fills sacks. The energy of the Arab is more, but it is the energy of the storm-beaten tree whose tossing branches bear witness to the strength of the whirlwind that lashes it, but fulfil no kind of useful function. Nor is it ever difficult to detect and recognise the working of this spirit in human affairs. Among civilised races, indeed, whose minds are steadied by the action of reason, the influence does not operate. But among all primitive and semi-savage races, who themselves trust to blind passion and impulse, but whose nature on this side is far duller and slower and, in the emotional sense, stupider than the Arab nature—among all such races the Arab is a natural king and leader, and his ascendency whenever he comes in contact with them is always instantly apparent. We were but lately turning the pages of Sir Frederick Lugard's 'East African Empire,' in which the aspect of Arab character on which we have been insisting is amply borne out. The Arab slave-trader, we are told, usually appears among the native tribes alone and as a friend, and by the superiority of his weapons, his prowess in arms, and the superior energy and initiative of his character gradually assumes a dominant position, and from being the *beau-idéal* of the savages, who imitate his dress and assume his name in lieu of their own, he becomes the leader of a band of the more adventurous spirits who are eager to enlist under a chief so irresistible, and whom he proceeds to employ in the collection and transmission of slaves. The whole process is an apt enough illustration of that strange ascendency over the more backward and lethargic races which the Arabs have ever possessed. On the other hand, if we pass to legitimate industry needing method, foresight and sagacity, the Arab breaks down entirely. Sir Frederick emphasises 'the incapacity of the Arab as a trader 'or labour master,' describes his 'insensate' business habits, and agrees with Mackay as to 'the inability of the Arab to compete 'on fair terms with other traders.' That personal ascendency and that practical incapacity seem the ingredients of Arab action in all ages. The two go hand in hand, and, however striking an impression the race may from time to time create, however bold may be its designs and far-reaching its speculations and irresistible its influence, yet all this outward show is haunted and dogged by a profound lack of coherence and mental stability which brings all its enterprises to naught.

Unstable as *sand*, he shall not excel! To those who have any knowledge of the desert and who have made acquaintance with the influence and temperament, so to speak, which emanate from these vast abodes of emptiness, the force exerted by the Arab in human affairs will seem identical with a force and an influence

of nature's own. They will think of the Bedouin tribes as the desert's emissaries, full of its own spirit and carrying out its own mission of disintegration and destruction. The stimulating, exciting effect of the desert and the desert climate, its power to whet and sharpen the senses, must be felt to be understood.

'The pureness and keenness of the air, and the wonderful brilliance of light in which you live, and which seem physically to invigorate and sustain you, enhance your consciousness and sharpen all your faculties. You are more susceptible to the least impressions. You see, hear, feel, move with an alertness quite new. Every sense is strung up, as it were, quicker, livelier, more express in its movements than heretofore.'

But this invisible yet palpable influence, what is it but the very temperament and expression which you read in the glance and walk and lineaments of the Arab at your side, and the effects of which are traceable wherever Arabs have left their mark? The similitude is obvious and striking.

'Drink in this thin scorching air. Can you not feel it refining all your senses, stirring every faculty to panther-like alertness? This is that desert *élan*, the most curious and terrible of forces, of which the world has had such memorable experience; when the Saracen hosts gathered for their rush, and

> On the wings of mighty winds
> Went flying all abroad,

this was the stuff they were full of. This was the metal of their pasture.'

On the other hand, the image of sterility which the desert impresses on the eye must needs pass on into the mind and character. On this dead landscape no thoughts can feed. Nature is engaged upon no tasks of production, and the progress of seasons is unfelt and unrecorded. All is at a standstill. 'Here, day by 'day and year by year, everything remains almost entirely un-'changed. Nothing, or almost nothing, we see invites us to 'reason forward or to reason back, but the mind is left in idle 'and stationary contemplation.' If we admit the idea of natural influence it might seem inevitable that a race immemorially habituated to such an environment should become inured to sterility and lose in great part the creative and progressive instincts which have impelled others forward.

We may add that this mode of considering the Arab as an embodiment of certain natural influences has this advantage, that it enables us to distinguish what in his history is genuine and what is not. So much has been done in his name! He has wandered to so many countries and has mingled and inter-

married with other races and forms a part of the population of so many cities! And amid these surroundings the fire had gone out of him, his effect has become *nil*, and the word 'Arab' applied to his doings is a word of no meaning. What, then, does this imply? It implies that he has strayed too far from the source of Arab vitality—from the desert, that is to say. As it is with people standing round a fire, those standing near are warmed and heated through and those further off become colder and more cold: so is it with the Arab and the desert. Those of the race who still live in that glare and imbibe that fiery atmosphere have the old qualities still, the old restlessness and fiery energy, the old magical ascendency over duller, more backward races, the old fickleness and impotence. Those who have wandered far from such conditions by degrees become Arab in nothing but the name. The whole history of the race illustrates the impossibility of divorcing its efficiency from the conditions it was bred under.

And as it has been in the past so it is to-day. Most of the European nations are aspiring, in some part of the world or other, to restore order and prosperity to those countries which have suffered the usual effects of Arab occupation. The attempt brings Europeans into contact with Arabs at many points and arouses various sorts and degrees of opposition among Arab races, and among the various ensuing conflicts or intrigues it must needs be of the first moment to be able to distinguish what is authentic and abiding from what is transitory and superficial. We hear less about pan-Islam this year than we did last, and perhaps we shall hear less about Egyptian nationality next year than we do this. For our part, remembering all that Islam has done in the past and all it has failed to do, we are led to believe that its most significant demonstrations in these days, those which are indicative of a really vital and permanent energy beneath them, are, for example, the influence of the secret but dangerous brotherhood or league of the Senoussia among the Saharan tribes, or the war that smoulders on so persistently in Southern Arabia, or the propagation of the Arab faith and Arab ascendency by missionaries from Mecca through Central Africa, or such outbursts of fanaticism as that which at the present moment is driving France to decisive action in Morocco. These it is which are the genuine manifestations of the desert spirit, which are capable of far-reaching effects and are worth careful study and consideration. In greater or less degree they are evidences of a menace which the desert has always held, which once overshadowed the world, and which yet, though shrunken and diminished, is the same in quality as it always was.

Art. IX.—SANCTA SANCTORUM.

1. *Le Trésor du Sancta Sanctorum : Monuments et Mémoires publiés par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, Fondation Eugène Piot.* Ph. Lauer. Paris : 1906.
2. *Die Kunstwerke der Münsterkirche zu Essen.* G. Humann. Düsseldorf : 1904.
3. *Kunstschätze des Aachener Kaiserdomes.* S. Beissel. Gladbach : 1904.

Though like the archives of courts and cities the sacred treasures of Europe have been so patiently searched that discoveries of moment are growing rare among them, they still prove fertile in surprises, and yield unhoped for secrets to investigation. The churches with their guarded shrines and sacristies have still their unwritten archives, full of meaning to the student of the arts ; and when by some peculiar fortune these forgotten monuments of a past age are brought into the light, it is before all things important that they should be quickly described, and their qualities recorded by some faithful method of reproduction. For they are not like manuscripts, which usually pass into accessible places, but are too often returned forthwith into the silence and obscurity from which they have been withdrawn. Nor may it prove an easy matter even for the influential inquirer to have them brought out again for further examination. Ugolino's reliquary at Orvieto is protected by many locks, of which many dignitaries hold the different keys ; the silk fabrics that cover the remains of Charlemagne have twice been removed to the darkness of the imperial shrine. Religious sentiment and zeal for the arts are sometimes in antagonism as to the manner in which such things are best preserved, and though the authorities of the Church are often actuated by the second motive, they naturally give the first precedence. There must be times when they shrink from exposing to curious eyes even the outer coverings of venerated relics, occasions when the most scrupulous inquirer seems tainted with the curiosity of Wordsworth's ' fingering slave.' But when we chafe at their hesitations, we must remember that in rougher centuries than ours the religious awe which makes shrines inaccessible has kept the lanzknechts from the holy places, and that without it little would have now survived to satisfy our thirst for knowledge. It is rather when all difficulties appear to have been already overcome that the real quarrel of the archæologist with ecclesiastical authority begins ; it is when access is freely granted

that disappointment is most frequently felt. For churches rarely show their treasures to advantage. Too often the dim religious light of the sacred building is all that penetrates to the treasure-chamber, and a man may be pardoned if, on his return out of that tantalising darkness, his gratitude is tempered by other feelings. Let anyone think of the sacristy of Monza, with its dusky cupboards and hurrying sacristan; or of the treasure of St. Mark at Venice, so imperfectly exhibited in a perpetual twilight; or of other churches in Germany and France, or wherever else the fine handiwork of the past pays by invisibility the debt of its preservation, and he cannot be blamed for yielding at least to a momentary impatience. Fortunately, the Retrospective Exhibition comes at intervals to give the photographer his chance, and keeps the vanished marvels of Düsseldorf and Paris still in some measure before our eyes. Photography has served no branch of archæology so well as that which is concerned with these fugitive monuments of Christian art. By its aid such famous treasures as those of Essen and Aix-la-Chapelle have in recent years for the first time received their full documentary value, and within the last twelve months it has rendered a still more conspicuous service. It has revealed to us the whole secret of the most impenetrable shrine in the Christian world, a place so long inviolate that it had acquired something of the mystery which gathers about sunken or buried treasure, and inevitably appeals to the imagination of mankind. This is the chapel of the old Lateran palace, formerly the church of St. Laurence *in palatio*, but now for many centuries known as the *Sancta Sanctorum*. Its interior dimly seen through gratings at the top of the *Scala Santa*, its exterior so hugged by modern structures as to be hardly seen at all, the mediæval building seems altogether apart from the stress and sound of life, withdrawn into an oceanic calm, like an atoll within the defences of its reef. There for centuries a wonderful hoard of relics had enjoyed the silence of things sacrosanct almost within the sound of the Roman traffic, such an immunity as the oldest treasures of kings have seldom found from the days of Rhampsinitus until now. The ages have seen royal crowns melted down, and the very tiara of a Pope given in pledge; other sanctuaries have been violated by revolutions or crusades; but here was a hoard which had outlived the most furious storms in the security of things forgotten and out of mind.

An authentic tradition recorded in the twelfth century by John the Deacon ascribed the ancient cypress chest or *arca cypressina* known to stand beneath the altar of the chapel to the time of Leo III. (A.D. 795–816); and the account by that writer of the

relics there deposited seemed to suggest that among its contents might be found things of a yet more venerable age. Down to about the beginning of the fourteenth century it is clear that additions were made to the store, and that certain venerated objects were frequently taken out to be carried in procession or to avert perils which threatened the city; but while the Popes were in exile at Avignon the place remained in almost perfect seclusion. When the Babylonian captivity began, the retreating Pope took with him all his other treasures, but left this shrine intact; and before the return of his successor to Rome the spot had already so grown in established sanctity that it became more and more inaccessible even to well-accredited pilgrims. In the fifteenth century the relics, if not augmented, were perhaps seldom disturbed, but, at the beginning of the century which followed, Leo X. examined the contents of the chest and exposed them for some time to the veneration of the people. It is on this occasion that some of the reliquaries may have suffered the damage by which their value has been impaired; but on the whole they have escaped in a wonderful manner from loss and mutilation. Since that time, that is to say for about four hundred years, the relics have neither been touched nor seen: the heavy doors that inclose the *arca* have never moved on their hinges; the locks of the massive iron grating within which these themselves are contained have not been opened. The very keys were lost, for it seemed that they could never again be required to perform their office. The relics which had survived the turbulence of the earlier centuries, the factions of the Roman barons, the revolution of Arnold of Brescia, the stern repressions of Brancaleone, lay undisturbed while Rienzi indulged his dream, while the Borgia reigned in the Vatican, while Julius II. and Michelangelo pursued their conquests over different worlds. Undispersed when the Constable of Bourbon sacked Rome, they were lying in the same dust when Garibaldi marched through the Porta Pia. Against the tradition of their inviolability the Popes themselves were powerless. It is said that Pius IX. went down to the Lateran with the expressed intention of opening the chest, but whether it was that others dissuaded him, or that the *religio loci* was too strong, it is certain that at the last moment he refrained, and returned without fulfilling his desire. Giovanni Battista de Rossi, the founder of Christian archæology, was never suffered to look upon the things that lay behind these bars. Except that he probably entered the chapel and stood a few paces nearer to the altar, he saw no more than any other visitor who gazes with curious eyes at an altar grated like a prison window.

It seemed as if our age of inquiry was destined to know no more of the *arca* of Leo than earlier and less inquisitive centuries, when a fortunate chance brought about the fulfilment of an almost abandoned hope. A learned Jesuit was writing upon the history of St. Agnes, and it became of importance to know whether the head of the saint was really in the chest or not. To him permission was at length granted to open the long-closed doors, and on April 12, 1903, in the presence of Cardinal Satolli, the locks were broken open and the contents exposed to view. They lay there apparently in no great order, reliquaries of bronze and silver, crystal phials and pyxes of ivory, contrasting in their perfect preservation with the dust of perished fabrics and of disintegrated human bones. The relics of St. Agnes were duly found among them and carefully examined; but these were shortly afterwards returned to their place, and no account of the other contents was published. The charm, however, had now been broken; hopes were aroused that the old ban might be removed; and in 1905 another learned Jesuit, Father Grisar of Munich, obtained access to the relics, which he was now permitted to photograph. But still no accounts of them and above all no illustrations were given to the world; and in 1906 people began to grow impatient over the delay. M. Philippe Lauer, who as a member of the French school at Rome had done meritorious work in connection with the history of the Lateran, managed with great difficulty to obtain permission to examine the objects on his own account, and have them photographed once more. The final result of his labours is now accessible in a fully illustrated monograph published by the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, from which the illustrations here given have been taken.* The things thus revealed are of extraordinary interest. Though not so venerable as the Buddhist reliquaries deposited in the stupas of India centuries before the Christian era, the cases of these Christian relics are of greater importance to the history of the arts, for their ornament is richer and their materials are far more various. The oldest of them can boast an antiquity of some fourteen hundred years, having perhaps been made before Augustine had left Rome for England, while even the more recent are almost as old as Westminster Abbey.

* Almost simultaneously with the publication of M. Lauer's first account, Father Grisar began to issue a series of articles in the 'Civiltà Cattolica' for 1906. They are of great interest and replete with ecclesiological learning, but not so finely illustrated and less exhaustive from the point of view of art history than the monograph with which we are here concerned.

Before attention is drawn to those things which seem to us to possess a special interest, we may briefly indicate the nature of the remaining objects, for the character of the treasure as a whole reflects in a notable way the artistic history of the period to which it belongs. Most of them are cases or boxes for relics of various dates, forms, and materials, and seven of the nine metal examples are of silver. The oldest of these is an oval box with a convex lid ornamented with embossed figures ; on the top is a large jewelled cross flanked by angels on the sides, busts of our Lord and six Apostles in medallions. This box closely resembles in form and style one found not very many years ago in Algeria (in the ancient province of Numidia), and presented by Cardinal Lavigerie to Leo XIII. It has also affinities with other early silver caskets at Grado and in the Louvre, and its date is quite possibly the fifth century. The next two silver cases were made to contain the two crosses here illustrated, and are also ornamented with embossed figures. The case of the enamelled cross which will shortly be discussed is a rectangular box having on the sides the same scenes as those depicted on the cross itself, and probably copied from them, though on one end the Lamb and the Four Evangelists' symbols are added. On the top, our Lord is seen seated on a throne between St. Peter and St. Paul, above whom are two busts of angels. The style of the work suggests the Carlovingian period ; while the monogrammatic form given to the wards of St. Peter's keys, and the presence of the Evangelists' symbols, almost if not quite unknown in contemporary Byzantine art, suggest that the box is of Western workmanship. The case containing the jewelled cross (Plate II.) is itself cruciform, and covered with a number of scenes from the life of Christ after the Resurrection. Round the central scene upon the lid is the inscription PASCHALIS EPISCOPUS FIERI IUSSIT, which probably refers to Paschal I. (817–824). The inscription gives us a definite date, and though there are differences of detail, we may consider that these two cases are of very much the same period. Of the remaining four silver boxes, one is of Byzantine work of the twelfth century. It is rectangular, with embossed figures of Saints on the sides, each accompanied by his name. On the lid is an interesting panel in cloisonné enamel representing the scene known in Byzantine art as the *Deesis*, that is to say, Christ between the Virgin and St. John the Baptist : the three figures are surrounded by a border of medallions, all formerly containing enamelled busts of Apostles and Saints, of which only three now remain. The box contains a head said to be that of St. Praxed, and is corded and sealed with the ' fisherman's ring ' of

Nicholas III. (1277–1281). The impression represents a figure fishing with a rod, which is an early Christian type and quite distinct from later examples which represent two Apostles drawing up their net into a boat.

The next reliquary is an oval box with engraved busts of Christ and of Apostles with their names in Greek, the whole on a groundwork of nielloed vine-scrolls. It also appears to be Byzantine work, perhaps of the thirteenth century, and contains a relic of St. John the Baptist: it has a general resemblance in the style of its ornamentation to the Saracenic metal-work of the same period. The box containing the head of St. Agnes is plain and of rectangular form, with an inscription of Honorius III. (1216–1227) on the cover. The last box of the group is also plain, but with a sliding lid. It contains the relic of the sandals of Christ, and a very beautiful silk textile with the Annunciation, which will be mentioned below. Two other metal boxes were of copper or bronze. The first is an oval box decorated in the Byzantine style of about the twelfth century, with engraved busts of the Evangelists on the sides and the Crucifixion on the top: it contained bones, fragments of textiles, and what is probably the earliest wax *Agnus Dei* in existence. The second was a plain tinned box, containing two wooden panels with painted figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, unlabelled bones wrapped in an early silk textile representing Samson and the lion, and labelled relics of St. John the Baptist and St. Jerome.

In ivory there is a cylindrical pyxis, pagan work of about the fourth century, with a Bacchic scene in relief, the type being that of the Roman jewel-box which Christians adopted for use as reliquary or pyx; and a flat panel, probably the sliding lid of a box like a Roman money-box, carved with the healing of the blind man in the style of the early sixth century. Among other ivory caskets two are important. The first is probably of the twelfth century, cylindrical, and similar to one preserved in the church of St. Gereon at Cologne. It has a Cufic inscription round the lid, and contains an interesting little rock-crystal vase of oriental fashion, with a pyramidal cover and gold mounts, in which are a hair of St. John the Evangelist and a tooth of St. John the Baptist, with a label of the thirteenth century. The second is a rectangular box of smooth white ivory, painted with a peacock and other birds, and mounted in gilt bronze. It is of the Siculo-Arabian type, known from numerous examples, and well represented at South Kensington. It contains sachets of relics, and its date is the thirteenth century. There are besides about a dozen boxes of cedar and other woods, some painted, others plain, mostly

containing relics; a number of glass phials, and various miscellaneous objects. We must also briefly notice the labels, chiefly of parchment, in which the relics are described, and the pieces of manuscripts in which some of them were wrapped. The descriptions are written in hands of various periods between the sixth and thirteenth centuries, none appearing to be of a later date; and the great majority are in Latin. In one case a fragment of a manuscript of Livy (Book xxxiv. 37), dating from the fifth or sixth century, has been used for labels; but as a rule such fragments served as wrappers. One is from a musical manuscript of the twelfth or thirteenth century; three others are parts of letters of similar date, two addressed to Pope Gelasius II. There are two fragments of papyrus.

This summary review of the contents of the chest shows that the reliquaries by the style of their art, and the labels by the hands in which they are written, confirm the traditional history of the Sancta Sanctorum. There appears to be nothing, or at any rate nothing of any importance, later in date than the beginning of the fourteenth century. Everything therefore belongs to the years of struggle and adversity when Rome was fighting for her pride of place with enemies without and enemies within—with the Goths and the Lombards beyond her walls, and with the lawless nobles in her streets who feared neither God nor His vicegerent upon earth. The Exarchs came and went; Popes fled from the ungovernable city; there was but an interlude of peace when the Frank held his ægis over the chair of St. Peter. It was inevitable that at such times the arts should eke out a mean existence, and that the Romans should receive from foreign hands the work which they could no longer produce with their own. They borrowed from the Greek immigrants within their gates, from the subjects of the Byzantine Empire, from the Franks, from the Arabs, from anyone able to satisfy their narrow artistic needs. Of the penury and dependence of this long period the treasure of the Sancta Sanctorum affords fresh and confirmatory evidence.

We may now direct attention to those objects which possess peculiar significance for the history of the industrial arts, the two remarkable crosses reproduced in the illustrations, and the figured silk textiles in which many of the relics were wrapped. The crosses are of the highest interest and antiquity, and must henceforward rank with the Cross of Justin in the sacristy of St. Peter's, for it seems probable that both were in existence in the time of Gregory the Great and that one or both may have been carried through the streets of Rome in Pope Stephen's penitential processions when the Lombard Aistulf was threatening

the city. Older than Charlemagne, with whom the mediæval period begins, they come to us as it were from beneath the very foundations of the Middle Ages.

It would appear that the subject of the first Plate, a reliquary-cross about ten inches high, and made of gold covered with Gospel scenes in cloisonné enamel, is certainly that mentioned by John the Deacon as *crux de smalto picto, infra quam est crux Domini nostri Jesu Christi*; and it is thought that beneath the thick coating of resinous substance which half fills the interior, the relic itself may still lie concealed. The substance is the balsam with which the relic was regularly covered upon the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross; and it is practically certain that this side of the reliquary, now bare and hollow, was once covered by the jewelled plates of gold which formed the principal and uppermost surface. It is not known at what period this part of the cross was abstracted; but it is evident that its high intrinsic value must ultimately have proved its destruction.

The scenes represented in enamel are as follows: on the upper limb, the Annunciation and the Visitation; on the arms, the Journey to Bethlehem and the Adoration of the Magi; on the lower limb the Presentation in the Temple and the Baptism; in the centre, the Nativity. Now, without entering into tedious iconographical details, we may say at once that the style in which these scenes are treated is very early, and only comparable to that seen in the ivory carvings and other monuments of the fifth and sixth centuries, the great majority of which were made or inspired by the Christian East. The scenes show the influence of those Apocryphal Gospels which began to affect Christian art from the fourth century onwards, and afforded to the artists of the day so welcome an addition to their limited stock of subjects. For by introducing events unknown to the canonical books, and by enriching those already accepted with fresh and various episodes, they gave a wider scope to illustration, and lent variety to the simple motives of earlier times. The writers of the Apocryphal books set upon the simple warp of the Gospel story the rich and intricate embroidery so dear to the peoples of the East; signs and wonders accompanied each event; angels intervened at every turn; and with all this the domestic details of the life of the Holy Family were represented with the fidelity of a Dutch picture. In the cross before us we see the effect of this new teaching. The ox and the ass, of which the Evangelists say nothing, look over the back of the crib. Not Joseph, but an angel, leads to Bethlehem the ass upon which Mary sits; another angel stands upon the bank of Jordan ready

GOLD RELIQUARY CROSS WITH SUBJECTS FROM THE GOSPELS IN ENAMEL.

to clothe the Christ when he comes up out of the stream. It is already the spirit of the Golden Legend, voluble in the expression of elaborated and curious fancies. At the same time we find the uncertainties of a transitional period which has not yet subjected iconography to a Median and Persian law. Neither the Virgin nor the angels are always nimbed ; the angel present at the Baptism is wingless, and without the companion or companions who, from the sixth century, are associated with him in his service. Such treatment suggests that this cross must not be assigned to a later period than the sixth century, though a single detail seems at first sight to tell against so early a date. This is the introduction into the Nativity scene of the nurses washing the Child, an addition which cannot be directly traced to the Apocryphal Gospels, and has hitherto been identified with a more definitely 'Byzantine' period. But fresh discoveries are constantly compelling the revision of such iconographical rules. A few years ago the Constantine bowl, now in the British Museum, and the sarcophagus from Konia at Berlin, broke down the old theories about the nimbus and established the existence of the cruciform variety about two centuries earlier than the accepted date. We believe that this enamelled cross may in like manner prove that the episode under discussion is considerably older than had hitherto been supposed. Had this cross belonged to a later period, we might have expected to find some scene or symbol connected with the Passion or the Resurrection, such as we see upon Byzantine enamelled crosses to which as early a date as the seventh or eighth century has been attributed. Even the cross of Justin has the symbolic lamb ; but here there is no more than the pilgrim might have seen on the mosaics of the Holy Places, after Constantine and Helen had made them the centre of the Christian world. The outline of our cross with its slightly expanding ends is that which appears almost from the time when the chief instrument of the Passion was first represented in art ; it has been derived by Professor Ainalov from that of the cross which Constantine set up on Golgotha, and was henceforward adopted throughout all Christendom. We find it, for example, in the mosaics of St. Pudenziana at Rome, in the crosses of Justin in St. Peter's, and of Agilulf at Monza, in those represented on early Teutonic brooches, and, to quote an example from our own country, in the pectoral cross of St. Cuthbert at Durham. There is every reason to suppose that the form first became popular in the Holy Land ; and there is nothing far-fetched in the supposition that the cross of the Sancta Sanctorum, like the famous ampullæ at Monza, may have been sent to Italy as a gift and a memorial from the cradle of

the Christian religion. The enamelled inscription which runs round its sides seems if anything in favour of such an hypothesis; for though the letters are Latin, they are so arranged as to make no obvious sense. The two phrases *regina mundi* and (*v*)*exillum crucis*, suggesting early hymns, are clear; so are the words *episcopi* and (*Pas*)*chalis*; but the other letters seem to belong to misunderstood or incomplete words, and several are upside down, as if the craftsman were struggling with an unfamiliar language. The probability of an extreme antiquity and an oriental origin has a most interesting bearing upon the early history of cloisonné enamelling, a point to which we shall revert below; meanwhile, it may be admitted that the early date which upon general grounds we are provisionally disposed to accept, renders the identification of this cross with one mentioned in the 'Liber 'Pontificalis' perfectly possible. A passage quoted by both M. Lauer and Father Grisar relates that Sergius I. (687–701) found in a dark corner of the sacristy of St. Peter's a discoloured silver box, in which lay, upon a silken cushion, a cross richly set with precious stones. The Pope removed the gemmed front, found the relic intact within, and subsequently transferred the whole to the Lateran. The evidence upon which the identification rests is not perhaps very complete, but the age of the cross does not contradict it, though the present silver case cannot have existed in the time of Sergius. The two commentators of the treasure are tempted to go further and recognise the enamelled cross in one associated by the 'Liber Pontificalis' with the name of Symmachus (498–514). Perhaps even this is not impossible.

The second cross chosen for illustration is also mentioned by John the Deacon, and in his time was said to contain a relic of the Circumcision. It is about the same size as the enamelled example, and is intrinsically the most valuable object in the chest, being formed of gold plates enriched with stones of great size, between which are set numerous pearls. In the centre is a large amethyst, and next to this, on each arm, a plasma or mother of emerald; beyond the plasma, at the end of each limb, is again an amethyst; beyond each amethyst, two smaller plasmas set diagonally. In the re-entrant angles of the cross appear to be four great pearls (?), while smaller pearls are placed in pairs or in groups of three between the larger stones. Round the whole cross runs a border of inlaid red glass pastes, forming a continuous arcading; while green pastes of a similar kind form a step-pattern surrounding the central amethyst. The edges of the cross are finished by a narrow pearled border of gold, and the sides are of open-work, the design forming two

GOLD RELIQUARY CROSS ORNAMENTED WITH GEMS.

parallel bands of half acanthus leaves. The back is very interesting, illustrating as it does the pains taken to give the stones upon the front the full advantage of transmitted light. It is only partially covered by gold plates, which merely formed a border following the outline, and leaving the middle of each limb open. We use the past tense advisedly, because most of these plates have been wrenched away from three of the arms, possibly in the sixteenth century, and only one is now perfect. The large stones of the front are thus seen to be set *à jour* in apertures cut out of their gold plate, so that, if the cross were suspended or carried, the light could reach them from both sides. The gold borders of the back are ornamented with filigree of simple design, as also is an oval central medallion corresponding to the great amethyst of the front. It remains to add that this amethyst covers the lid of a small cavity in which is now a second relic of the true cross. The lid is opened by a ring visible in the illustration ; but it would be difficult to say without close examination whether this arrangement is contemporary with the object itself.

What is the date of this sumptuous example of the ancient goldsmith's art ? Father Grisar would carry it back to the fifth or even to the fourth century ; M. Lauer would associate it with Charlemagne, though he rightly notes certain resemblances to the wonderful crosses of the Lombard kings in the treasury of Monza Cathedral. It seems to us that M. Lauer is here nearer to the truth than when he seeks analogies amongst the goldsmiths' work of the Franks. It is surely not necessary to go so far to discover the real authors of this splendid cross. Excavations in recent years at Castel Trosino and Nocera Umbra have brought to light an extraordinary number of gold jewels and ornamented weapons, now exhibited in the Museum of the Thermæ of Diocletian at Rome. These objects were clearly made by a barbaric people refined by their Italian environment, and there is good reason to believe that they represent the best traditions of Ostrogothic art. The filigree upon many of the brooches from these cemeteries is of the same character as that upon the back of the cross, and they have the ornamentation of inlaid glass pastes, which the Goths were the first Teutonic people to adopt. Filigree almost identical in character is found upon the comb 'of Theodelinda' at Monza, an object belonging to the same art, and not necessarily to be regarded as Lombard. The book-cover of Gregory the Great in the same place is freely enriched with borders of similar red glass, as are the fragments of golden armour at Ravenna, traditionally associated with Theodoric. The votive crosses at Monza have

upon their fronts cabochons similarly applied; but, the later example, that of Berengar, shows evident signs of an art in decadence, and even that of Agilulf does not look quite so early as ours. For in the example before us the stones placed diagonally at the extremities of the arms resemble the cylindrical plasma beads worn on necklaces in late Roman times, and we should be inclined to conjecture that, if closely examined, they would prove to be actually pierced. Such beads were probably still in circulation at the close of the sixth or the beginning of the seventh century, to which period we are inclined to attribute the cross. The open-work acanthus on the sides is no bar to such an attribution, for the motive itself is one which was early adopted from late classical models; while as for the arcading of round arches, is it not found on one of the Visigothic votive crowns made as far away as Spain? Quite possibly our cross, which is too large to be worn on the person, and was clearly intended to be exposed to light on both sides, was originally made to be suspended over the altar from a votive crown like those of Guanazar.

The silk textiles in which many relics were wrapped illustrate both the two main classes into which the subjects upon these early fabrics may be divided—the group with hunting scenes or conventional animals, and that with figure subjects of a classical or religious character. The 'Liber Pontificalis' and other records of the period comprised between the eighth and eleventh centuries are full of references to the rich coloured silk textiles, *holoserica*, or whole silk, and *tramoserica* or half-silk, used as altar coverings or hangings, and frequently presented to churches by Popes and Bishops. From the descriptions which recur with a certain monotony of repetition, we learn that, although some of the inwoven designs were Christian, the greater part were of another origin—lions, gryphons, and eagles confronted in the heraldic oriental fashion with the 'sacred 'tree' between them, or mounted hunters pursuing lions after the Persian style, most of these designs being inclosed in *rotæ* or circular medallions. These *rotæ* are really a network of interlaced circles which cover the whole stuff, as they cover the surface of many early mosaic pavements and the vaults of the ambulatory in the church of Sta. Costanza at Rome, where the designs suggest those of carpets or hangings. Read a description of two pieces taken at random, and, even if you had never seen the actual examples preserved in the old churches of Europe, you could not fail to connect their subjects with the East: 'vestes duas ex quibus unam cum rotis majoribus habentem 'gryphes'; 'pallia holoserica rotata cum historia equitantium.'

The reader of such accounts will meet with all kinds of beasts and monsters. On one page he may encounter elephants and unicorns ; on the next he may stand in the shock of an inwoven basilisk. Of such sort were the silks with which bishops and benefactors all over Europe sought to dower their churches, competing for them especially at Rome, to which city, as to a central market, great numbers found their way. The silk fabrics from Rome for which King Egfrid gave Benedict Biscop lands near the mouth of the Wear were doubtless of this nature ; and when the eighth-century poet Albinus, or Alcuinus, sings as follows in praise of Egbert, bishop of York, for his benefactions to churches :

> 'Illas argento gemmis vestivit et auro
> Serica suspendens peregrinis vela figuris,'

we know of what nature the foreign figures must have been. What the *historia equitantium* was, we know from several figured silks, some still preserved in Western churches, and others in museums. Two horsemen on prancing steeds, really representing a single person, ride to right and left from the centre of each *rota* or medallion, and direct their arrows at the lions in the field below. Sometimes the motive varies, and in their hands they hold up captured cubs to the view of the furious dams ; or again, they wield the lance instead of the bow. In other cases hunters on foot, in the lower part of the scene, advance with spears upon the quarry. All the variants of such scenes have a common origin in the ancient art of Mesopotamia as modified by Iran, and were the especial delight of the Persian craftsman. Adapted to the heraldic style which the loom requires, they are but repetitions of the boar-and-lion hunts in which the Sassanian sculptor or silversmith glorified the prowess of Bahram the great hunter, or Khosru king of kings. So widely were they known in Asia, that they were carried, as it were by a reflux, into the lands which first knew and taught the industry of weaving silk. The huntsmen in their *rotæ*, dealing death to the lions, are found on a silk textile at Tokyo, formerly on a banner in the monastery of Horiuji at Nara, to which it was presented by the Mikado Koka in the first half of the eighth century, as part of a treasure inherited from his predecessor, Shomu. It is beyond a doubt that this interesting figured silk was made in China, for though the whole design is purely Persian, in little details the Eastern imitator has betrayed his hand. Thus on the flanks of the horses he has placed seals which are absolutely Chinese in character, and he has given to the characteristic Sassanian 'streamers' which flutter from horse

and rider the rigidity and the form of metal axe-heads. The headdress suggests that the person represented is Chosroes II. (591–628), and the work was probably executed early in the seventh century. Nor is this the only example of such imitation in the Far East of motives introduced from Hither Asia, for another textile now at Berlin is also visibly Chinese. Persian gryphons are seen sitting on each side of a formal tree, but both the contours of the monsters and the leaf-work of the ground exhibit that exfoliation into curls and curves which is peculiar to Chinese art. There are no gryphons or elephants or *historiæ equitantium* on the silk textiles found in the relic chest of Leo; but one of them has confronted lions, executed in a highly conventional style, another cocks with nimbi round their heads, a curious and exceptional motive; while the cushion on which the enamelled cross rested bears a design of hunters on foot attacking lions with spears. In the Christian Empire sacred subjects took their place among those of secular origin, to the scandal of the puritans of the day like Asterius, bishop of Amaseia in the fourth century, who rebuked his contemporaries for mingling the sacred with the profane in the ornament of their sumptuous garments. The manner in which these figured subjects were applied to dress is shown both by the discoveries in cemeteries like that of Akhmim (Panopolis) in Egypt and by monumental evidence; for in the mosaic in San Vitale at Ravenna representing Justinian and Theodora carrying their offerings, the Empress has the scene of the Adoration of the Magi inwoven in her dress. Though such subjects are often mentioned in the 'Liber Pontificalis,' surviving examples are extremely rare, and it is therefore a matter of great interest to find two in the Sancta Sanctorum, with the Annunciation and the Nativity, both of the highest merit. The borders of the medallions in which the scenes are contained are filled with a charming floral design, finer and more graceful than those which commonly occupy this position in early silk textiles, and obviously betray their origin from the debased and dissected palmette. For the rows of hearts which so often surround the *rotæ*, and are seen on the textile with the cocks, have been shown by Strzygowski to be nothing but conventional reductions to a single figure of the two incurved leaves which rise near the top of the palmette, while the figures like distant flying birds, which are often interposed between them, are only the outcurving leaves in the lower part of the same ancient floral design.

A third textile with a figure subject in the treasure is of less rarity and merit, but is of interest as illustrating, like the *equitantes*, the popularity of certain motives in contemporary art.

It represents a man (probably Samson) seizing a lion by the jaws, while he forces his knee against the animal's back. Identical examples of this subject, probably obtained from Egypt, are in the South Kensington Museum, in the Cluny Museum at Paris, the Kunstgewerbe Museum at Berlin, and elsewhere.

The eclectic character of the designs upon these silks raises the interesting question where the work was actually done. We may, perhaps, assume that the majority were produced after the successful introduction of the silk-worm into Western Asia by Justinian. It will be remembered that down to that time the Empire had to depend entirely upon Persian middlemen for the raw material imported from China, a position galling in time of peace and intolerable in time of war. The history of commerce repeats itself; and the desire of our spinners for an independent supply of cotton finds an early parallel in the like anxiety of the Byzantine weavers about the time of Justinian. There was continual friction on the Persian frontiers, and tariff wars were not infrequent. Nor did there appear to be any immediate prospect of improvement, the culture of the precious worms being jealously guarded, until two Persian monks of the Nestorian persuasion dramatically relieved the situation, and, as we learn from Procopius, founded a great industry on the contents of two hollow canes. From that time plantations for the worms were established in suitable parts of the Empire, and the Byzantine weaver was freed from all fear of silk famines and idle looms. When we hear of the industry in later times, the products of the Imperial *gynæceum* at Constantinople had become famous throughout the world; they were sent by the Emperors as presents to foreign princes, like the vases of Sèvres in our own time, and their export by way of commerce was forbidden. One of the amusing episodes connected with the embassy of Liutprand to Nicephorus Phocas relates to his purchase of forbidden silks and his unsuccessful attempt to get them all through the customs. After the loss of Syria and Egypt, Greece became the greatest centre of the industry, and one of the most important Byzantine silks now preserved has an inwoven inscription showing it to have been made in Negropont. It was from Greece that Roger II. of Sicily carried off a number of weavers to Palermo, with the object of improving the industry in his dominions. But, in the earlier centuries to which the textiles in the *arca* carry us back, it seems clear that Syria and Egypt must have been the most productive regions. The strong Persian influence apparent in so many fabrics is naturally explained by the commercial relations existing between Syria and Iran, in which the importation

of silk was so long a considerable factor ; while Egypt had from Roman times acquired so high a reputation for figured tapestries in wool that her adoption of the new material, as soon as it became plentiful, might be expected to follow as a natural consequence. The silk textiles discovered in Egyptian cemeteries are, however, for the most part distinguished from the Coptic tapestries by ornaments which may be described as Syro-Persian, and it may well be that most of them were imported through Alexandria. The Arab conquest did not make an end of the silk weaver's craft, for in this, as in other provinces, the victors succumbed to the arts which ministered to luxury. It is quite probable that even textiles with Christian subjects continued to be made in the newly won territories for some time after the conquest ; while it is a matter of common knowledge that the heraldic beasts and birds, confronted or addorsed within their *rotæ*, continued to delight the Saracens of Egypt and Sicily. Silk damasks of the eleventh or twelfth century from El Azam near Asyût preserve the old motives, and to the last they were not forgotten at Palermo. But the figured fragments in the *arca* are in all probability earlier than the time of Leo, and the treatment of the groups in the Annunciation and Nativity scenes is so exceptionally good that they may even belong to the sixth century. They are the best surviving examples of those Gospel scenes inwoven in silk so often mentioned in the ' Liber ' Pontificalis,' among which the Annunciation is of exceptionally frequent occurrence.

The full value of the treasure in the Sancta Sanctorum can only be appreciated when it has been studied at greater leisure than has yet been possible. But, meanwhile, we may draw a few conclusions of a particular and a general nature suggested by the objects which it contains. In the first place we may notice that the cross with Gospel subjects appears to be a new document of some importance for the history of enamelling. With the possible exception of certain small articles of jewellery, the earliest examples of Byzantine or western cloisonné enamel are a small pendant from Risano (Risinium) in Dalmatia, excavated by Dr. Arthur Evans in 1878, and a part of a reliquary for wood of the true cross, still at Poitiers, where it was sent by Justin II. to St. Radegund. The former has on its two sides an heraldic lion and a rosette ; the reliquary has only floral scrolls, which to many suggest a rather later date than the sixth century, so that its identity with the gift of Justin has not been unreservedly accepted. But, apart from actual survivals, the general probabilities of the case and the statements of early historians had always pointed to a very

early use of cloisonné enamel in the Eastern Empire. The descriptions of the golden altar of Santa Sophia by Paul the Silentiary imply enamelled work, and there is nothing unreasonable in the view held by some historians that the art was introduced into Constantinople almost in the year of its foundation. The comparatively late appearance of this method of decorating metal has always been an enigma, seeing that *orfèvrerie cloisonnée* is of extreme antiquity, and the method of covering pottery with coloured vitreous glazes had been familiar to the Egyptians centuries before the Christian era. The Egyptians had, indeed, every pre-requisite for the discovery, hereditary craftsmanship, wealth, love of colour, and they may yet prove the real inventors. But though our scientific curiosity has now searched thousands of Egyptian tombs of all periods, no instance of true enamel has yet been found which can be attributed even to the Ptolemaic period ; and although it has been argued that the jewels found in the tombs of kings and queens were ' funeral ' furniture ' imitating in stones or pastes enamelled jewels which the survivors preferred to keep in the light of day, there is no solid evidence for this suggestion, which appears, indeed, an inversion of the real order of events.

Cloisonné enamelling must have come into fashion about the beginning of the Christian era, and the earliest undoubted examples of such work were found above objects of Roman date in the upper part of a pyramid in Nubia. But, as the Greeks, the Romans, and Celtic peoples all enamelled by other processes, it seems probable that its cradle may have been somewhere on the south-eastern shores of the Mediterranean, where the manufacture of glass and the employment of vitreous glazes was most anciently established. It may well be that from these regions the Greeks of Hellenistic times learned the more difficult art of enamelling surfaces in the round, as we see it practised upon their jewellery ; but if it should prove, as is not impossible, that the coloured substances on the gold jewels from Ægina in the British Museum were fixed in their places by fusion, the problem is complicated by the entrance upon the scene of those early Ægean craftsmen who united an oriental love of splendour with an intellectual versatility not unworthy of the later Greeks. But leaving the interesting question of origin upon one side, and confining ourselves to the first appearance of enamelling in the Byzantine Empire, we may at least regard it as probable that the art reached Constantinople from the south, and was first developed in what we may call the Syro-Egyptian province, where so much of the commercial and artistic enterprise of the Empire was concentrated. It was here, in the brilliant period

before the Arab conquest, that the majority of the ivories and the textiles were made; here that the Hellenic spirit showed the most surprising energy in decay; here, again, that invention was quickened by all the novelties of Asiatic commerce. This alternative to Kondakov's theory of a Persian origin deserves some consideration. It is of course quite certain that Sassanian motives do occur in cloisonné enamels, but the question is whether these enamels are really Persian, and whether any of them are early enough to prove the case. It may be that, like so many of the textiles to which we have already alluded, they were made beyond the western frontier, where the influence of Persian ornament was always powerful. Opinions are not unanimous even as to the date or the provenance of the enamelled ewer at St. Maurice d'Agaune, with its gryphons, lions, and sacred trees in the heraldic style, the most characteristically Persian of all examples. But certainly the majority of cloisonné enamels with conventional or hunting designs of oriental character are simply copies of eastern textiles and come down very close to that Romanesque period which owed so much of its ornament to the inspiration of eastern looms. Of these we will only mention the small circular plaques in the borders of the *Pala d' oro* in St. Mark's at Venice, and the equally remarkable plaques on the latest of the crosses in the Münsterkirche at Essen which bear the names of abbesses related to the Swabian house. The fourth and most recent of the crosses, with the name of the abbess Theophano, who died A.D. 1050, was made in her lifetime, and is ornamented at the extremities with small panels of cloisonné enamel representing winged monsters, leonine in head and aquiline in tail, like those on a Sassanian silver dish found in Russia, with gryphons, and with formal trees of Sassanian character. These panels are accompanied by other small plaques, of which the character is as clearly western, for they represent the masks with foliage issuing from the mouths which may be seen in sculpture and manuscripts of the period. Two of the earlier crosses at Essen, which date from the tenth century, have upon them cloisonné figure subjects, some of which are undoubtedly the work of German enamellers; and, as these men were quite capable of producing gryphons and sacred trees if they had good models before them, it is possible that the work on the cross of Theophano may be altogether western. The whole subject of these European cloisonné enamels, and their relations to Byzantine and Oriental art, is one of great interest, and can now be studied with advantage in properly illustrated works dealing with the German church treasuries; that by Dr. Humann on the Essen treasure, and

that by Father Beissel on the treasure at Aix-la-Chapelle, mentioned at the head of this article, are of especial importance from this point of view, as also is the large work by Dr. Von Falke on the enamels of the Düsseldorf Exhibition of 1903. It seems to us that the evidence of these orientalising European enamels points to the imitation of Eastern motives, chiefly those transmitted by the textiles from the seventh century onwards, and to secondary inspiration from Byzantine sources, rather than to the invention of cloisonné enamelling in Iran. If its suggested date is correct, the cross on the Sancta Sanctorum proves the capacity of Christian enamellers to execute quite elaborate figure compositions before the Sassanian motives had established a firm hold upon early Byzantine art. That being so, these enamellers, whether Syrian or Alexandrine, must have been well able to execute ornamental designs at an even earlier date, for skill in ornament universally precedes skill in representation of the human figure. The orientalising enamels at Essen and at St. Maurice d'Agaune therefore lose their significance as indications of a Persian origin for cloisonné enamelling. What they do show is that the popularity of Persian motives was as great with enamellers as with other industrial artists, and that if Asia, east of Syria, did not teach us quite so much as it is fashionable to suppose, its influence in providing effective decorating designs was very early and extremely persistent.

Upon a reader familiar even in a slight degree with the products of early mediæval industrial art, the perusal of M. Lauer's important monograph will produce somewhat the same effect as a chapter in Gibbon or Gregorovius, one of those chapters which show Rome in the evil days of her destitution. This is the first lesson which the treasure has to teach; like an illumination in the border of a manuscript, it shows at a glance the essential features of the written story. Of all the objects lying heaped within the cypress chest, few are the work of Roman hands or inspired by the genius of the Italian people. It is as if some Gulf Stream, flowing from richer and more genial regions of the earth, had cast upon an abandoned shore the flotsam and jetsam of more favoured countries. There are ivories, but they are the work of Syrians or Saracens; silks, but they were woven upon Eastern looms. The enamel is from the territory of the Eastern Emperors; the jewelled work reveals the skill of barbaric craftsmen from the North. Among the more important objects, only the cases of the two crosses seem to have been made by Italian hands in that pause between two storms of misery which followed the descent of the Frankish deliverer from the passes of the Alps. The rediscovery of this treasure comes at the

psychological moment to confirm the conclusions of recent research as to the predominance of Eastern art in the Europe of the dark ages. Like the details of a negative very slow in development, the outlines of that art are becoming clear, and we even begin to discern through the cloudy solution the inner lights and shadows which fill and complete the picture. It is a fitting illustration of those strange pages, now fascinating, now dull, which fill the book of history between Honorius and Hildebrand, dry with interminable *gesta barbarorum* and the small matters of fact or fancy in which monkish chroniclers delight. Through Ravenna and Marseilles, into wide hinterlands lying fallow, the merchants and monks of Syria and of Egypt came wandering into Europe. When Islam overran the nearer East, the monks ceased but the merchants went on; and silks, the crystal and the ivory of the Arabs were unshipped upon the crowded wharves of Pisa and Amalfi. We have long been familiar with the Saracenic art of Damascus, Egypt, and Sicily, and the commerce which brought it to Western ports, but the influences which entered Europe in the earlier period have still some charm of novelty. With interest we trace the Syrian trader far up the Rhine, and follow the monks along the Rhone, as from Lérins, the earliest Holy Isle, they carry into the West the cult and relics of oriental saints, Sergius and Polyeuctes and the destined patron of England, St. George. The theology and the liturgy which Patrick learned at Auxerre were both of Eastern inspiration; for Gaul, which used Greek letters in Cæsar's time, had never broken her connexion with the East, and could least of all afford to break it now. In Italy Syrian bishops held the see of Ravenna, and from John V. to Stephen eight eastern Popes sat on the chair of St. Peter. So numerous were the Greeks in Rome from Honorius to Charlemagne that a whole region between the Aventine and the Tiber was called the *Ripa Græca*. Greek monks thronged the city, and at the close of the period a Pope himself introduced them into the monastery of SS. Stephen and Sylvester. The monastic movement, now the principal intellectual and moral force in the world, was never quite dissociated from the arts. If we except the cave-dwelling anchorite of the desert, the oriental monk of those early times was painter, sculptor, and goldsmith, like his successors of the later Middle Ages. While the merchants, his compatriots, brought from Antioch and Alexandria the wares of their own country and of Sassanian Persia, it was he who inspired the latest paintings of the catacombs and the frescoes of Santa Maria Antiqua under the Palatine hill, bringing in his person the training of the Eastern schools for fruitful

practice in the West. Iconoclasm and the Arab conquests of Syria and Egypt swelled to a last great wave the flood of these monastic immigrants, who changed the Orontes and the Nile for the Rhone and Tiber, but did not change their oriental minds. Through movements of this kind artistic motives which had their origin in Syria and Egypt travelled as far as France, Scotland, and Ireland, and in miniatures or on sculptured stone and bronze began to drive from the field the ancient ornament of Celtic art. The peacocks in the Book of Kells, and the rich scroll-work on the crosses of Bewcastle, Hilton of Cadboll, and Ruthwell in Dumfries, are but a few out of more numerous examples which illustrate the penetrative influence of the East. All this is now accepted history, calling less for proof than for recollection. But it should not be forgotten that even to the end of the Romanesque period the decorative art of Europe was full of eastern elements, many of which were derived from the textile patterns which we have already discussed. The half-classical Carlovingian Renaissance was itself unable to dispense with Oriental models, which found their way into the *scriptoria* of the monasteries with the manuscripts, silks, and ivories of the Christian East. In the twelfth century indeed Western art rose to the consciousness of its strength and began to walk with a natural majesty and ease which gave promise of a greater transformation. But down to the hour of independence it charms by a power which is anything but European; and, when confronted with its fine luxuriance in French and Italian Romanesque, we feel the same sense of mystery and strangeness which rises within the mind when we read the *Suppliants* of Æschylus.

Another lesson which the Lateran treasure enforces is the importance of the minor arts as agents of civilisation in times when the culture of great States has been violently displaced. At such periods the world does not so much need the great arts, which are then above comprehension, as something on a lower plane but appreciable by an uncultivated taste. The major arts are disqualified not only by their very excellence but also by their immobility: they are the worst of travellers on rough roads. But we have seen in the case of silk textiles how very mobile the minor arts may be, going with the merchant adventurer to the ends of the earth and finding appreciation upon every side. And though the products of the minor arts at their best may be ennobled by the same spirit of beauty which creates the great style, their missionary work is done by the simpler methods of conventional ornament and finely contrasted colour. These methods are already present in barbaric art; they are therefore

immediately understood, and exert an influence which higher things could never command. In the darkest ages, to which the treasure of the Sancta Sanctorum carries us back, the very sculptors abandoned their birthright for a present livelihood; descending to the imitation of woven stuffs, and renouncing the great representative qualities of their art. Their principal works, the slabs used to rail off the altars of churches, the sides of sarcophagi, the surfaces of ciboria, are covered with very flat and low reliefs which may assume a certain individuality in different regions, but everywhere betray a common origin and respond to an artistic need everywhere equally debased. The resemblance to woven or embroidered designs is probably no mere chance, for there is reason to believe that the earliest reliefs in this style were actually copied from textile models, and if afterwards stone inspired stone, the original influence of the loom never completely vanishes. When transport is imperfect and nations are in their infancy, it is the lighter work which travels and is copied, while the world has small profit of its inimitable treasures. At such times it is the minor arts which tell.

The treasure suggests one more consideration which arises in part out of this question of mobility. When antiquities, not actually excavated, are of small size, they should not be too hastily attributed to the art of the place in which they are found. The caution may appear superfluous; but so many fine arguments have been spun, and so many conclusions deduced from mere chances of locality, that we may advert for a moment to a subject which is still too often neglected. The treasure of the Sancta Sanctorum is perhaps an extreme case, containing as it does so much from foreign countries and so very little from Italy. But in the early Middle Ages an assemblage of things produced in very distant regions might be found in almost any part of Europe, and the unrecorded migrations of things, more perplexing than the historical migrations of peoples, enormously increase the difficulty of assigning origins to different styles or methods. Dr. Humann has incorporated in his book upon the Essen treasure an essay upon this subject which deserves our careful attention. He shows that the monastic artists were necessarily nomadic, travelling from place to place, and sojourning or removing at the order of their superiors or the request of some personage of influence. He reminds us that the name upon any object of a princely or episcopal donor is no guarantee that the object was made in or near the city in which the donor resided, even when it happens to be a famous centre for producing the same kind of work. There were preferences and fashions in

those days as now, and in giving their orders the wealthy followed their inclinations without thinking very much of local patriotism. The constant exchange of gifts between Kings, Popes, and other exalted personages filled the treasuries with things of the most diverse origins, and added to the sources of ultimate confusion. The gifts of the Byzantine Court to the Emperors of Germany and to the Popes were numerous and splendid, nor were the Saracens less distinguished for their munificence. Moreover, things of Eastern or Byzantine origin were constantly brought back to Europe by pilgrims coming from Palestine, both in the times before the Arab conquest and after the crusades. And the dealer, whom we are apt to regard as the product of our own day, was very early in evidence, for a chronicle of the ninth century makes mention of a Jew whose business it was to bring things over from the Holy Land. It is easy to imagine what a congeries of works of art the operation of these causes might amass in any place where there was wealth and influential patronage to summon them together. Conditions favourable to the long developement of local art were the exception rather than the rule: both the artists and their works were continually on the move, and the absence of national sentiment encouraged the migratory tendencies of the age.

The interest of a discovery like that made in the relic-chest of Leo should extend beyond archæological circles, for, as we have attempted to show, the things discovered are themselves a commentary upon one of the strangest periods in the history of Rome. Moreover, they possess that element of personal association which is lacking in the monuments of a more ancient and unrecorded past; for the crosses carried by the Popes in their supplications for divine aid against Aistulf or Frederic have an obvious and romantic interest which cannot but appeal to the most sluggish imagination. The study of the various arts which are illustrated by the reliquaries has served to remind us how numerous were the ties uniting the countries of the medieval world. It may at first sight seem strange that the contents of shrines or altars should attract our thoughts towards the geography and the commercial relations of the dark ages, matters so far from the minds of the men who made or gave these costly reliquaries. But in dissociating the things awhile from the sacred associations to which they owe their safety, we find in them new qualities and powers that make in their own way for edification. Viewed, as we have viewed them, in a purely secular light, they illustrate the essential unity of the world, the exchange of service, and the interdependence of continents from Ireland to China and Japan. Like the flora of some long-

abandoned island, rich in the proofs of forgotten voyages, they yield us evidence of old influences and migrations which in their day have carried forward the culture of mankind.

We do not know with certainty what destiny awaits them; it is probable that they now lie once more in the chest which has been their home for so many centuries. We could wish that it might be found possible to inclose the relics in new cases, and to remove the ancient works of art to the Christian Museum in the Vatican. But as to the feasibility or propriety of such a course the Roman authorities are the supreme arbiters, and if they do not see their way to its adoption we must acquiesce in a decision against which there is no appeal. For what they have already done there is reason for congratulation. It would have been easy for them to have replied to all requests by the fatal words *non possumus*, the formula adopted by their predecessors for four hundred years. The number of persons who knew enough to be concerned about the treasure was so small that a refusal would have caused no outcry and would very soon have been forgotten. That they have not refused, but permitted the examination and reproduction of the reliquaries on more than one occasion and by the representatives of more than one country, is a proof of goodwill and enlightenment for which all who are interested in the history of the arts may offer the tribute of their gratitude. Nor shall we forget our thanks to the scholars who have proved worthy of this rare occasion, and to the Academy which has so admirably published one of the most interesting discoveries ever made in the province of Christian archæology.

Art. X.—GARIBALDI'S DEFENCE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

1. *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of 'England in the Age of Wycliffe,' 'England under the Stuarts,' 'The Poetry and Philosophy 'of George Meredith.' With seven maps and numerous illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.
2. *The Roman Theocracy and the Republic*, 1846–1849. By R. M. Johnston. Macmillan & Co. 1901.
3. *Mazzini.* By Bolton King, M.A. J. M. Dent & Co. 1902.

In the history of the long struggle for Italian independence, no part is more heroic than the record of the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849. 'That there should ever have been 'a time when Mazzini ruled Rome and Garibaldi defended her 'walls, sounds like a poet's dream.' * This poet's dream has been related by Mr. Trevelyan in language which elicits all the splendour and all the tragedy of the events which it records. His power is equally remarkable in dramatic narrative, in descriptions of moving and beautiful scenes, and in telling of the pathos of death in an almost hopeless struggle. Yet truth has nowhere been suppressed or distorted, nor has hero-worship prevented a balanced and judicious historical judgement.

The Roman Republic was proclaimed on February 8, 1849, and was extinguished by the French entry into Rome on July 3 in the same year. To understand its history we must take a brief survey of the revolutions of 1848, and of the previous condition of the Papal States.

The sudden success and almost equally sudden failure of the many revolutions of 1848 were due to the initial co-operation and subsequent disagreement of parties with essentially divergent aims. The two chief forces on the side of revolution were democracy and nationalism, both of which had been flouted by the principles of 1815 and the Holy Alliance. Although in those days almost all democrats were nationalists, by no means all nationalists were democrats: many, alarmed by the socialism which appeared in Paris and was supposed ready to appear elsewhere, feared democracy almost as much as they hated foreign domination. This produced one fatal division, exemplified in Italy by the strife between Mazzinians, who desired a republic, and the Federalists and Fusionists, who desired a federation of the existing states, or a monarchy under the King

* Trevelyan, p. 3.

of Sardinia. Another source of division sprang from the principle of nationalism itself. For this principle had two forms, according as it was held by the relatively strong or the relatively weak. As held by the relatively weak, it meant the right of every nation to manage its own affairs; as held by the relatively strong, it meant the right of one's own nation to oppress as many others as possible. Thus the Magyars asserted their right of self-government as against the Austrians, but would not concede any such right to the Slavs in Hungary. This incensed the Czechs, who therefore supported the Viennese Government in its struggle to suppress the Magyars. Such divisions, of which there were many in the Austrian Empire, finally gave the victory to reaction, and thus prevented Italy from achieving the expulsion of the 'Barbarians.'

But apart from the divisions of reformers, the forces opposed to all change were very strong. Russia, which crushed Hungary, could and would have effected much more if its aid had been necessary. And the Church, still almost omnipotent with the peasantry of all Catholic countries, was generally opposed to reform except where Catholics were oppressed by heretics, as in Poland and Ireland. To this rule, however, the Pope himself formed, at first, an important exception, and his views were shared by a number of liberal Italian ecclesiastics. His gradual quarrel with liberalism produced the Roman Republic, which in turn caused a final and irreparable breach between the Church and Italian aspirations, and thereby ultimately sealed the fate of the Temporal Power.

After the fall of Napoleon, the governments in Italy were all oppressive and stupid; and the very worst (with the possible exception of Naples) was the government of the Pope. All important offices were filled by ecclesiastics, and the cardinal legates in the Romagna were quasi-independent satraps. Modern innovations, such as railways, were not permitted to desecrate the patrimony of St. Peter. The police employed domestic servants as spies, and would arrest men on receiving a hint from the parish priest.* The Inquisition still exercised a tyranny over all whom it disliked. 'An edict is extant, issued by the 'Inquisitor-General of Pesaro in 1841, commanding all people 'to inform against heretics, Jews, and sorcerers, those who have 'impeded the Holy Office, or made satires against the Pope and 'clergy.'† Men who refused the Sacraments were not allowed to have a doctor.‡ Education was successfully discouraged,

* Bolton King's 'History of Italian Unity,' vol. i. p. 78.
† Ibid. p. 79.
‡ Ibid. p. 81.

on the avowed principle that 'ignorant people are easier to 'govern.' The standard in higher education may be gauged from the fact that Galileo's astronomical discoveries were not allowed to be treated as true until 1820, while his works remained on the Index until 1835.* Meanwhile secret societies, such as the Sanfedists and the Centurioni, were encouraged by the government of His Holiness to murder honest men in the interests of religion and order. The state of things was such that in 1831 a joint note urging certain reforms was presented by England, France, Austria, Prussia and Russia. But in spite of some show of yielding, the Pope did practically nothing to carry into effect the recommendations of the Powers, and in 1846, when Gregory XVI. died, things were just about as bad as they had been in 1831. The election of a liberal successor to Gregory XVI. was believed by all, including the new Pope himself, to mark the beginning of a better era; but in this belief people over-estimated the strength of the man, and under-estimated that of the office.

The steps by which, in the course of about two years, Pius IX. was transformed from an ardent and amiable reformer into a passionate reactionary are well told by Mr. R. M. Johnston.† Mastai Ferretti, Bishop of Imola, was elected Pope, to the surprise of all, by the Conclave of June, 1846. His liberalism, Mr. Johnston says, 'might be traced, not only to the influence 'of his friends, and to the obvious lessons of the times . . . but 'also to his predisposing largeness and kindness of heart.' But his kindness of heart was neutralised by his weakness, which Mr. Johnston accounts for as the outcome of epilepsy, from which he suffered.

'In the irresponsible impulsiveness, in the lack of intellectual precision and vigour, in the vanity, the love of effect and of praise that he added to his naturally benevolent qualities, he showed all the weakness and lack of balance that so frequently accompany epilepsy. . . . In the Bishop of Imola's personal appearance might be detected the expression of his constitutional deficiencies. Although strikingly handsome, and of dignified demeanour, yet a close scrutiny revealed a mouth that was weak, and eyes that could not support a steady gaze. Perhaps the best trait of his feeble

* J. M. Robertson, 'History of Free Thought,' second edition, vol. ii. p. 81.

† The Roman Theocracy and the Republic, 1846–9. Mr. Johnston's more recent work, 'The Napoleonic Empire in Southern 'Italy' (Macmillan, 1904), is instructive as showing how the epoch of French rule produced sufficient enlightenment to make the urban populations detest the subsequent reaction.

character was his charitableness, which, if Pasolini is to be trusted, was as unostentatious as it was extensive.' *

In the beginning of his reign, Pius's acts were chiefly inspired by the work of Gioberti, 'Del Primato morale e civile degli 'Italiani,' which advocated an Italian federation under the presidency of a liberal Pope. The Pope began by proclaiming an amnesty for all political prisoners and exiles, and was gradually led on by the love of popularity to greater and greater concessions. At first all went well. But the amiable Pope, never imagining the possibility of a conflict between the interests of reform and the interests of the Church, had unfortunately forgotten Austria. Austria dominated Italy from the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, and, though nominally only governing Lombardy and Venetia, was able, in normal times, to impose its will throughout the whole Peninsula. To Austria, a rejuvenated Italy would be a menace, and a liberal Pope appeared, in the words of Metternich, to be 'the greatest misfortune of 'the age.' Thus no real progress was possible in Italy without a war with Austria. But to fight a Catholic Power, to alienate orthodox populations and risk a schism, was no part of Pius IX.'s rose-water programme. This inherent contradiction drove him step by step into opposition to the Italian liberals; forced to choose between the good of Italy and the good of the Church, he chose, as he was bound to do, the good of the Church, while his subjects chose the good of Italy.

In the first months of 1848, when the Austrian power seemed hopelessly broken by revolution and civil war, while Italians everywhere extorted constitutions from their rulers, and forced a united attack on the Austrian army under Radetzky, the Pope yielded, at least outwardly, to the clamour of the Romans, and allowed his forces to be led to the war under General Durando. But he forbade his general to cross the border, insisting that he should confine himself to the defence of the frontier; and on April 29 he delivered an allocution informing the Cardinals, among other things, that

'When now some desire that we, likewise with the other people and sovereigns of Italy, should undertake a war against the Germans, we have at length thought it our duty that, in this your solemn assembly, we clearly and openly declare that this is wholly abhorrent from our counsels, seeing that we, although unworthy, discharge on earth the office of Him who is the author of peace and lover of charity, and, agreeably to the duty of our Supreme Apostle-

* Op. cit. pp. 32–3.

ship, regard and embrace with equal paternal earnestness of love, all tribes, peoples, and nations.' *

From this time onward the Pope and the Romans were definitively at variance. The Austrians, by Radetzky's genius, and by the weakness and dissensions of his enemies, were victorious in North Italy; Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, was discredited, and in Central Italy a more democratic and republican movement, inspired largely by Mazzini, endeavoured to prolong resistance without royal help. 'La guerre royale 'a fini, la guerre du peuple commence,' said Mazzini in August. The following months, down to the fall of Rome and Venice, were the only period during which Mazzini's plan of a republican war unaided by royal or foreign troops was seriously tried; and it must be confessed that the issue justified the subsequent reliance of Italians on Piedmont, and of Piedmont on foreign help.

After some aimless vacillations, the Pope appointed a ministry under Count Rossi, a capable and courageous opponent of democracy and the Austrian war (September 16). Rossi came increasingly into conflict with the turbulent Roman mob, led by the genial and loquacious Angelo Brunetti, nicknamed *Ciceruacchio*; and on November 15, as he was on his way to open the Chamber, he was assassinated.† The Pope, after being insulted by the mob, fled to the Neapolitan fortress of Gaeta, where he placed himself under the protection of King Bomba, and appealed to all the Catholic Powers to reinstate him. The Romans summoned a constituent assembly, elected by manhood suffrage, and the assembly proclaimed the Republic (February 8, 1849). Of this republic, attacked simultaneously by the French, the Austrians, the Spaniards, and the Neapolitans, Mazzini became virtually dictator, ‡ and Garibaldi was the principal defender, until it ceased to exist by the French entry into Rome on July 3. It is the history of its defence and of Garibaldi's subsequent retreat which Mr. Trevelyan relates.

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* Johnston, p. 360. Such considerations did not, of course, weigh with the Holy Father against the forcible re-conquest of the Papal States in the following year.

† At the time, it was not known who had committed the murder. From evidence only recently made accessible, it appears that the assassin was Ciceruacchio's son, Luigi Brunetti. Whether his father was an accomplice is not known. Trevelyan, pp. 80, 81, 306.

‡ He was nominally at first only an ordinary member of the Assembly; after the news of Charles Albert's defeat at Novara, he was made one of a Triumvirate (end of March, 1849), of which the other members completely submitted to his guidance.

'I shall,' he says, 'conceal nothing prosaic and nothing discreditable—neither Garibaldi's mistakes during the siege, nor the misconduct of some of his associates, nor the hostility with which in some places the rural population regarded the red-shirts. Hoping to make the story of the defence of Rome, of the retreat of the Garibaldians and the escape of their chief stand out in all its details of place and colouring, I have not only visited the scenes in the capital and near it, but have walked along the whole route traversed by Garibaldi's column from the gate of Rome to Cesenatico on the Adriatic, and have visited the scenes of his adventures near Comacchio and Ravenna. . . . To come in solitary places, on the very wayside fountains at which, as the survivors have recorded, they slaked their raging thirst, and on other turns of the road where they found no water that terrible July; to stand on the hill whence they last saw the dome of St. Peter's, and on the other hill where they shouted and wept at sight of the Adriatic; to traverse the oak woods through which they marched under the stars, or by morning light; or where they slept through the long Italian midday; to draw breath in the quiet monastery gardens, perched high over hills of olive and plains of vines, wherein they tasted brief hours of coolness and repose; to scale the bare mountains up which they dragged their little piece of cannon, and descend the gorge where at last they let it lie when the Austrians were hard upon them; to see the streets and piazzas in which the citizens held last festivals of the tricolor in honour of their passage, and the villages where the rearguard fought, and where the laggards were killed by the pursuers; to hear the waves breaking on the mole whence the last of the army put to sea in the midnight storm; to stand on the lonely beach and sand-dunes where Garibaldi waded ashore with his Anita in his arms, and in the room of the farmhouse where he watched her die, while the Austrians might at any moment have been knocking at the door; to see these places and to find that the story is very dear to rich and poor, learned and ignorant, in a progressive and a free country, conscious that it owes its progress and freedom to these heroes, both those who perished and those who survived—this has taught me what cannot be clearly learnt from the pages of Ruskin or Symonds, or any other of Italy's melodious mourners, that she is not dead but risen, that she is not the land of ruins but of men, not the country of ghosts, but the country which the living share with their immortal ancestors.' *

If Garibaldi deserves the place of honour among the defenders of Rome, the man who did most to make Rome worth defending was Mazzini. Mazzini's rare charm and power, and the terrible sadness of his life, are told by Mr. Bolton King in one of the most interesting of biographies.†

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* Pp. 5, 6.

† Mazzini. Dent, 1902. Mr. Bolton King's 'History of Italian

Born at Genoa in 1805, he became a Carbonaro as soon as he was grown up. But he incurred the suspicion of the Piedmontese authorities by not being stupid:

'He was, as the governor of Genoa told his father, "gifted with some talent, and too fond of walking by himself at night absorbed in thought. What on earth," asked the offended officer, "has he at his age to think about? We don't like young people thinking without our knowing the subject of their thoughts."' *

He was arrested, during the excitement caused by the French Revolution of 1830, on the capital charge of initiating a government spy as a Carbonaro. He escaped the death penalty by perjury, but was thenceforth compelled to live in exile. Disgusted by the flummery and futility of the Carbonari, and by the failure of their last attempt at revolution in 1831, he founded a new secret society, 'Young Italy,' with the watchword 'God and 'the people,' and 'the three inseparable bases of independence, 'unity, and liberty'—'that is,' as Mr. Trevelyan interprets, 'the Austrian must go, the various small states must be united 'in one, and democratic government with liberty of opinion must 'be established.' To these aims Mazzini devoted the whole of his energies throughout the rest of his life. Unfortunately, he regarded liberty as inconsistent with monarchy, and therefore became, when after 1849 union under Victor Emmanuel was accepted by almost all Italians as the best practicable policy, a hindrance rather than a help to the achievement of what was possible in his hopes. And throughout his life he invariably, as is usual with exiles, over-estimated the forces on his side, and therefore allowed his friends to become involved in plots and petty insurrections which had no chance of success. But in the early years, by his impassioned writings, and by the inspiration of his devoted ardour for a great idea, he more than any other man created the hope and the determination which made Italian unity possible. The men to whom Garibaldi and Cavour and Victor Emmanuel appealed responded to that appeal because Mazzini had roused them. Garibaldi, on his visit to England in 1864, forgetting many quarrels, expressed this feeling at a gathering at which Mazzini was present:

'I rise,' he said, 'to make a declaration which I ought to have made long since. There is a man here amongst us who has rendered the greatest services to our country and to the cause of freedom. When I was a youth and had only aspirations towards good, I sought

'Unity' (James Nisbet & Co., 1899) should also be read by all who wish to understand the movement as a whole.

* Bolton King's 'Life of Mazzini,' p. 18.

for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my youthful years. I sought such a guide as one who is athirst seeks the water spring. I found this man. He alone watched when all around slept, he alone kept and fed the sacred flame. . . . This man is Joseph Mazzini : he is my friend and teacher.' *

Such recognition, however, rarely fell to the lot of Mazzini, whose sorrows had few compensations. His dearest friend, Jacopo Ruffini, was arrested by the Piedmontese government while fomenting one of Young Italy's plots, and committed suicide in prison. Giuditta Sidoli, to whom he was engaged, but whom his exile's life never permitted him to marry, was employed by him in his conspiracies, and we owe what we know of their correspondence to the copies made by the Tuscan police.† Always relentless, always ready to sacrifice himself and others to his political aims, he yet possessed a wonderful gentleness and unwillingness to inflict avoidable pain. In London, where he lived with few intervals from 1837 till the last years of his life, he suffered at first such poverty that he had to pawn his clothes for food ; yet he managed to help needy exiles, and during one winter he gave away his only overcoat.‡

'Going out one winter morning, he found a young girl on the doorstep worn out with cold and hunger. . . . He took her in and put her in his landlady's charge. When the girl afterwards married, and was deserted by her husband, he undertook the education of her children, and for many years devoted to it a large share of his scanty income.' §

In one of the many London lodging-houses which he endured, 'he could not eat his landlady's ill-cooked dinners, and hid the untouched food rather than hurt her feelings.' ||

In the earlier years of his exile, he suffered terribly from loneliness.

'The other day,' he writes from Switzerland in 1834, 'I was looking at the Alps in the distance—beyond them is my country, my poor country that I love so much, where my father and mother are, and my two sisters, and another sister who has been dead many years, and the tomb of the best friend of my youth, who died for liberty, and meadows and hills and beautiful lakes like your own, and flowers and oranges and a beautiful sky—all that one needs to make one die happy, and I thought sadly on it all.' ¶

'There is so much agony in life,' he writes in another letter, 'that 'when I see a baby quiet, smiling, at peace, I can only wish for

* Trevelyan, p. 19.
† Bolton King's 'Mazzini,' p. 68.
‡ Ibid. p. 76.
§ Ibid. p. 97.
|| Ibid. p. 195.
¶ Ibid. p. 54.

'death for it' (p. 58); and again: 'He who, through fatality of 'circumstances, cannot live the serene life of family, has a void 'in his heart that nothing fills, and I, who write these pages, well 'I know it' (p. 72). In later life, though in England he had friends, he became more and more estranged from contemporary Italy, which he could never forgive for its adhesion to the House of Savoy. Although his whole life was one of devoted service, the long years of plots and intrigues weakened his sense of honour, and led him into unnecessary deceptions; brooding in solitude over his republican ideal, he becme filled with bitter hatred of its opponents, and with an impatience that almost always clouded his judgment. Though his virtue sufficed to keep happiness away from him, his few faults, throughout his later years, prevented his sacrifices from furthering any good cause. After Rome had been won, though unity was completed, he found no joy in the result.

'Italy, my Italy,' he said, 'the Italy that I have preached, the Italy of our dreams? Italy, the great, the beautiful, the moral Italy of my heart? This medley of opportunists and cowards and little Macchiavellis, that let themselves be dragged behind the suggestion of the foreigner—I thought to call up the soul of Italy, and I see only its corpse.' 'I want to see, before dying, another Italy, the ideal of my soul and life, start up from her three hundred years' grave: this is only the phantom, the mockery of Italy' (p. 218).

Jowett, after hearing Mazzini talk uninterruptedly for two hours, remarked, with partial truth, that he was 'a man of 'genius, but too much under the influence of two abstract ideas, 'God and the principle of nationality' (p. 148). Carlyle, who certainly did not err on the side of a too facile admiration of contemporaries, nevertheless recognised better than Jowett the moral greatness of Mazzini.

'Whatever I may think,' he wrote, 'of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr souls; who in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practise what is meant by that.'

Mazzini cherished a mystical religion, in which Rome still played a great part, though it was to be the centre of a changed and regenerated belief.

'I entered the city one evening,' he says, 'with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. Rome was to me, as in spite of her present

degradation she still is, the Temple of humanity. From Rome will one day spring the religious transformation destined for the third time to bestow moral unity upon Europe.' *

It is interesting to observe that Mazzini, in spite of his unorthodoxy, retained his belief in the importance of a Church which should be catholic, not perceiving that the evils he deplored in the Papacy are the inevitable results of any such Church, whatever its dogmas, and that his own teaching, which is practically that of the gospels, would, if taught by a Church claiming universality, lead to developements as surprising as those that he deplored in the existing ecclesiastical system. But as Dictator to the Roman republic, his religious veneration for the City made him able to appeal to the highest motives as no other living man could. 'Here in Rome,' he told the Assembly, 'we may not be moral mediocrities.' In this spirit he set to work, and his success, morally, must have astonished almost every one except himself.

'The sordid period of the democratic revolution was over, and its period of idealism and heroism had begun. Mazzini speedily removed the elements of crime and coercion from the popular Government, and replaced them by a spirit of tolerance and liberty almost unexampled in time of national danger. Garibaldi gave to the warfare of the extreme Republicans the spirit of Thermopylae, so often mouthed by orators whose stock-in-trade was classical history, but at last brought by the red-shirts into the region of fact. Little as they liked one another, these two men between them turned a rather limp revolutionary movement, begun in murder and frothy talk of the clubs, into one of the great scenes of history. The Roman Republic showed the faults, but it showed yet more abundantly the virtues, of its origin as the work of an extreme faction. Its history is full of that appeal to the ideal in man that often guides the life of individuals, but finds little direct representation in the government of the world, except in those rare, brief moments of crisis and of concentrated passion when some despised "idealogue" is lifted to the top of the plunging wave.' †

Mazzini decreed that parts of the ecclesiastical lands should be leased to peasants at very low rents, and that the incomes of the greater dignitaries should be curtailed for the benefit of the poorer parish priests; he also gave the buildings of the Inquisition as lodgings for the destitute in Rome. But beyond these two acts, he did nothing hostile to the Church—indeed he carried tolerance towards all parties almost to excess. He not only left the priests unchecked in their ordinary duties and avocations, but allowed plots of which he was cognisant to be

* Quoted by Trevelyan, p. 92. † Trevelyan, p. 92.

developed, sometimes warning the plotters to keep their doings from the knowledge of the public. When the mob dragged some confessionals out of their churches to make a bonfire, 'Mazzini 'gravely remonstrated, and the objects were restored to their 'proper places.' * Some terrorists endeavoured to bring about a massacre of priests, about six of whom were actually murdered in Trastevere. In this case, also, the Government succeeded in preventing the mischief from spreading further, largely (it would seem) by means of a moral appeal to the people; but unfortunately the murderers remained unpunished. The Triumvirs could, however, show vigour in suppressing crime. In Ancona, where an outbreak of anarchy and assassination occurred, order was restored by the skill and firmness of their envoy Orsini—the same man who afterwards himself tried to assassinate Napoleon III.†

Garibaldi, whose achievements at this time form the main theme of Mr. Trevelyan's book, offers as complete a contrast to Mazzini as is possible for two men engaged in the same work, so much so that one is tempted to regard them as embodiments respectively of the abstract faculties of thought and action. Both exiles from their native country of Liguria, while Mazzini had devoted himself to literary propaganda, Garibaldi had been mastering the art of guerilla warfare by taking part in the unceasing quarrels of the South American States. If Mazzini's life makes a deeper and more serious appeal, Garibaldi's delights us by its romance, its picturesqueness, and its childlike spontaneity. By profession a merchant sailor, it was in Levantine ports that he first heard of liberty and the destined union of Italy. In 1834 he entered the Sardinian Navy with a view of inducing it to take part in the revolt which Mazzini was organising; but the plot failed, he had to fly, and 'the first time he 'ever read his name in print was when, on reaching Marseilles, 'he saw in the papers that the Piedmontese Government had 'condemned him to death.' ‡ It was this event which led him to emigrate to South America, where he passed the twelve years from 1836 to 1848, in a career which sounds more like a boy's book of adventure than a sober record of fact.

'Garibaldi had, perhaps, the most romantic life that history records, for it had all the trappings as well as the essence of romance. Though he lived in the nineteenth century, it was yet his fortune never to take full part in the common prose life of civilized men, and so he never understood it, though he moved it profoundly, like a great wind blowing off an unknown shore. §

* Trevelyan, p. 149.
† Johnston, Appendix G, pp. 361–365.
‡ Trevelyan, p. 19.
§ Ibid. p. 24.

The story of his South American life may be read in his autobiography, from which Mr. Trevelyan has extracted almost everything that is of real interest. The most characteristic episode is his wooing of Anita, the Amazon wife who died during his escape in 1849. Swimming ashore from a shipwreck, in which several of his best friends were drowned, he and the survivors attacked and captured the town of Laguna, and with it the enemy's fleet, which was in the harbour. Garibaldi, thus suddenly transformed into an admiral, was welcomed as a liberator by the inhabitants of the town; and it was here that he met Anita.

'The loss of Luigi, Edoardo, and others of my countrymen, left me utterly isolated; I felt quite alone in the world. Of all the friends who had made those desolate regions like home to me, not one was left. . . . Walking up and down the quarter-deck of the 'Itaparica,' wrapped in my own gloomy thoughts, I came, after trying every species of argument, to the conclusion that I would look out for a woman, so as to escape from a position of intolerable weariness and discomfort. By chance I cast my eyes towards the houses on the Barra—a tolerably high hill on the south side of the entrance to the lagoon, where a few simple and picturesque dwellings were visible. Outside one of these, by means of the telescope I usually carried with me when on deck, I espied a young woman, and forthwith gave orders for the boat to be got out, as I wished to go ashore. I landed, and, making for the houses where I expected to find the object of my excursion, I had just given up all hope of seeing her again, when I met an inhabitant of the place, whose acquaintance I had made soon after our arrival. He invited me to take coffee in his house; we entered, and the first person who met my eyes was the damsel who had attracted me ashore. It was Anita, the mother of my children, who shared my life for better, for worse—the wife whose courage I have so often felt the loss of. We both remained enraptured and silent, gazing on one another like two people who meet not for the first time, and seek in each other's faces something which makes it easier to recall the forgotten past. At last I greeted her by saying, "Thou oughtest to be mine!" I could speak but little Portuguese, and uttered the bold words in Italian. Yet my insolence was magnetic. I had formed a tie, pronounced a decree, which death alone could annul.' *

Love at first sight is perhaps not a very rare phenomenon, but we know of no other instance where the first sight was through a telescope. Yet the marriage proved one of the happiest known to history. Anita accompanied her husband on his campaigns, and displayed in battle the courage of a

* Autobiography, Werner's Translation, vol. i., pp. 77–79. Most of the passage is quoted by Trevelyan, p. 29.

veteran. 'Neither of these remarkable persons,' says Mr. Trevelyan, 'could ever have married any one else on equal 'terms. The elopement with Anita was the Sicilian expedition 'of Garibaldi's private life; and for Italy, too, he had won a 'heroine and a story.'

Many other Italians, whose love of Italy had made them exiles, had sought a refuge in South America, and had been enlisted by Garibaldi in his 'Italian legion,' with a part of which, when the revolutions of 1848 broke out, he crossed the Atlantic, full of hope that the reward had come for the long years of preparation. They set sail on April 15, in a ship called the 'Speranza,' with little knowledge of what they might find in Europe.

'And so these men, joyfully self-devoted, sailed to their graves and glories in that ship. Since they were alone upon it with no unbelievers to mock their ceremonies, every time the sun went down in ocean, they stood up in a circle on the deck, and "sang for evening prayer a patriotic hymn." . . . Old Anzani, type of the proto-martyrs who had given their lives for no meed of fame or thanks in the bitter, stifled years gone by, himself sick to death, joined feebly in the chant with the young generation who were hastening as willing victims to a more conspicuous, but not a more noble, sacrifice. And with the other voices blended the low, rich voice of the deliverer to be—till the song, without an audience, died upon the water's waste.' *

The situation, when Garibaldi landed at Nice in June, was complicated but hopeful. In all the States of Italy, popular movements had won constitutions from the rulers, and had compelled them to join, at least in appearance, in the war which Piedmont was waging against Austria. Austria itself was in the throes of revolution: Metternich had fallen, popular clamour in Vienna had extracted a constitution and had led to the flight of the Emperor, Hungary and Bohemia were claiming autonomy, and it seemed as though the Empire could never again be strong enough for oppression. By the famous Five Days of street fighting, Milan had rid itself of the army of Radetzky, which was defending itself in the quadrilateral against Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. But Radetzky was a master of the art of war, Charles Albert was constitutionally hesitating, and the governments of Central and Southern Italy viewed with alarm the prospect of being overshadowed by a great North Italian kingdom—for throughout the liberated parts of Lombardy and Venetia, a plébiscite demanding annexation to Piedmont had been voted almost unanimously. Radetzky

* Trevelyan, p. 41.

gradually strengthened his forces, and at length defeated the Italians at Custoza on July 25. Charles Albert was compelled to abandon Milan, and almost the whole of the Austrian provinces were reconquered, with the exception of Venice, where the Republic was proclaimed under the vigorous leadership of Manin. An armistice was concluded in August between Piedmont and Austria, and Charles Albert (except during the brief and disastrous campaign of Novara in the following year) was unable to give further help to the cause of Italian liberty. 'But,' as Mr. Trevelyan remarks, 'if Charles Albert was not the father 'of his country, he was the father of Victor Emmanuel.'

Garibaldi, who had been at Milan, endeavoured for a while to keep up the war in the Alps, where Mazzini at first accompanied him bearing a flag inscribed 'Dio e Popolo.' This attempt proving fruitless, Garibaldi, to whom the authorities gave a very cold welcome, arrived in the Romagna during the ministry of Rossi, and was reluctantly permitted to raise a regiment of volunteers for the defence of Venice. But after Rossi's murder, it was no longer necessary or desirable that he and his legion should leave the Papal States, where attacks were feared from Austria and Naples. It was from France, however, that the blow came. The French republican Government, after some hesitation, decided to throw in its lot with the Catholic Powers, in order to conciliate the clerical vote, and an expedition was despatched under General Oudinot to occupy Rome. On April 27 Garibaldi and his troops entered the city; three days later, Oudinot made his first attack.

Of ultimate victory there was practically no hope, and Mazzini appears to have had little doubt as to the issue. But for the honour of Rome as the future capital, and to provide a memory about which men's desire for liberty could centre, it was rightly decided that the defence, however desperate, must be prolonged to the last possible moment. In this spirit the hopeless struggle was continued during two heroic months, after which the Temporal Power, though reinstated, could only be supported by a foreign garrison, and was doomed to fall as soon as the international situation caused the garrison to be withdrawn.

Oudinot's first attack, on April 30, was made with the utmost carelessness, and directed against a gate which no longer existed. After a hard fight, in which Garibaldi and his soldiers bore the most honourable part, the French were completely defeated, and disabled from further attack until strengthened by reinforcements from France. The Romans made many prisoners, whom they treated with great kindness, and soon set free unconditionally. Oudinot's official report declared that 'this

'affair of April 30 is one of the most brilliant in which the French 'troops have taken part since our great wars.' *

The French had attacked Rome under the pretence that they were liberating the people from the oppression of a band of terrorists and assassins. The thoroughly popular resistance of April 30 having dispelled this pretence, they adopted another. To keep the Romans quiet until reinforcements could arrive, and until the French general elections had been held, they sent Lesseps on a mission to negotiate terms (so they allowed their envoy to believe) by which the French troops and the Roman Government could avoid further hostilities. Lesseps was quickly won over by the personality of Mazzini, and at last, in an agreement concluded on May 31, conceded almost all that Mazzini asked. Having, however, exceeded his powers, he inserted a clause according to which the treaty required ratification by the French Government. The reinforcements having now arrived, Lesseps on this very day received a curt letter of recall,† and next day (June 1) Oudinot denounced the armistice which had been arranged after April 30.

Garibaldi had been engaged meanwhile in the congenial task of harrying the Neapolitan army, which had advanced as far as Frascati and Albano, but retired (as was its wont) when it saw hostile troops approaching. The Roman Commander-in-Chief Roselli, however, treated his enemies with more respect than they deserved, thereby failing to win any notable victory, and leading Garibaldi into grave insubordination of the kind which we are allowed to admire in Nelson. From this expedition, the army only returned on May 31. Next day, Oudinot, while declaring that hostilities might be resumed at once, stated that he would not attack 'the place' until Monday, June 4. Nevertheless, in the night of June 2–3 he attacked and captured the villas Pamfili and Corsini, which gave him the key to Rome. The Italians, relying on his promise, were taken completely by surprise. His defence was that these two villas, being outside the walls, were not part of 'the place'; nevertheless it seems plain that he intended to mislead the Italians by his studied ambiguity.

The long fight in which, throughout the third of June, the Italians vainly hurled themselves against the Villa Corsini is described by Mr. Trevelyan with great power. In spite of reckless courage, the Romans were defeated owing to bad generalship and to the inherent strength of the French position. But though the defence was henceforth hopeless, the defenders were determined to fight on.

* Trevelyan, p. 146. † Johnston, p. 290.

'Everyone knew that Garibaldi had commanded badly; no one loved him the less, and no one was less eager to fight and die under his orders. . . . He had given his countrymen what the national instinct craved for at that moment more than for victory—honour. It was not tactics but heroism for which Italy was athirst in that year of despair crowned and glorified by faith.' *

'Because men remembered and told with pride and anguish the story of the uncalculating devotion of those young lives in this hopeless struggle, there grew up, as the years went by, an unconquerable purpose in the whole nation to have their capital: there rose that wild cry of the heart—*O Roma, O Morte!*—so magical even in years of discord and derision, that soon or late the Catholic world was bound to yield to it, as to a will stronger and more lasting even than its own.' †

Throughout the following weeks the battle raged, and the slow methodical advance of the French continued. At length, on June 30, the final assault was delivered, and the city lay at the mercy of the conqueror. Mazzini, regardless of the fact that the French guns could bombard every part of the city, wished to resort to street-fighting, and was indignant with Garibaldi for declaring this to be useless. The Constituent Assembly resolved that it 'ceases from a defence that has 'become impossible and remains at its post.' Mazzini resigned, but remained in Rome for some time after the entry of the French (which took place on July 3). It had been said that he was a tyrant, ruling an unwilling populace by terror; he remained after his power was gone to prove the untruth of this accusation, and such was his popularity that the French did not venture to arrest him. After about a week, he escaped, and soon returned to the old routine in London. For him, there came no second opportunity, and his life as a practical statesman was ended.

Meanwhile Garibaldi had begun his great retreat. On July 2, to a vast multitude assembled in the Piazza of St. Peter's, he announced in a brief speech his determination not to surrender to the foreigner.

'Fortune, who betrays us to-day, will smile on us to-morrow. I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger, come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me.' ‡

* Trevelyan, pp. 190–1. † Ibid. p. 192.

‡ Ibid. p. 231. The same speech is given by a clerical historian as follows: 'I offer you fresh battles and new laurels, but at the price of greater perils and fatigues. Let those follow me

About 4,000 of the troops responded to his invitation, and marched out into the night.

The hopes which Garibaldi entertained of being able to prolong the war by rousing the rural population of Umbria and Tuscany were speedily disappointed; the peasantry, except in the Romagna, were generally unfriendly, and very many of his followers deserted. Nevertheless he still hoped to be able to join Manin in the defence of Venice. By clever feints and long night marches, he succeeded in eluding the French, Spanish and Neapolitan troops which set out in pursuit of him. At Terni he effected his junction with the regiment of Colonel Forbes, an Englishman, who so despised military attire that he went through the whole campaign and the remainder of the retreat in his ordinary clothes with a white top-hat. After crossing the border into Tuscany, the dwindling column, having escaped its first pursuers, found its route commanded by four Austrian armies; closely pursued and unable to halt, it reached at last (July 31) the little Republic of San Marino. Here, on friendly soil, Garibaldi disbanded his troops, leaving individuals to obtain such terms as they and the San Marinesi could extract from the surrounding Austrians. Some were flogged, some imprisoned for long terms, but most gradually escaped.

Meanwhile Garibaldi, with about 200 followers and the undaunted Anita, now nearing the time of her confinement, escaped by night through the enemy's lines, and after twenty-two hours' march arrived at the little Adriatic port of Cesenatico, whence they still hoped to be able to reach Venice. After maddening delays, they got to sea; but the moon was full, and they were sighted by the Austrian squadron. Most of their boats were captured, but Garibaldi's and two others succeeded in landing near Comacchio. Anita by this time was dying, but it was impossible to help her while the Austrians were scouring all the country round. At length, after infinite difficulties, they reached a friendly farm-house; and as they were carrying her into it, she died. 'Then the noble outward calm of Garibaldi, which 'had been proof against the thousand dangers, disappointments, 'and sorrows of the past months, and had fed his fainting 'followers with courage, all in an instant gave way, and he 'burst into a flood of prolonged and bitter weeping.' *

who have courage; let those follow me who have faith in the salvation of Italy. We have stained our hands in the blood of France, but we will plunge our arms in that of the Austrians.' O'Clery, 'History of the Italian Revolution, First Period,' p. 359.

* Trevelyan, p. 299.

But Garibaldi could not long indulge his grief, since his stay endangered not only his own safety, but that of those who harboured him. With only one companion, he set out on a journey full of hair's-breadth scapes, which took him at last to the Mediterranean near Pisa, and thence to Piedmont and safety. Among many incidents of this flight, one is so characteristic that it deserves to be quoted. In an inn at Cerbaja, the two travellers fell into casual conversation with a young Tuscan—as it chanced, a Liberal—to whom something about them suggested the thought of refugees.

'Partly in order to test their politics, he drew a Val d'Arno newspaper from his pocket and handed it across the table. Seeing the elder of the two laugh and show his companion the advertisement about Garibaldi and *Leggiero*, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "And where is our Garibaldi now?" "Friend," said the stranger, rising suddenly and advancing to embrace the young man, "Garibaldi is in your arms."' *

In spite of such acts of rashness, Garibaldi was never betrayed, and lived to realise his hopes in happier days.

The events of 1848–9, though they brought little immediate gain to Italy, were an essential preparation for subsequent unification. At the outset, there were two main parties; those who, like Gioberti, desired a federation of the existing States, and those who, like Mazzini, desired a single Republic. Both these policies proved impossible. A federation could not be tolerated by Austria, and the existing governments, with the exception of Piedmont, were not prepared to undertake a vigorous war against Austria. Perhaps most of the governments might, in time, have been brought permanently into the position they occupied temporarily in the early months of 1848; but the Papacy could never genuinely take up such a position, because it was primarily international, not an Italian State like the rest. Thus the peculiar position of the Pope made it impossible that the federal policy could ever succeed. At the same time, the authority of the Church was such that it required rare courage to challenge its opposition; and those who possessed such courage were, at that date, mainly republicans. The weakness of their policy, which was tried in 1849, was that it could not be supported by Piedmont, which possessed the only strong Italian army, and that all the Catholic powers were prepared to suppress it by armed intervention. Only one policy remained—the one which ultimately triumphed. Italy must become a monarchy under the King of Sardinia, who, amid

* Trevelyan, p. 312.

the general wreck of royal promises, had remained faithful to the constitution he had granted in 1848. But if this was to be possible, it was necessary that the Papacy should be so discredited that a mere king could attack it; and to bring the Papacy to this point, was a task which could only be performed by revolutionaries. The Roman Republic, led by Mazzini and Garibaldi, undertook this task, and performed it so well that the success of Piedmont was thereafter assured, given the patience to wait for opportunities, and the skill to use them when they came.

'Against the religious zeal which the Italians had defied, they must oppose a moral force, or be beaten in the end. In claiming Rome for themselves they had outraged the Irish, the Spaniards, the Austrians, half France, and many of their own countrymen. Vast spiritual agencies were at work all over the world to keep Italy out of Rome. Peter and Paul, Augustine and Loyola were rising from their graves to withstand Mazzini—the pale, frail Genoese, whose face was scarred with the sorrows of his country; and this shadowy host could call up armed men from the utmost ends of Europe to defend the Pope.' *

The greatness of the Eternal City was at once the glory and the misfortune of Italy; the weight of the past oppressed and dwarfed generations of men who lacked the courage and the faith to turn their thoughts towards the future. The first who possessed this courage and this faith were defeated, as the pioneers of a moral revolution always must be. Yet their protest persuaded men that the Papal rule was no longer compatible with the welfare of Italy, and to them belongs the honour of causing the downfall of an institution as noxious as it was venerable. Some, who know only the Italy of to-day, may be inclined to question whether, after all, the achievement has been worth fighting for. But whoever reads the record of cramped lives, of intellectual and moral degradation, of systematic discouragement of all that was best, which made up the work of the governments from 1815 to 1848, must acknowledge that what has been accomplished has justified a thousandfold the wisdom and the sacrifices of those through whose courage Italy became again a great and free nation.

* Trevelyan, p. 192.

Art. XI.—POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE COUNTRY.

The Speech of His Majesty the King at the Opening of Parliament, February 12, 1907.

No British party ever achieved a greater triumph at the polls than was won by the late Opposition in January of last year. The Unionists, originally a combination of both parties formed to resist Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, had been in power virtually for some twenty years; for the Administration (1892–95) under Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, during the short period it held office, did but serve to demonstrate the incapacity of a party, dependent for its daily existence upon the votes of Irish Nationalists, to govern the kingdom. But in 1906 the conditions under which the electoral issues were fought were utterly dissimilar to those of 1886 and 1895. Large numbers of Unionists, many of whom had sacrificed for the Union far more than Mr. Balfour, now the leader of the Unionist party, had ever done, last year actively supported his opponents. Mr. Chamberlain, in making Tariff Reform the main principle of the Liberal Unionist Association and of its subordinate organisations, had done a bad day's work for the cause of the Union and for his own party. It is true that he was supported in those bodies by a majority which allowed him to drum out of the organisations Unionists who stood firm for Free Trade. Nevertheless, in the country outside Birmingham Liberal Unionists were for the most part Free Traders, and, strangely enough, it is to-day the old Tory party ably represented by Mr. Chaplin, not the old Liberal Unionists, who form in the constituencies the largest and most zealous part of Mr. Chamberlain's following.

In the eyes of the British public the Ministry which resigned at the end of 1905 rather than itself appeal to the people seemed but a poor survival of that Unionist statesmanship which had so long guided the nation. In the elegant language of our forefathers it would have been called the 'rump' of the Unionist party. Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, Lord George Hamilton, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord James of Hereford, Mr. Ritchie, and many others who in old days had given strength to the party, had been replaced by smaller men. Mr. Chamberlain, since his resignation of office, was an independent power, and Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Conservative party, declined to let it be known whether he agreed or disagreed with Mr. Chamberlain's policy. If these two statesmen had a right to claim exclusively for the followers of their fiscal policy the name of Unionists, the electors were

nevertheless fully alive to the fact that the old name was being stretched into covering a new thing. They had regard to realities. They clearly understood that the first plank in the platform of the party was now Tariff Reform, and accordingly they voted, as Englishmen will, with regard to the real issue, without being at all misled by the efforts of astute politicians to obscure it.

In this state of affairs Liberal statesmen saw their opportunity. Many Liberals had in truth become convinced of the impracticability of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, many had always been indifferent, whilst others, though still boasting themselves Home Rulers, were ready for the sake of peace within their own ranks and in order to quiet the fears of British electors, to hold the Home Rule faith as a pious opinion of their own, not as a political principle to which they intended to give effect. Unionist dissension and the vacillation of their leader played into the hands of the Liberals, and accordingly when the General Election came, Tariff Reform—now become indistinguishable from Protection—was allowed to take the place formerly held by Home Rule and to become the touchstone of parties, with results absolutely disastrous to the combined forces of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. Their strength, such as it was, had been displayed in caucuses and committees; but when the day of trial came it was found that appearances had deceived them, and that there were very few places indeed where the party would go solid against Free Trade. It would indeed have been strange had it been otherwise. For the doctrines now preached by Tariff Reformers were not new. The old 'Fair Trade' agitation had not been forgotten, nor the vigorous and conclusive reasoning by which Mr. Chamberlain himself, when President of the Board of Trade, had pulverised its pretensions twenty years before.

Whatever had been said and done by Unionist statesmen, it is not likely that the defeat of their party could have been avoided. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are alike responsible for the fact that defeat became a rout almost without precedent in our party history. Mr. Balfour occupied the position of leader of the party, and he had declared that so long as he occupied it he intended to lead. Yet from May 1903 onwards, in the great controversy which has divided Englishmen, his language has been studiously and persistently obscure. Mr. Balfour is far too acute not to see through the fallacies which captivate the ordinary Tariff Reformers of to-day, as they did the Protectionists of 'the forties' and the 'Fair Traders' of 'the eighties.' But if he were to declare frankly for Free Trade and against Tariff

Reform he would offend Mr. Chamberlain, whilst if he declared in plain language for Mr. Chamberlain's policy, he would lose the support of valued colleagues such as Lord Salisbury, which he could ill afford, and would, moreover, deliver over his party to future difficulties which no one realises more clearly than himself. His language has been such as to enable keen party men who are Free Traders to claim him as a bulwark of Free Trade; and keen party men who are Tariff Reformers to claim him as a genuine supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, which however, for reasons of a tactical nature, he does not for the moment publicly uphold. Yet whilst Mr. Balfour's language has been ambiguous, and though he has permitted himself to be interpreted even in his own presence in opposite senses, his action in the constituencies has never varied. In no single instance throughout or since the General Election has he intervened in favour of a Free Trade candidate. When the General Election was over, and when, having been defeated at Manchester, he was elected for the City of London, Mr. Balfour, at the request of Mr. Chamberlain, formally made the fiscal policy of the latter—at least, this is the interpretation Tariff Reformers put upon it—the first business of the Unionist party, thereby entirely justifying, if it needed justification, the action taken by Unionist Free Traders at the General Election.

The blow dealt by the General Election to Mr. Chamberlain's policy was a heavy one. But its misfortunes did not end there, for the history of the trade, commerce, and industry of the nation during the last fifteen months has brought complete refutation to those prophecies of impending ruin upon which the famous 'crusade' was based. It is hardly too much to say that had Mr. Chamberlain been able in 1903 to foresee the course of events for the next four years, the agitation would either have never taken place at all or it would have been founded on very different arguments. The cause of Tariff Reform has indeed fallen on evil days. Not only has it been discredited by the General Election and by the course of events. It has sustained an even severer blow in the loss (we trust only the temporary loss) of Mr. Chamberlain's powerful personality. And as yet no statesman has arisen capable of giving renewed vitality to what looks like a failing cause. Under these circumstances it was perhaps to be expected that Mr. Balfour's more recent utterances would incline towards Free Trade. Tariff Reformers are as active as ever in capturing the caucuses. In this way they are generally able to nominate Protectionist candidates; but what is the use of winning the caucus and losing the election? These things are now pretty well understood in the high places of Conservative

management, where the tactics of Tariff Reformers cause the utmost uneasiness and alarm.

Had Mr. Balfour had his own way, it is improbable that the fiscal controversy of the last four years would have been raised at all. His hand was forced by a personality stronger than his own. As it was, he did his best to hold aloof from active participation in the fray, and endeavoured rather to concentrate the public mind on the incapacity of the Opposition to provide for the nation a steady and rational Government. The interests of the Empire, the wise conduct of our foreign policy, the happy relations with our colonies, the adequacy of army and navy—all would be endangered if his own Ministry should fall! For his own part he looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the time when from the front Opposition bench he and Mr. Chamberlain would ride roughshod over the Liberal weaklings who would be their temporary successors. Apparently the late Ministry really believed that they were indispensable; but few others shared their belief, and the electorate voted for Free Trade without fearing that their decision would be fatal to the Empire.

As with regard to the fiscal controversy so with regard to the change of Government, experience has already done much to discredit the rash predictions of partisans of the late Government. Man for man, the present Ministry has shown itself in no degree inferior to its predecessor. Sir Edward Grey (and it is high praise) has been not less successful than Lord Lansdowne; Mr. Morley, Lord Elgin, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Asquith, and Lord Loreburn—to give only half a dozen names—need not fear comparison with their predecessors; whilst in debate Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is at no disadvantage in crossing swords with Mr. Balfour himself. In their general conduct of affairs there has as yet been little which the country is prepared to condemn. The controversy over the Education Bill greatly stirred the world of clericalism. Militant Churchmen and militant dissenters from different standpoints were equally violent, and equally unreasonable. But the great mass of moderate men, who in this country are in educational matters neither denominationalist nor secularist, were not hostile to the Bill, and would have welcomed even at the last moment a reasonable compromise. Unfortunately, sectarian and party heats prevailed over the wise counsels of the Duke of Devonshire, and it remains very doubtful whether either political party has acquired or lost in the struggle any considerable measure of public confidence.

On the whole, therefore, we see little reason for thinking that the actual conduct of affairs by the present Ministry has dis-

appointed reasonable expectations ; and if the Government does not stand where it did in public estimation the cause must be found in the uncertainty that has lately arisen as to their future proceedings and in the growing fear that they have mistaken the meaning of the popular vote that placed them in power. A great deal is said and written nowadays on the subject of popular mandates. At the General Election the fiscal question and the education question were undoubtedly before the electorate, and the Ministry may say with truth that they were directly commissioned with the duty of maintaining Free Trade and of establishing public control in State-supported schools. But at every election there is a general mandate implied, as well as a specific one expressed. Members of Parliament are elected in part because their constituents believe them to be common-sense, reasonable men. Home Rule was defeated in 1886, to the great satisfaction of the country, because nearly one hundred Liberal members refused to consider themselves as mere ' items ' of Mr. Gladstone's majority. In so doing they had to brave the party whips, and the terrors of dissolution. By their independence they saved the character of the House of Commons as well as the Union. So when a Ministry enters office they are held to be something more than the mouthpiece of party caucuses. The public believe them to be prudent, responsible men, and it has given them a general mandate to govern the country soberly and wisely, not less than the special mandate to promote certain definite political ends.

It is here however that, not without cause, the public has of late felt a very noticeable diminution of confidence in the Ministry. Assuredly the revulsion which hurled the late Government from power and installed the present one in office was not intended to commission the new Prime Minister and his colleagues to pursue every radical and socialist fad which might recommend itself to some wing of their supporters. It must be remembered that the party conditions, though not without precedent, are certainly not normal. The strength and solidity of each party as a whole are dependent far more on the dislike and dread of each for the policy of its rival than on any enthusiasm either for its own leaders or its own political programme. There is no Gladstone, there is no Reform Bill, there is no war, to fire the imagination and fix the faith of electors. The Liberal party is overwhelmingly strong whilst its opponents are bent on Protection. The Unionist party at once closes its ranks and gains strength in every part of the country the moment the people perceive that the Liberals are aiming at Home Rule. These facts are plain enough to men who keep their eyes open and who

are not blinded by party zeal. Unfortunately many active politicians are not statesmen, and they are apt to look for the opinion of the English people solely in the committees and the caucuses of their respective parties. Yet it is public opinion—the opinion of those who are capable of forming an opinion, though they may not take a prominent part in politics—that in the long run weighs. At the present time it is not too much to say that English political feeling is utterly misrepresented in the party caucuses. If General Elections count for anything at all as a demonstration of public opinion, England altogether repudiates the policy of Home Rule and altogether repudiates the policy of Protection. Yet we should probably be told by Mr. Austen Chamberlain that England is for Tariff Reform, and by Mr. Lloyd George that it is for Home Rule all round! There are statesmen on both sides who know better than this, and with them it rests to avert disaster.

In his Majesty's Speech at the opening of Parliament the country was told that Ministers had under their consideration the important subject of the differences between the two Houses 'with a view to a solution of the difficulty;' that measures would be proposed dealing with the organisation of the army, with the holding of land in Scotland, with Licensing Reform, with University Education in Ireland, and 'for further associating 'the people of Ireland with the management of their domestic 'affairs, and for otherwise improving the system of government 'in its administrative and financial aspect.' In the debate on the Address Mr. Asquith indicated that he proposed to take up the subject of old age pensions, and he appeared to lay down as fundamental principles, first, that no contribution should be required from any individual to entitle him to a pension; secondly, that pensions, though coming thus entirely from funds provided by the taxes, should not be considered as having any connection with the Poor Law. Assuredly the programme is sufficient, but what does it all *mean*? Mr. Haldane's proposals and the Scottish Land Bill are before us; but as yet it is only from the language of Ministers that on the other subjects mentioned in the King's Speech we can gather their intentions. And the language of individual Ministers has certainly not been such as to reassure the public mind.

The King's Speech touched upon subjects of the deepest import, subjects which surely no British statesman can approach with levity! There is, without doubt, something very unsatisfactory in the relations between the two Houses. In the House of Lords there exists a permanent party majority of Conservatives. That majority, however, has in the past accepted, though

it has sometimes delayed, all the reforms upon which the country has set its heart. On the whole in recent years the peers have been wisely and prudently led. They know they cannot, if they would, thwart the evident will of the nation; but they can and they do occasionally play the mere party game, so as greatly to hamper the efforts at legislation of a Liberal Ministry. It is undeniable that the hereditary basis upon which the House of Lords rests is antipathetic to the democratic and rationalist sentiment of our day. It seems little less than ludicrous, especially considering the persons to whom and the reasons for which peerages are not infrequently given, that the honour should be associated with a grant to the recipient and the heirs of his body of a right to legislate for ever for the British people and Empire!

For the most part, however, Englishmen care very little for theory in their institutions so long as those institutions work. And what they are really anxious to know is how practically the Government proposes to improve the working of the parliamentary system. Mere denunciation of the House of Lords is very easy. But it does not advance matters; and there is a very strong indisposition amongst thoughtful people to give the House of Commons absolute power over legislation. In many democratic countries there is seen in modern times a deep distrust of representative bodies. Either by means of a written constitution, or by a referendum, it is usual greatly to limit their powers; and modern changes in practice and procedure have made Englishmen dread more than ever the passing of hasty and ill-considered measures by the House of Commons. The essence of the parliamentary system in our time and country is that laws should only be enacted after free, deliberate, and public debate. For this the country thinks it has a right to look to the House of Commons, where all the elements exist to make discussion valuable. Should that House allow itself to become a mere machine for voting laws already framed after private discussion elsewhere, it will cease to exercise its most valuable function and will rapidly decline in the public estimation. The truth of the matter is that the state of the House of Commons (we are not of course speaking of its party complexion) and its efficiency to do the work expected of it are infinitely more important to the country than the condition of the House of Lords. To quote the late Mr. Lecky ('Democracy and Liberty') 'the old saying of Burghley that '"England can never be ruined but by her Parliament" was 'never more true than at the present time, and the uncontrolled, 'unbalanced authority of a single representative body, con-

'stituted like our own, seems to me one of the gravest dangers 'to the Empire.' The House of Commons is the heir of splendid traditions, and every Englishman hopes that these traditions will be upheld. It would indeed be a fall were it ever to be regarded by outside opinion, after the fashion in which in America it seems to be common to regard the representatives of the people in the State legislatures, as a collection of fussy busy-bodies whom in the public interest it is absolutely necessary to restrain.

Since the King's Speech no information has been given us of what is intended beyond a few ministerial mutterings of vague threats against the peers. These have not greatly stirred the public mind, which finds it difficult to believe that the Ministers of the King are really about to invite the House of Commons to abolish the House of Lords! Still, enough has been said to make it desirable for the sake of the credit of Ministers themselves to lay before the country at the earliest possible moment their scheme for bringing about harmonious working between the Houses, and so giving increased strength to our parliamentary system; for it cannot be denied that the language of some of the Ministers on this subject suggests the commencement of a long struggle of which the end is not easy to see, and which if it is entered upon in earnest will absorb for many a day the whole political energies of the country.

Another measure mentioned in the King's Speech has not yet seen the light. Mr. Bryce, the outgoing Chief Secretary for Ireland, adumbrated in a farewell speech the proposals which the Government was about to make for reorganising the university system in that country. Since that time a perfect torrent of criticism from bodies and individuals well entitled to be heard in defence of enlightened and liberal education has descended upon the scheme. Trinity College, Dublin, is the one worthy and flourishing and honoured example in Ireland of what advanced teaching and training should be. It is free and open to all persuasions. Indeed, it is its non-sectarian character and its success that make it specially odious to those who have no love for education unless it is controlled by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. It is strange that a Cabinet which includes such liberal-minded men as Mr. Haldane should make itself responsible for this attack on Dublin University. So far, however, not only has the Bill promised in the King's Speech not been introduced, but Ministers have suffered criticism and censures of their proposals to go by default. Perhaps Lord Rosebery is right in thinking that we shall hear little more about them; but even so they have not been without their effect in

weakening the confidence of liberal-minded men in the educational aspirations of the Government. If the Roman Catholics are deeply convinced of the necessity of establishing a Catholic University, let them have one. Surely it is quite unnecessary to pull down or to degrade the great University—free and open to all—which has done in the past and continues to do in the present such splendid educational work for Ireland ! *

Whatever may be the case with an Irish University Bill, there can, we presume, be no doubt that in a very few weeks Parliament will have before it the measure promised for improving administration in Ireland and for 'further associating the 'people of Ireland with the management of their domestic 'affairs.' Lord Rosebery prophesies that it will prove to be a very little Bill indeed, and it would certainly be premature to discuss at the present time proposals which are not in terms before us. But here, again, language has been used by Ministers which has brought something like consternation to the multitude of Unionists who at the General Election supported the new Government under the belief that the policy of Gladstonian Home Rule was practically dead. The Prime Minister has derived so little enlightenment from the discussions of a quarter of a century that he is prepared to outrun even Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill! He hopes to see established in Ireland the system of a free and independent Parliament and Government—the system which has made the larger colonies, to the great advantage of the Empire, into sister nations. The Lord Chancellor —whose genuineness of conviction and frankness of character have already won him a very high place in the estimation and regard of the House of Lords—has recently expounded what he and his chief understand by 'the larger policy,' to which, according to him, every improvement in Irish administration must necessarily lead. He and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it seems, believe still in those marvellous measures of 1886 and 1893, which the people of Great Britain have declared they would not have, and the mere dread of which ensured to the Unionist party so long a lease of power. Lord Loreburn talks of Canada ! Let him think these things out, and he will see that the facts of the case and the conditions of the time are against him. What is the use of his insisting on 'the subordination' of an Irish Parliament, controlled by a supreme Parliament and Government which are to wield the whole power of the Imperial

* As we go to press, it is announced that the Government have dropped the Bill for the present session. It is not likely that a similar measure will again see the light.

Forces? Is this the way Canada or Australia is or can be governed? Are we really to have all the old fallacies paraded again? Will Mr. Bryce return to hold up the example of Denmark and Iceland, and Mr. Gladstone's successor point once more to the brilliant success of the separate parliamentary systems of Norway and Sweden? The clock cannot be set back in order to satisfy the sentiment, however amiable, of the Lord Chancellor. The defeat of Home Rule was no mere party victory. It was due to a combination of men of all parties determined to maintain the single political nationhood of the people of the three kingdoms. They will not suffer this to be destroyed by revolutionary measures, nor to be undermined by little ones. A separate Parliament and Executive in Ireland would not, indeed, be able to establish a separate independent Irish nation. That is impossible. But it would almost certainly lead to civil strife, and then, after the manner of Ministers who have made mistakes, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Loreburn would, we doubt not with perfectly clear consciences, lead the country into an 'inevitable' war!

If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Lord Chancellor are still Gladstonian Home Rulers, let it be remembered that those who defeated Home Rule in the past are still Unionists. As years ago Mr. John Bright used to urge, there are something like two million Irishmen who look to the Parliament of the United Kingdom to protect them and to legislate for them, as it protects and legislates for Englishmen and Scotchmen. These Irishmen are as loyal as we are, as proud of their citizenship as we are. What moral right have we to cast them from us? They fight the battles of the kingdom and Empire; they distinguish themselves in all the many fields open to them as to us. Are we to use Imperial force to drive these fellow-subjects of ours under a rule which is as abhorrent to them as it would be to us? That the Prime Minister and Lord Chancellor have unnecessarily done much to revive the Home Rule controversy we deeply deplore, but that is not due to any doubt on our part as to how the people of the United Kingdom will once more, if necessary, deal with it.

These unfortunate speeches have done much mischief, and it is now incumbent on other members of the party to be equally explicit. Those who supported the present Ministry at the General Election on the great fiscal issue are not prepared to acquiesce in the utilising of their assistance for the purpose of furthering the Home Rule projects of a party which it was authoritatively declared would not in the new Parliament forward the Home Rule policy. Unionists look, and have a

right to look, to the carrying out, in their plain and simple meaning, of the pledges that have been given them. Whether the Devolution Bill, if that is to be its title, is a large measure or a small one, it must raise in the House of Commons the policy of Home Rule. Mr. Redmond and his followers on the one side, and Irish Unionists on the other, will take care of that. The British public will watch with anxiety the speeches of Ministers. In the last Parliament Mr. Balfour's tactics—the pretence that whenever the fiscal question was raised it could be shelved, as involving only abstract issues not practically before the House of Commons—though they may have prolonged his life in office, had disastrous results upon his party. As he did not venture to disavow the Chamberlain policy in plain language, Manchester and the country believed that he favoured it—believed, that is, that the Conservative party had become protectionist. The lesson is full of warning for Mr. Balfour's successors. If in the course of the present session the Liberal party is to become once more identified with the retrograde and discredited policy of Home Rule, it will be the fault of the Liberal leaders, and sooner or later they may rest assured that the country will make the party suffer for it.

Many Unionists, especially Liberal Unionists, have been and are perfectly ready to consider proposals for improving Irish administration. Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Lansdowne, to mention three only of the late Government, are known not to shut their eyes to the possibility of reform. Doubtless there is a certain section of Irish and English opinion that is prepared to dub and to damn all Irish reform as mere steps to Home Rule and separation. Liberal Unionists, generally speaking, would hardly take that view; but what can they say when Liberal statesmen almost go out of their way to tell the country that Home Rule is their end, and when the support of Irish Nationalists is invited on the avowed ground that by the Government proposals that end will be brought nearer? Men like the Duke of Devonshire regard Home Rule as something more than a mere party question to be used for the pulling down and setting up of Governments. For many years he and his associates sacrificed all party advantages for what they believed to be essential to the safety of the nation. And their views prevailed with the country even against the most popular leader that the Liberal party ever possessed. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, to whom Free Traders are not Unionists at all, regards the question of the Union as more than a card in the game of party. The Birmingham Tariff Reformers have made Tariff Reform—

i.e. Protection—the be-all and the end-all of British politics. But then Birmingham is not England, and Mr. Chamberlain leads neither Liberal Unionists nor Conservatives, or the prospects of the Unionist party would be even worse than they are. There must be something temporarily wrong with the party system when leading men on the one side and the other are ready to inflict such heavy blows on their own friends—when Free Trade statesmen lightly drive into opposition Free Traders who are Unionists, and Unionist statesmen drive out of the Unionist party Unionists who are Free Traders.

In quite another direction, and in one entirely unexpected by the public or by the electorate at the time of the General Election, confidence in the sound common-sense of the Ministry has also been greatly shaken. Mr. Sinclair, the Secretary for Scotland, who owes his position as a Cabinet Minister rather to personal popularity than to previous political achievement, has thought fit to introduce into the House of Commons on behalf of the Government a measure to establish in Scotland the Irish system of fixity of tenure with State regulation of rents, and thereby to abolish free business relations as regards the holding of land, wherever holdings are less than fifty acres in extent or under 50*l.* in annual rent. There is not evidently, nor is there alleged to be, any reason for making such legislation applicable to one side of the Tweed and not to the other; nor for the special limits of 50 acres and 50*l.* It is not the case, nor is it we believe alleged, that in Scotland the system of free contract has broken down, nor that tenants' property is being confiscated, nor that the main value of the holdings has been created by the tenants' improvements, nor that land is usually over-rented. Mr. Sinclair is probably little aware how entirely his case is unsupported by the reasoning upon which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues founded the Irish Land Act of 1881. Mr. Gladstone at that time held up to admiration the working of the land system of Scotland as he was acquainted with it in the Lothians, and he looked to his Irish plan of fifteen-year terms at State-fixed rents to render customary a sort of *quasi*-lease, to use his own expression, which might gradually bring about in Ireland the happy condition of affairs prevailing under free contract in Scotland. In the latter country, far more than in Ireland, and more indeed than in England, has farming been a business or trade carried on upon business principles by landlords and tenants who dealt with each other on commercial principles. Under this system agriculture has prospered greatly, farmhouses, farm-buildings and cottages have been built, surpassing anything of the kind known elsewhere. Under the lease system the tenant knew

exactly where he stood and what were his rights. Whatever may be the case in Ireland, the Scottish farmer is quite capable of making a bargain and protecting his own property and rights; indeed he can do this a great deal better than Mr. Sinclair and the Parliament House together, if they would only believe it, can do it for him. In no part of the Kingdom, moreover, has it been more possible or more common for an active intelligent and ambitious worker on the farm—shepherd or bailiff—to rise in life and himself to become a farmer. On the Borders and in the Lothians it often happens that the man who farms wide districts, and lives in a house as good as that of many a squire a generation or two ago, has begun life in a very humble position, and been himself, it may be, the son of a hired farm labourer. The lease, or contract system, has served Scotland well, and every class of the community has gained by it.

If then the Government is unable to call in support the reasons given by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster in 1881 for the momentous changes they were proposing for Ireland, upon what does Mr. Sinclair rely in his project for turning topsy-turvy the land system of Great Britain? It is no wonder that people stand aghast at the levity with which our modern reformers approach the subject. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster were men whose past careers had given the public some guarantee for the seriousness of their statesmanship. But even they thought it necessary, by means of very elaborate and responsible inquiries, thoroughly to diagnose the disease of the patient before they prescribed for him. The Irish Act of 1881, in the view of Mr. Gladstone, was to create a system which would make an end of all agrarian trouble in that country. Large numbers of those who supported him were less sanguine, but thought his proposals justifiable by reason of the absolute deadlock that had been reached between owners and occupiers of land. We do not intend now to discuss the merits or demerits of the Irish Land Acts; and we think it at least quite possible that a generation or two hence they may be looked back upon as forming steps in a great and wise policy of gradually transferring ownership in the land to the occupiers of the soil. But what is certain is that the system of the Act of 1881 has absolutely failed as a working system; and that it has entailed upon Ireland and the United Kingdom a vast expenditure of money and credit in passing onwards, through an impossible attempt to get on under dual ownership, to the establishment of an occupying proprietary.

Mr. Sinclair and the Lord Advocate see in the Crofter legislation of recent years, not the application of exceptional measures to exceptional conditions, but the true system by which the

British land industry should be regulated. This is to drag down the self-reliant and energetic and progressive to the level of occupiers for the most part notoriously deficient in the qualities that make for success. The Highland crofter and the Border shepherd are men of very different stamp, and the stereotyping of his condition which may be the ideal of the one will have little charm for the other. Mr. Sinclair labours hard to show that the financial position of the landlords will not be injured by his Bill. That is not in our opinion the most important consideration involved in his proposals; but even here his reasoning often cuts much of the ground from under his own feet. Thus he declares that the average reduction of rent made under the Crofters Act by the Crofters Commission, though from 25 to 30 per cent., does not exceed reductions made elsewhere. Rents had fallen quite as much 'in the part of Scotland outside the Crofters Act as in 'the area within the administration of the Crofters Commission. 'So that the rent of the landlords through the action of that 'Commission had been as well kept up in the north of Scotland 'as it had been through individual action in the South.' That would appear to show how entirely unnecessary it is to introduce into the South a Commission to moderate rents which fall automatically and to the same extent without its assistance!

We say enough elsewhere on the general subject of the land laws. Here we would rather call attention to the manner in which the Government appears to regard the problem of the land. With the Secretary for Scotland the ideal landlord seems to be a rent-charger and nothing else. His only interest is that of getting the rent, or an equivalent to it, safe. It is a merit of the Crofters Act that 'the landlord has been relieved of expenditure on improvements.' Is this the way in which the agriculture of Lowland Scotland has won its pre-eminence? What are the few thousands a year which Parliament is to be asked to grant compared with the sums which landowners freely spend on improvements? It is the instinct of ownership that has largely induced landlords to spend, often very unremuneratively, upon their property. The rent-charger is free from all such sentiment. Henceforward improvements, if beyond the power of the occupier himself, are to be made by the State 'out of moneys to be provided by Parliament.' Let us substitute for the farmer and the landlord the crofter and the State. Does anyone who has practical experience of the land either as landlord or farmer, or who has known the State in the former capacity and the crofter in the latter, seriously believe that in this direction progress lies?

Mr. Sinclair declares that he is not introducing the Irish

system, because whilst overriding all leases and contracts and substituting fixity of tenure and State rents, his Bill does not give to the occupier 'free sale.' According to the Lord Advocate,* free sale is the 'essential element of dual ownership.' Who then is the single owner? The Government reply 'the landlord'; but this can only be true if 'landlord' and mere 'rent-charger' are interchangeable terms. What does any landlord want more than to be a well-secured annuitant? We quite understand Mr. Sinclair's view; but is that all that a tenant or the land itself, in any well-farmed country, requires that the landlord should be? The reason for not giving free sale sheds a flood of light upon the official view of the 'land holder' under the Bill. He must be protected from the moneylender—the gombeen man—who would soon transfer to himself all the advantages of land ownership given him by the State! A system of protection necessary perhaps for Irish peasants and Highland crofters; but ludicrously unsuited to the Scottish farmer, who even though he had a right to sell his holding might well be trusted not to ruin himself!

It is indeed evident that the main purpose of the Scotch Leaseholders Bill has nothing to do with the improvement of agriculture. Farmers—landlords or tenants—have not asked for it. It owes its genesis to quite other considerations. 'The 'rural districts should,' says Mr. Sinclair, 'support at least 'double their present population.' Whilst the population largely increases in the towns, it diminishes in the country. This preference for urban as compared with rural life is found in almost every country in which industrialism, as compared with agriculture, has largely developed. The movement from the country to the towns is, indeed, going on more rapidly in Germany than in Great Britain. It is already very strongly marked in the United States. It appears to be due to economic considerations, to changes in the habits of men's lives produced by facilities of locomotion, and to modern gregariousness, rather than to causes capable of being moulded by a British statute. That the peasantry in Scotland and England are being 'driven off' the land to crowd the slums of our great towns is fiction. They will not stay in the country. They go voluntarily to better themselves, to obtain better wages, better opportunities of advancement for themselves and their families, or to seek conditions of life which they prefer. It is a common mistake to suppose that it is the agricultural labourer alone

* 'The Meaning of the Scottish Land Bill,' The Nation, March 30, 1907.

who betakes himself to populous centres. The little village tradesman, if energetic and ambitious, leaves his village for the country town, whilst active spirits are drawn from the country town to the more flourishing industrial centre. Can Mr. Sinclair really believe that he is going to tempt back townsmen to the country, in hundreds of thousands, by offering them the hard work, the solitary life, and the poor remuneration of peasant farmers? He will find that it is beyond his power to make people live in the proportion he approves in country and in town.

Make the land as free as possible to buy and to sell and to hire; cheapen transfer; trust to free contract, to the capacity of Scotchmen to manage their own affairs, and then leave them alone to sort themselves. These were doctrines once preached by Liberals. In the present day Free Trade in land seems to be as much out of favour with many Liberals as is Free Trade in commerce with most Conservatives. Bad as are the principles introduced by this measure, it will, if it passes, probably not do much direct mischief beyond checking to some extent landlords spending upon improvements, and disinclining them to let in small holdings, the very object which it is the professed intention of this remarkable Bill to promote. It has however been suggested, by those who have little respect for His Majesty's present advisers, that the measure is not intended to pass. 'In the coming conflict with the House of Lords,' writes the Lord Advocate * at the opening of his apologia for the Bill, 'it is 'almost by common consent admitted that, setting aside the 'bare constitutional question, and seeking for a concrete instance 'of difference between democracy and aristocracy, that instance 'will be found in the question of the land.' This remark may unfortunately tend to give some colour to the suspicion that the real object of the Bill is to create friction between the two Houses of the Legislature, and to associate the House of Lords with the rejection of a measure which can be represented as democratic. We should be loth to ascribe to the Ministry, as a whole, action not springing from a feeling of patriotic statesmanship, and due only to the partisan promptings of sheer political adventure. Such a suspicion, however unwarranted, combines, with other causes that have been referred to, to lessen the confidence of the public in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government. Home Rule, Irish University Education, and Scotch landholding are subjects to which the Ministry are inviting public attention; and so far the Ministerial treatment of them has been such as to give rise to anxious forebodings.

* The Nation, March 30, 1907.

The fact that the two great parties, through their organisations, do not at the present time accurately reflect political opinion is a serious matter. It seems to indicate an unreality in existing party arrangements, and even to make it probable that they will not long endure. The speech of the Duke of Devonshire at the annual general meeting of the Free-trade Club on March 19 last, expressed what a large number of people on both sides of politics are thinking. He considers it fortunate that the present, and not the late, Government will have the conduct of the Colonial Conference. For on fiscal questions the present Government has a double advantage over its predecessor. It represents the country, and it knows its own mind. Hence there is good ground for hoping that all misunderstanding will be avoided. The Duke spoke with impressive gravity of the

'increasing recklessness and anarchy at present prevailing in the ranks of the official Unionist party. I deplore it for causes nearer home. There is other and more important work before the Unionist party than that of the revision of our fiscal system. The cause of the Union may, and probably will, be again the subject of contention. The existence not only of the House of Lords, but the maintenance of any second legislative chamber may be called in question. Our land systems of England and Scotland are to be taken in hand and remodelled upon an Irish pattern. There is no knowing what wild projects may not find some acceptance and countenance in the present House of Commons. At all events, it is certain that this Parliament will leave behind it controversies unsettled, controversies which will not and cannot be settled until another General Election—perhaps more than one General Election—has taken place. There never was a time at which the existence of a strong Unionist and Constitutional party was more necessary. But in what position is the present Unionist party to fight another election? No sane man supposes, whatever may be the case in some distant future, that a strong Unionist party can be constructed on the basis of the taxation of corn; and this is the moment at which a member of the late Administration thinks it wise and expedient to announce his opinion that if the electors will not have a tax on corn they will not have the Unionist party. By a remarkable coincidence, on the very same day as that speech was reported, there was published a letter from another member of the late Administration who tells us that if it should be necessary to broaden the existing system of taxation, the last change which should be adopted is the taxation of the necessary food of the people, and that we might as well propose to broaden our system of taxation by a tax on water. These dissensions are not between the official leaders and those members of the party who, like ourselves, have been forced to withdraw from it, or who have been expelled from it. They are dissensions which exist at the present moment between members sitting on the front Opposition benches next each other.

The existence of such a state of anarchy and confusion in the Unionist party is a state of things which is rapidly approaching a public scandal. If ever there was a state of things which required the authoritative and stern interference of the leader of the party, that state of things has arisen.'

Dissatisfied therefore and apprehensive though the public may be at the tendencies manifested by the present Government, there is little temptation to electors as yet to turn to a party plunged in internal 'anarchy and confusion.' Moreover, it takes time for a Government to dissipate that feeling of trust in its good sense without which it would not have been carried into power. A wide electorate such as ours cannot be expected at once to grasp the significance of tendencies apparent enough to close observers. Nevertheless, the reputation in which a Government is held by those best able to form an opinion, filters steadily down. For a time a party flatters itself that whilst by-elections give little decisive indication of a change, everything is well with it. Then comes a General Election, perhaps a Parliamentary one, perhaps for the London County Council, and everything is found to turn on the general reputation in which the party is held. As a rule, it has been the case that when one party begins to sink in public estimation, its opponents begin to rise in it. Hence there will be general agreement with the Duke of Devonshire that it is quite time for the present Opposition to set its house in order.

The British people have often shown great disinclination to accept a novel policy which is suddenly rushed upon them by impetuous statesmen; even though it is presented with the most confident assurances of the great benefits which it will produce. Mr. Gladstone's sudden offer to repeal the income-tax gained him no support. His almost equally sudden offer of Irish Home Rule, which was at once and for ever to end all trouble between England and Ireland, was fatal to his career. Mr. Chamberlain's anti-free trade agitation has had no better success. There is a spirit of caution and of strong common-sense amongst Englishmen which makes them desire to have a new departure in policy thoroughly threshed out in Parliament and in the country before they accept it. But this caution and common-sense, characteristic of the British electorate, does not find itself fully represented in the proceedings of party committees and caucuses. There, generally, the most extreme view prevails; and at the present time, to a very unusual degree the 'moderates' on the one side and the other are without weight in the party organisations.

In this connexion the speech of Lord Rosebery on March 26

at a meeting of the Council of the Liberal League deserves serious consideration. Men, who have only entered upon active political life during the last few years during which Lord Rosebery has steadily maintained an attitude of aloofness towards official Liberalism, are apt to forget the faithful and valuable services he formerly rendered to the party. His influence in Scotland was second only to that of Mr. Gladstone, whose triumphs in Midlothian were largely due to his initiation and energy; and when the unhappy Home Rule rupture of the party took place, it was to Lord Rosebery that Mr. Gladstone pointed as his most worthy successor in the Liberal Leadership. The language of the last Liberal Prime Minister cannot but reflect what is present to the minds of many men in the Liberal ranks, when he protests against the injury done to the party by the speeches of extremists in associating in the popular mind Liberalism with hostility to property. Should that come about, he predicts that at no distant time the Liberal party will find itself squeezed out between Socialism and Conservatism.

'Socialism can promise much more to the predatory elements in politics, Conservatism can afford much more confidence to those who wish to keep things actually as they are. And I do not see how, if the Liberal party is to associate itself with a general attack on property in all its forms, as some predict and as some see signs of, there will be any room for its existence in the political arena.'

He had seen in his time, Lord Rosebery went on to say, many Liberal Governments, and the chief cause which had brought them to destruction was, he believed, the prevalence of a fear at the General Election that they were threatening property. This is a warning which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would do well to bear in mind. Amongst his colleagues are many men whose individual character and abilities have earned the respect of the public. But how far is their influence sufficient to guarantee wise and prudent policy? In former days the presence, say, of Lord Hartington or Lord Goschen in a Cabinet was felt to be a security against reckless statesmanship or the pursuit in supposed party interests of a course of political adventure. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, however deservedly popular with the House of Commons, does certainly not impress the country as did either Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury. There are difficult times in store for us, and, before many months are over, Ministers will have to show of what mettle they are made, and to whom among them the country is to look for wise and steady guidance.

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psychological moment to confirm the conclusions of recent research as to the predominance of Eastern art in the Europe of the dark ages. Like the details of a negative very slow in development, the outlines of that art are becoming clear, and we even begin to discern through the cloudy solution the inner lights and shadows which fill and complete the picture. It is a fitting illustration of those strange pages, now fascinating, now dull, which fill the book of history between Honorius and Hildebrand, dry with interminable *gesta barbarorum* and the small matters of fact or fancy in which monkish chroniclers delight. Through Ravenna and Marseilles, into wide hinterlands lying fallow, the merchants and monks of Syria and of Egypt came wandering into Europe. When Islam overran the nearer East, the monks ceased but the merchants went on; and silks, the crystal and the ivory of the Arabs were unshipped upon the crowded wharves of Pisa and Amalfi. We have long been familiar with the Saracenic art of Damascus, Egypt, and Sicily, and the commerce which brought it to Western ports, but the influences which entered Europe in the earlier period have still some charm of novelty. With interest we trace the Syrian trader far up the Rhine, and follow the monks along the Rhone, as from Lérins, the earliest Holy Isle, they carry into the West the cult and relics of oriental saints, Sergius and Polyeuctes and the destined patron of England, St. George. The theology and the liturgy which Patrick learned at Auxerre were both of Eastern inspiration; for Gaul, which used Greek letters in Cæsar's time, had never broken her connexion with the East, and could least of all afford to break it now. In Italy Syrian bishops held the see of Ravenna, and from John V. to Stephen eight eastern Popes sat on the chair of St. Peter. So numerous were the Greeks in Rome from Honorius to Charlemagne that a whole region between the Aventine and the Tiber was called the *Ripa Græca*. Greek monks thronged the city, and at the close of the period a Pope himself introduced them into the monastery of SS. Stephen and Sylvester. The monastic movement, now the principal intellectual and moral force in the world, was never quite dissociated from the arts. If we except the cave-dwelling anchorite of the desert, the oriental monk of those early times was painter, sculptor, and goldsmith, like his successors of the later Middle Ages. While the merchants, his compatriots, brought from Antioch and Alexandria the wares of their own country and of Sassanian Persia, it was he who inspired the latest paintings of the catacombs and the frescoes of Santa Maria Antiqua under the Palatine hill, bringing in his person the training of the Eastern schools for fruitful

practice in the West. Iconoclasm and the Arab conquests of Syria and Egypt swelled to a last great wave the flood of these monastic immigrants, who changed the Orontes and the Nile for the Rhone and Tiber, but did not change their oriental minds. Through movements of this kind artistic motives which had their origin in Syria and Egypt travelled as far as France, Scotland, and Ireland, and in miniatures or on sculptured stone and bronze began to drive from the field the ancient ornament of Celtic art. The peacocks in the Book of Kells, and the rich scroll-work on the crosses of Bewcastle, Hilton of Cadboll, and Ruthwell in Dumfries, are but a few out of more numerous examples which illustrate the penetrative influence of the East. All this is now accepted history, calling less for proof than for recollection. But it should not be forgotten that even to the end of the Romanesque period the decorative art of Europe was full of eastern elements, many of which were derived from the textile patterns which we have already discussed. The half-classical Carlovingian Renaissance was itself unable to dispense with Oriental models, which found their way into the *scriptoria* of the monasteries with the manuscripts, silks, and ivories of the Christian East. In the twelfth century indeed Western art rose to the consciousness of its strength and began to walk with a natural majesty and ease which gave promise of a greater transformation. But down to the hour of independence it charms by a power which is anything but European; and, when confronted with its fine luxuriance in French and Italian Romanesque, we feel the same sense of mystery and strangeness which rises within the mind when we read the *Suppliants* of Æschylus.

Another lesson which the Lateran treasure enforces is the importance of the minor arts as agents of civilisation in times when the culture of great States has been violently displaced. At such periods the world does not so much need the great arts, which are then above comprehension, as something on a lower plane but appreciable by an uncultivated taste. The major arts are disqualified not only by their very excellence but also by their immobility: they are the worst of travellers on rough roads. But we have seen in the case of silk textiles how very mobile the minor arts may be, going with the merchant adventurer to the ends of the earth and finding appreciation upon every side. And though the products of the minor arts at their best may be ennobled by the same spirit of beauty which creates the great style, their missionary work is done by the simpler methods of conventional ornament and finely contrasted colour. These methods are already present in barbaric art; they are therefore

immediately understood, and exert an influence which higher things could never command. In the darkest ages, to which the treasure of the Sancta Sanctorum carries us back, the very sculptors abandoned their birthright for a present livelihood; descending to the imitation of woven stuffs, and renouncing the great representative qualities of their art. Their principal works, the slabs used to rail off the altars of churches, the sides of sarcophagi, the surfaces of ciboria, are covered with very flat and low reliefs which may assume a certain individuality in different regions, but everywhere betray a common origin and respond to an artistic need everywhere equally debased. The resemblance to woven or embroidered designs is probably no mere chance, for there is reason to believe that the earliest reliefs in this style were actually copied from textile models, and if afterwards stone inspired stone, the original influence of the loom never completely vanishes. When transport is imperfect and nations are in their infancy, it is the lighter work which travels and is copied, while the world has small profit of its inimitable treasures. At such times it is the minor arts which tell.

The treasure suggests one more consideration which arises in part out of this question of mobility. When antiquities, not actually excavated, are of small size, they should not be too hastily attributed to the art of the place in which they are found. The caution may appear superfluous; but so many fine arguments have been spun, and so many conclusions deduced from mere chances of locality, that we may advert for a moment to a subject which is still too often neglected. The treasure of the Sancta Sanctorum is perhaps an extreme case, containing as it does so much from foreign countries and so very little from Italy. But in the early Middle Ages an assemblage of things produced in very distant regions might be found in almost any part of Europe, and the unrecorded migrations of things, more perplexing than the historical migrations of peoples, enormously increase the difficulty of assigning origins to different styles or methods. Dr. Humann has incorporated in his book upon the Essen treasure an essay upon this subject which deserves our careful attention. He shows that the monastic artists were necessarily nomadic, travelling from place to place, and sojourning or removing at the order of their superiors or the request of some personage of influence. He reminds us that the name upon any object of a princely or episcopal donor is no guarantee that the object was made in or near the city in which the donor resided, even when it happens to be a famous centre for producing the same kind of work. There were preferences and fashions in

those days as now, and in giving their orders the wealthy followed their inclinations without thinking very much of local patriotism. The constant exchange of gifts between Kings, Popes, and other exalted personages filled the treasuries with things of the most diverse origins, and added to the sources of ultimate confusion. The gifts of the Byzantine Court to the Emperors of Germany and to the Popes were numerous and splendid, nor were the Saracens less distinguished for their munificence. Moreover, things of Eastern or Byzantine origin were constantly brought back to Europe by pilgrims coming from Palestine, both in the times before the Arab conquest and after the crusades. And the dealer, whom we are apt to regard as the product of our own day, was very early in evidence, for a chronicle of the ninth century makes mention of a Jew whose business it was to bring things over from the Holy Land. It is easy to imagine what a congeries of works of art the operation of these causes might amass in any place where there was wealth and influential patronage to summon them together. Conditions favourable to the long developement of local art were the exception rather than the rule: both the artists and their works were continually on the move, and the absence of national sentiment encouraged the migratory tendencies of the age.

The interest of a discovery like that made in the relic-chest of Leo should extend beyond archæological circles, for, as we have attempted to show, the things discovered are themselves a commentary upon one of the strangest periods in the history of Rome. Moreover, they possess that element of personal association which is lacking in the monuments of a more ancient and unrecorded past; for the crosses carried by the Popes in their supplications for divine aid against Aistulf or Frederic have an obvious and romantic interest which cannot but appeal to the most sluggish imagination. The study of the various arts which are illustrated by the reliquaries has served to remind us how numerous were the ties uniting the countries of the medieval world. It may at first sight seem strange that the contents of shrines or altars should attract our thoughts towards the geography and the commercial relations of the dark ages, matters so far from the minds of the men who made or gave these costly reliquaries. But in dissociating the things awhile from the sacred associations to which they owe their safety, we find in them new qualities and powers that make in their own way for edification. Viewed, as we have viewed them, in a purely secular light, they illustrate the essential unity of the world, the exchange of service, and the interdependence of continents from Ireland to China and Japan. Like the flora of some long-

abandoned island, rich in the proofs of forgotten voyages, they yield us evidence of old influences and migrations which in their day have carried forward the culture of mankind.

We do not know with certainty what destiny awaits them; it is probable that they now lie once more in the chest which has been their home for so many centuries. We could wish that it might be found possible to inclose the relics in new cases, and to remove the ancient works of art to the Christian Museum in the Vatican. But as to the feasibility or propriety of such a course the Roman authorities are the supreme arbiters, and if they do not see their way to its adoption we must acquiesce in a decision against which there is no appeal. For what they have already done there is reason for congratulation. It would have been easy for them to have replied to all requests by the fatal words *non possumus*, the formula adopted by their predecessors for four hundred years. The number of persons who knew enough to be concerned about the treasure was so small that a refusal would have caused no outcry and would very soon have been forgotten. That they have not refused, but permitted the examination and reproduction of the reliquaries on more than one occasion and by the representatives of more than one country, is a proof of goodwill and enlightenment for which all who are interested in the history of the arts may offer the tribute of their gratitude. Nor shall we forget our thanks to the scholars who have proved worthy of this rare occasion, and to the Academy which has so admirably published one of the most interesting discoveries ever made in the province of Christian archæology.

Art. X.—GARIBALDI'S DEFENCE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

1. *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of 'England in the Age of Wycliffe,' 'England under the Stuarts,' 'The Poetry and Philosophy 'of George Meredith.' With seven maps and numerous illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.
2. *The Roman Theocracy and the Republic*, 1846–1849. By R. M. Johnston. Macmillan & Co. 1901.
3. *Mazzini.* By Bolton King, M.A. J. M. Dent & Co. 1902.

In the history of the long struggle for Italian independence, no part is more heroic than the record of the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849. 'That there should ever have been 'a time when Mazzini ruled Rome and Garibaldi defended her 'walls, sounds like a poet's dream.' * This poet's dream has been related by Mr. Trevelyan in language which elicits all the splendour and all the tragedy of the events which it records. His power is equally remarkable in dramatic narrative, in descriptions of moving and beautiful scenes, and in telling of the pathos of death in an almost hopeless struggle. Yet truth has nowhere been suppressed or distorted, nor has hero-worship prevented a balanced and judicious historical judgement.

The Roman Republic was proclaimed on February 8, 1849, and was extinguished by the French entry into Rome on July 3 in the same year. To understand its history we must take a brief survey of the revolutions of 1848, and of the previous condition of the Papal States.

The sudden success and almost equally sudden failure of the many revolutions of 1848 were due to the initial co-operation and subsequent disagreement of parties with essentially divergent aims. The two chief forces on the side of revolution were democracy and nationalism, both of which had been flouted by the principles of 1815 and the Holy Alliance. Although in those days almost all democrats were nationalists, by no means all nationalists were democrats: many, alarmed by the socialism which appeared in Paris and was supposed ready to appear elsewhere, feared democracy almost as much as they hated foreign domination. This produced one fatal division, exemplified in Italy by the strife between Mazzinians, who desired a republic, and the Federalists and Fusionists, who desired a federation of the existing states, or a monarchy under the King

* Trevelyan, p. 3.

of Sardinia. Another source of division sprang from the principle of nationalism itself. For this principle had two forms, according as it was held by the relatively strong or the relatively weak. As held by the relatively weak, it meant the right of every nation to manage its own affairs ; as held by the relatively strong, it meant the right of one's own nation to oppress as many others as possible. Thus the Magyars asserted their right of self-government as against the Austrians, but would not concede any such right to the Slavs in Hungary. This incensed the Czechs, who therefore supported the Viennese Government in its struggle to suppress the Magyars. Such divisions, of which there were many in the Austrian Empire, finally gave the victory to reaction, and thus prevented Italy from achieving the expulsion of the 'Barbarians.'

But apart from the divisions of reformers, the forces opposed to all change were very strong. Russia, which crushed Hungary, could and would have effected much more if its aid had been necessary. And the Church, still almost omnipotent with the peasantry of all Catholic countries, was generally opposed to reform except where Catholics were oppressed by heretics, as in Poland and Ireland. To this rule, however, the Pope himself formed, at first, an important exception, and his views were shared by a number of liberal Italian ecclesiastics. His gradual quarrel with liberalism produced the Roman Republic, which in turn caused a final and irreparable breach between the Church and Italian aspirations, and thereby ultimately sealed the fate of the Temporal Power.

After the fall of Napoleon, the governments in Italy were all oppressive and stupid ; and the very worst (with the possible exception of Naples) was the government of the Pope. All important offices were filled by ecclesiastics, and the cardinal legates in the Romagna were quasi-independent satraps. Modern innovations, such as railways, were not permitted to desecrate the patrimony of St. Peter. The police employed domestic servants as spies, and would arrest men on receiving a hint from the parish priest.* The Inquisition still exercised a tyranny over all whom it disliked. 'An edict is extant, issued by the 'Inquisitor-General of Pesaro in 1841, commanding all people 'to inform against heretics, Jews, and sorcerers, those who have 'impeded the Holy Office, or made satires against the Pope and 'clergy.'† Men who refused the Sacraments were not allowed to have a doctor.‡ Education was successfully discouraged,

* Bolton King's 'History of Italian Unity,' vol. i. p. 78.
† Ibid. p. 79. ‡ Ibid. p. 81.

on the avowed principle that 'ignorant people are easier to 'govern.' The standard in higher education may be gauged from the fact that Galileo's astronomical discoveries were not allowed to be treated as true until 1820, while his works remained on the Index until 1835.* Meanwhile secret societies, such as the Sanfedists and the Centurioni, were encouraged by the government of His Holiness to murder honest men in the interests of religion and order. The state of things was such that in 1831 a joint note urging certain reforms was presented by England, France, Austria, Prussia and Russia. But in spite of some show of yielding, the Pope did practically nothing to carry into effect the recommendations of the Powers, and in 1846, when Gregory XVI. died, things were just about as bad as they had been in 1831. The election of a liberal successor to Gregory XVI. was believed by all, including the new Pope himself, to mark the beginning of a better era; but in this belief people over-estimated the strength of the man, and under-estimated that of the office.

The steps by which, in the course of about two years, Pius IX. was transformed from an ardent and amiable reformer into a passionate reactionary are well told by Mr. R. M. Johnston.† Mastai Ferretti, Bishop of Imola, was elected Pope, to the surprise of all, by the Conclave of June, 1846. His liberalism, Mr. Johnston says, 'might be traced, not only to the influence 'of his friends, and to the obvious lessons of the times . . . but 'also to his predisposing largeness and kindness of heart.' But his kindness of heart was neutralised by his weakness, which Mr. Johnston accounts for as the outcome of epilepsy, from which he suffered.

'In the irresponsible impulsiveness, in the lack of intellectual precision and vigour, in the vanity, the love of effect and of praise that he added to his naturally benevolent qualities, he showed all the weakness and lack of balance that so frequently accompany epilepsy. . . . In the Bishop of Imola's personal appearance might be detected the expression of his constitutional deficiencies. Although strikingly handsome, and of dignified demeanour, yet a close scrutiny revealed a mouth that was weak, and eyes that could not support a steady gaze. Perhaps the best trait of his feeble

* J. M. Robertson, 'History of Free Thought,' second edition, vol. ii. p. 81.

† The Roman Theocracy and the Republic, 1846–9. Mr. Johnston's more recent work, 'The Napoleonic Empire in Southern 'Italy' (Macmillan, 1904), is instructive as showing how the epoch of French rule produced sufficient enlightenment to make the urban populations detest the subsequent reaction.

character was his charitableness, which, if Pasolini is to be trusted, was as unostentatious as it was extensive.' *

In the beginning of his reign, Pius's acts were chiefly inspired by the work of Gioberti, 'Del Primato morale e civile degli 'Italiani,' which advocated an Italian federation under the presidency of a liberal Pope. The Pope began by proclaiming an amnesty for all political prisoners and exiles, and was gradually led on by the love of popularity to greater and greater concessions. At first all went well. But the amiable Pope, never imagining the possibility of a conflict between the interests of reform and the interests of the Church, had unfortunately forgotten Austria. Austria dominated Italy from the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, and, though nominally only governing Lombardy and Venetia, was able, in normal times, to impose its will throughout the whole Peninsula. To Austria, a rejuvenated Italy would be a menace, and a liberal Pope appeared, in the words of Metternich, to be 'the greatest misfortune of 'the age.' Thus no real progress was possible in Italy without a war with Austria. But to fight a Catholic Power, to alienate orthodox populations and risk a schism, was no part of Pius IX.'s rose-water programme. This inherent contradiction drove him step by step into opposition to the Italian liberals; forced to choose between the good of Italy and the good of the Church, he chose, as he was bound to do, the good of the Church, while his subjects chose the good of Italy.

In the first months of 1848, when the Austrian power seemed hopelessly broken by revolution and civil war, while Italians everywhere extorted constitutions from their rulers, and forced a united attack on the Austrian army under Radetzky, the Pope yielded, at least outwardly, to the clamour of the Romans, and allowed his forces to be led to the war under General Durando. But he forbade his general to cross the border, insisting that he should confine himself to the defence of the frontier; and on April 29 he delivered an allocution informing the Cardinals, among other things, that

'When now some desire that we, likewise with the other people and sovereigns of Italy, should undertake a war against the Germans, we have at length thought it our duty that, in this your solemn assembly, we clearly and openly declare that this is wholly abhorrent from our counsels, seeing that we, although unworthy, discharge on earth the office of Him who is the author of peace and lover of charity, and, agreeably to the duty of our Supreme Apostle-

* Op. cit. pp. 32–3.

ship, regard and embrace with equal paternal earnestness of love, all tribes, peoples, and nations.' *

From this time onward the Pope and the Romans were definitively at variance. The Austrians, by Radetzky's genius, and by the weakness and dissensions of his enemies, were victorious in North Italy; Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, was discredited, and in Central Italy a more democratic and republican movement, inspired largely by Mazzini, endeavoured to prolong resistance without royal help. 'La guerre royale 'a fini, la guerre du peuple commence,' said Mazzini in August. The following months, down to the fall of Rome and Venice, were the only period during which Mazzini's plan of a republican war unaided by royal or foreign troops was seriously tried; and it must be confessed that the issue justified the subsequent reliance of Italians on Piedmont, and of Piedmont on foreign help.

After some aimless vacillations, the Pope appointed a ministry under Count Rossi, a capable and courageous opponent of democracy and the Austrian war (September 16). Rossi came increasingly into conflict with the turbulent Roman mob, led by the genial and loquacious Angelo Brunetti, nicknamed *Ciceruacchio*; and on November 15, as he was on his way to open the Chamber, he was assassinated.† The Pope, after being insulted by the mob, fled to the Neapolitan fortress of Gaeta, where he placed himself under the protection of King Bomba, and appealed to all the Catholic Powers to reinstate him. The Romans summoned a constituent assembly, elected by manhood suffrage, and the assembly proclaimed the Republic (February 8, 1849). Of this republic, attacked simultaneously by the French, the Austrians, the Spaniards, and the Neapolitans, Mazzini became virtually dictator, ‡ and Garibaldi was the principal defender, until it ceased to exist by the French entry into Rome on July 3. It is the history of its defence and of Garibaldi's subsequent retreat which Mr. Trevelyan relates.

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* Johnston, p. 360. Such considerations did not, of course, weigh with the Holy Father against the forcible re-conquest of the Papal States in the following year.

† At the time, it was not known who had committed the murder. From evidence only recently made accessible, it appears that the assassin was Ciceruacchio's son, Luigi Brunetti. Whether his father was an accomplice is not known. Trevelyan, pp. 80, 81, 306.

‡ He was nominally at first only an ordinary member of the Assembly; after the news of Charles Albert's defeat at Novara, he was made one of a Triumvirate (end of March, 1849), of which the other members completely submitted to his guidance.

'I shall,' he says, 'conceal nothing prosaic and nothing discreditable—neither Garibaldi's mistakes during the siege, nor the misconduct of some of his associates, nor the hostility with which in some places the rural population regarded the red-shirts. Hoping to make the story of the defence of Rome, of the retreat of the Garibaldians and the escape of their chief stand out in all its details of place and colouring, I have not only visited the scenes in the capital and near it, but have walked along the whole route traversed by Garibaldi's column from the gate of Rome to Cesenatico on the Adriatic, and have visited the scenes of his adventures near Comacchio and Ravenna. . . . To come in solitary places, on the very wayside fountains at which, as the survivors have recorded, they slaked their raging thirst, and on other turns of the road where they found no water that terrible July; to stand on the hill whence they last saw the dome of St. Peter's, and on the other hill where they shouted and wept at sight of the Adriatic; to traverse the oak woods through which they marched under the stars, or by morning light; or where they slept through the long Italian midday; to draw breath in the quiet monastery gardens, perched high over hills of olive and plains of vines, wherein they tasted brief hours of coolness and repose; to scale the bare mountains up which they dragged their little piece of cannon, and descend the gorge where at last they let it lie when the Austrians were hard upon them; to see the streets and piazzas in which the citizens held last festivals of the tricolor in honour of their passage, and the villages where the rearguard fought, and where the laggards were killed by the pursuers; to hear the waves breaking on the mole whence the last of the army put to sea in the midnight storm; to stand on the lonely beach and sand-dunes where Garibaldi waded ashore with his Anita in his arms, and in the room of the farmhouse where he watched her die, while the Austrians might at any moment have been knocking at the door; to see these places and to find that the story is very dear to rich and poor, learned and ignorant, in a progressive and a free country, conscious that it owes its progress and freedom to these heroes, both those who perished and those who survived—this has taught me what cannot be clearly learnt from the pages of Ruskin or Symonds, or any other of Italy's melodious mourners, that she is not dead but risen, that she is not the land of ruins but of men, not the country of ghosts, but the country which the living share with their immortal ancestors.' *

If Garibaldi deserves the place of honour among the defenders of Rome, the man who did most to make Rome worth defending was Mazzini. Mazzini's rare charm and power, and the terrible sadness of his life, are told by Mr. Bolton King in one of the most interesting of biographies.†

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* Pp. 5, 6.

† Mazzini. Dent, 1902. Mr. Bolton King's 'History of Italian

Born at Genoa in 1805, he became a Carbonaro as soon as he was grown up. But he incurred the suspicion of the Piedmontese authorities by not being stupid:

'He was, as the governor of Genoa told his father, "gifted with some talent, and too fond of walking by himself at night absorbed in thought. What on earth," asked the offended officer, "has he at his age to think about? We don't like young people thinking without our knowing the subject of their thoughts."' *

He was arrested, during the excitement caused by the French Revolution of 1830, on the capital charge of initiating a government spy as a Carbonaro. He escaped the death penalty by perjury, but was thenceforth compelled to live in exile. Disgusted by the flummery and futility of the Carbonari, and by the failure of their last attempt at revolution in 1831, he founded a new secret society, 'Young Italy,' with the watchword 'God and 'the people,' and 'the three inseparable bases of independence, 'unity, and liberty'—'that is,' as Mr. Trevelyan interprets, 'the Austrian must go, the various small states must be united 'in one, and democratic government with liberty of opinion must 'be established.' To these aims Mazzini devoted the whole of his energies throughout the rest of his life. Unfortunately, he regarded liberty as inconsistent with monarchy, and therefore became, when after 1849 union under Victor Emmanuel was accepted by almost all Italians as the best practicable policy, a hindrance rather than a help to the achievement of what was possible in his hopes. And throughout his life he invariably, as is usual with exiles, over-estimated the forces on his side, and therefore allowed his friends to become involved in plots and petty insurrections which had no chance of success. But in the early years, by his impassioned writings, and by the inspiration of his devoted ardour for a great idea, he more than any other man created the hope and the determination which made Italian unity possible. The men to whom Garibaldi and Cavour and Victor Emmanuel appealed responded to that appeal because Mazzini had roused them. Garibaldi, on his visit to England in 1864, forgetting many quarrels, expressed this feeling at a gathering at which Mazzini was present:

'I rise,' he said, 'to make a declaration which I ought to have made long since. There is a man here amongst us who has rendered the greatest services to our country and to the cause of freedom. When I was a youth and had only aspirations towards good, I sought

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'Unity' (James Nisbet & Co., 1899) should also be read by all who wish to understand the movement as a whole.

* Bolton King's 'Life of Mazzini,' p. 18.

for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my youthful years. I sought such a guide as one who is athirst seeks the water spring. I found this man. He alone watched when all around slept, he alone kept and fed the sacred flame. . . . This man is Joseph Mazzini : he is my friend and teacher.' *

Such recognition, however, rarely fell to the lot of Mazzini, whose sorrows had few compensations. His dearest friend, Jacopo Ruffini, was arrested by the Piedmontese government while fomenting one of Young Italy's plots, and committed suicide in prison. Giuditta Sidoli, to whom he was engaged, but whom his exile's life never permitted him to marry, was employed by him in his conspiracies, and we owe what we know of their correspondence to the copies made by the Tuscan police.† Always relentless, always ready to sacrifice himself and others to his political aims, he yet possessed a wonderful gentleness and unwillingness to inflict avoidable pain. In London, where he lived with few intervals from 1837 till the last years of his life, he suffered at first such poverty that he had to pawn his clothes for food ; yet he managed to help needy exiles, and during one winter he gave away his only overcoat.‡

'Going out one winter morning, he found a young girl on the doorstep worn out with cold and hunger. . . . He took her in and put her in his landlady's charge. When the girl afterwards married, and was deserted by her husband, he undertook the education of her children, and for many years devoted to it a large share of his scanty income.' §

In one of the many London lodging-houses which he endured, 'he could not eat his landlady's ill-cooked dinners, and hid the untouched food rather than hurt her feelings.' ||

In the earlier years of his exile, he suffered terribly from loneliness.

'The other day,' he writes from Switzerland in 1834, 'I was looking at the Alps in the distance—beyond them is my country, my poor country that I love so much, where my father and mother are, and my two sisters, and another sister who has been dead many years, and the tomb of the best friend of my youth, who died for liberty, and meadows and hills and beautiful lakes like your own, and flowers and oranges and a beautiful sky—all that one needs to make one die happy, and I thought sadly on it all.' ¶

'There is so much agony in life,' he writes in another letter, 'that 'when I see a baby quiet, smiling, at peace, I can only wish for

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* Trevelyan, p. 19.
† Bolton King's 'Mazzini,' p. 68.
‡ Ibid. p. 76.
§ Ibid. p. 97.
|| Ibid. p. 195.
¶ Ibid. p. 54.

'death for it' (p. 58); and again: 'He who, through fatality of 'circumstances, cannot live the serene life of family, has a void 'in his heart that nothing fills, and I, who write these pages, well 'I know it' (p. 72). In later life, though in England he had friends, he became more and more estranged from contemporary Italy, which he could never forgive for its adhesion to the House of Savoy. Although his whole life was one of devoted service, the long years of plots and intrigues weakened his sense of honour, and led him into unnecessary deceptions; brooding in solitude over his republican ideal, he becme filled with bitter hatred of its opponents, and with an impatience that almost always clouded his judgment. Though his virtue sufficed to keep happiness away from him, his few faults, throughout his later years, prevented his sacrifices from furthering any good cause. After Rome had been won, though unity was completed, he found no joy in the result.

'Italy, my Italy,' he said, 'the Italy that I have preached, the Italy of our dreams? Italy, the great, the beautiful, the moral Italy of my heart? This medley of opportunists and cowards and little Macchiavellis, that let themselves be dragged behind the suggestion of the foreigner—I thought to call up the soul of Italy, and I see only its corpse.' 'I want to see, before dying, another Italy, the ideal of my soul and life, start up from her three hundred years' grave: this is only the phantom, the mockery of Italy' (p. 218).

Jowett, after hearing Mazzini talk uninterruptedly for two hours, remarked, with partial truth, that he was 'a man of 'genius, but too much under the influence of two abstract ideas, 'God and the principle of nationality' (p. 148). Carlyle, who certainly did not err on the side of a too facile admiration of contemporaries, nevertheless recognised better than Jowett the moral greatness of Mazzini.

'Whatever I may think,' he wrote, 'of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr souls; who in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practise what is meant by that.'

Mazzini cherished a mystical religion, in which Rome still played a great part, though it was to be the centre of a changed and regenerated belief.

'I entered the city one evening,' he says, 'with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. Rome was to me, as in spite of her present

degradation she still is, the Temple of humanity. From Rome will one day spring the religious transformation destined for the third time to bestow moral unity upon Europe.' *

It is interesting to observe that Mazzini, in spite of his unorthodoxy, retained his belief in the importance of a Church which should be catholic, not perceiving that the evils he deplored in the Papacy are the inevitable results of any such Church, whatever its dogmas, and that his own teaching, which is practically that of the gospels, would, if taught by a Church claiming universality, lead to developements as surprising as those that he deplored in the existing ecclesiastical system. But as Dictator to the Roman republic, his religious veneration for the City made him able to appeal to the highest motives as no other living man could. 'Here in Rome,' he told the Assembly, 'we may not be moral mediocrities.' In this spirit he set to work, and his success, morally, must have astonished almost every one except himself.

'The sordid period of the democratic revolution was over, and its period of idealism and heroism had begun. Mazzini speedily removed the elements of crime and coercion from the popular Government, and replaced them by a spirit of tolerance and liberty almost unexampled in time of national danger. Garibaldi gave to the warfare of the extreme Republicans the spirit of Thermopylae, so often mouthed by orators whose stock-in-trade was classical history, but at last brought by the red-shirts into the region of fact. Little as they liked one another, these two men between them turned a rather limp revolutionary movement, begun in murder and frothy talk of the clubs, into one of the great scenes of history. The Roman Republic showed the faults, but it showed yet more abundantly the virtues, of its origin as the work of an extreme faction. Its history is full of that appeal to the ideal in man that often guides the life of individuals, but finds little direct representation in the government of the world, except in those rare, brief moments of crisis and of concentrated passion when some despised "idealogue" is lifted to the top of the plunging wave.' †

Mazzini decreed that parts of the ecclesiastical lands should be leased to peasants at very low rents, and that the incomes of the greater dignitaries should be curtailed for the benefit of the poorer parish priests; he also gave the buildings of the Inquisition as lodgings for the destitute in Rome. But beyond these two acts, he did nothing hostile to the Church—indeed he carried tolerance towards all parties almost to excess. He not only left the priests unchecked in their ordinary duties and avocations, but allowed plots of which he was cognisant to be

* Quoted by Trevelyan, p. 92. † Trevelyan, p. 92.

developed, sometimes warning the plotters to keep their doings from the knowledge of the public. When the mob dragged some confessionals out of their churches to make a bonfire, 'Mazzini 'gravely remonstrated, and the objects were restored to their 'proper places.' * Some terrorists endeavoured to bring about a massacre of priests, about six of whom were actually murdered in Trastevere. In this case, also, the Government succeeded in preventing the mischief from spreading further, largely (it would seem) by means of a moral appeal to the people; but unfortunately the murderers remained unpunished. The Triumvirs could, however, show vigour in suppressing crime. In Ancona, where an outbreak of anarchy and assassination occurred, order was restored by the skill and firmness of their envoy Orsini—the same man who afterwards himself tried to assassinate Napoleon III.†

Garibaldi, whose achievements at this time form the main theme of Mr. Trevelyan's book, offers as complete a contrast to Mazzini as is possible for two men engaged in the same work, so much so that one is tempted to regard them as embodiments respectively of the abstract faculties of thought and action. Both exiles from their native country of Liguria, while Mazzini had devoted himself to literary propaganda, Garibaldi had been mastering the art of guerilla warfare by taking part in the unceasing quarrels of the South American States. If Mazzini's life makes a deeper and more serious appeal, Garibaldi's delights us by its romance, its picturesqueness, and its childlike spontaneity. By profession a merchant sailor, it was in Levantine ports that he first heard of liberty and the destined union of Italy. In 1834 he entered the Sardinian Navy with a view of inducing it to take part in the revolt which Mazzini was organising; but the plot failed, he had to fly, and 'the first time he 'ever read his name in print was when, on reaching Marseilles, 'he saw in the papers that the Piedmontese Government had 'condemned him to death.' ‡ It was this event which led him to emigrate to South America, where he passed the twelve years from 1836 to 1848, in a career which sounds more like a boy's book of adventure than a sober record of fact.

'Garibaldi had, perhaps, the most romantic life that history records, for it had all the trappings as well as the essence of romance. Though he lived in the nineteenth century, it was yet his fortune never to take full part in the common prose life of civilized men, and so he never understood it, though he moved it profoundly, like a great wind blowing off an unknown shore. §

* Trevelyan, p. 149.
† Johnston, Appendix G, pp. 361–365.
‡ Trevelyan, p. 19.
§ Ibid. p. 24.

The story of his South American life may be read in his autobiography, from which Mr. Trevelyan has extracted almost everything that is of real interest. The most characteristic episode is his wooing of Anita, the Amazon wife who died during his escape in 1849. Swimming ashore from a shipwreck, in which several of his best friends were drowned, he and the survivors attacked and captured the town of Laguna, and with it the enemy's fleet, which was in the harbour. Garibaldi, thus suddenly transformed into an admiral, was welcomed as a liberator by the inhabitants of the town; and it was here that he met Anita.

'The loss of Luigi, Edoardo, and others of my countrymen, left me utterly isolated; I felt quite alone in the world. Of all the friends who had made those desolate regions like home to me, not one was left. . . . Walking up and down the quarter-deck of the 'Itaparica,' wrapped in my own gloomy thoughts, I came, after trying every species of argument, to the conclusion that I would look out for a woman, so as to escape from a position of intolerable weariness and discomfort. By chance I cast my eyes towards the houses on the Barra—a tolerably high hill on the south side of the entrance to the lagoon, where a few simple and picturesque dwellings were visible. Outside one of these, by means of the telescope I usually carried with me when on deck, I espied a young woman, and forthwith gave orders for the boat to be got out, as I wished to go ashore. I landed, and, making for the houses where I expected to find the object of my excursion, I had just given up all hope of seeing her again, when I met an inhabitant of the place, whose acquaintance I had made soon after our arrival. He invited me to take coffee in his house; we entered, and the first person who met my eyes was the damsel who had attracted me ashore. It was Anita, the mother of my children, who shared my life for better, for worse—the wife whose courage I have so often felt the loss of. We both remained enraptured and silent, gazing on one another like two people who meet not for the first time, and seek in each other's faces something which makes it easier to recall the forgotten past. At last I greeted her by saying, "Thou oughtest to be mine!" I could speak but little Portuguese, and uttered the bold words in Italian. Yet my insolence was magnetic. I had formed a tie, pronounced a decree, which death alone could annul.' *

Love at first sight is perhaps not a very rare phenomenon, but we know of no other instance where the first sight was through a telescope. Yet the marriage proved one of the happiest known to history. Anita accompanied her husband on his campaigns, and displayed in battle the courage of a

* Autobiography, Werner's Translation, vol. i., pp. 77–79. Most of the passage is quoted by Trevelyan, p. 29.

veteran. 'Neither of these remarkable persons,' says Mr. Trevelyan, 'could ever have married any one else on equal 'terms. The elopement with Anita was the Sicilian expedition 'of Garibaldi's private life; and for Italy, too, he had won a 'heroine and a story.'

Many other Italians, whose love of Italy had made them exiles, had sought a refuge in South America, and had been enlisted by Garibaldi in his 'Italian legion,' with a part of which, when the revolutions of 1848 broke out, he crossed the Atlantic, full of hope that the reward had come for the long years of preparation. They set sail on April 15, in a ship called the 'Speranza,' with little knowledge of what they might find in Europe.

'And so these men, joyfully self-devoted, sailed to their graves and glories in that ship. Since they were alone upon it with no unbelievers to mock their ceremonies, every time the sun went down in ocean, they stood up in a circle on the deck, and "sang for evening prayer a patriotic hymn." . . . Old Anzani, type of the proto-martyrs who had given their lives for no meed of fame or thanks in the bitter, stifled years gone by, himself sick to death, joined feebly in the chant with the young generation who were hastening as willing victims to a more conspicuous, but not a more noble, sacrifice. And with the other voices blended the low, rich voice of the deliverer to be—till the song, without an audience, died upon the water's waste.' *

The situation, when Garibaldi landed at Nice in June, was complicated but hopeful. In all the States of Italy, popular movements had won constitutions from the rulers, and had compelled them to join, at least in appearance, in the war which Piedmont was waging against Austria. Austria itself was in the throes of revolution: Metternich had fallen, popular clamour in Vienna had extracted a constitution and had led to the flight of the Emperor, Hungary and Bohemia were claiming autonomy, and it seemed as though the Empire could never again be strong enough for oppression. By the famous Five Days of street fighting, Milan had rid itself of the army of Radetzky, which was defending itself in the quadrilateral against Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. But Radetzky was a master of the art of war, Charles Albert was constitutionally hesitating, and the governments of Central and Southern Italy viewed with alarm the prospect of being overshadowed by a great North Italian kingdom—for throughout the liberated parts of Lombardy and Venetia, a plébiscite demanding annexation to Piedmont had been voted almost unanimously. Radetzky

* Trevelyan, p. 41.

gradually strengthened his forces, and at length defeated the Italians at Custoza on July 25. Charles Albert was compelled to abandon Milan, and almost the whole of the Austrian provinces were reconquered, with the exception of Venice, where the Republic was proclaimed under the vigorous leadership of Manin. An armistice was concluded in August between Piedmont and Austria, and Charles Albert (except during the brief and disastrous campaign of Novara in the following year) was unable to give further help to the cause of Italian liberty. 'But,' as Mr. Trevelyan remarks, 'if Charles Albert was not the father 'of his country, he was the father of Victor Emmanuel.'

Garibaldi, who had been at Milan, endeavoured for a while to keep up the war in the Alps, where Mazzini at first accompanied him bearing a flag inscribed 'Dio e Popolo.' This attempt proving fruitless, Garibaldi, to whom the authorities gave a very cold welcome, arrived in the Romagna during the ministry of Rossi, and was reluctantly permitted to raise a regiment of volunteers for the defence of Venice. But after Rossi's murder, it was no longer necessary or desirable that he and his legion should leave the Papal States, where attacks were feared from Austria and Naples. It was from France, however, that the blow came. The French republican Government, after some hesitation, decided to throw in its lot with the Catholic Powers, in order to conciliate the clerical vote, and an expedition was despatched under General Oudinot to occupy Rome. On April 27 Garibaldi and his troops entered the city; three days later, Oudinot made his first attack.

Of ultimate victory there was practically no hope, and Mazzini appears to have had little doubt as to the issue. But for the honour of Rome as the future capital, and to provide a memory about which men's desire for liberty could centre, it was rightly decided that the defence, however desperate, must be prolonged to the last possible moment. In this spirit the hopeless struggle was continued during two heroic months, after which the Temporal Power, though reinstated, could only be supported by a foreign garrison, and was doomed to fall as soon as the international situation caused the garrison to be withdrawn.

Oudinot's first attack, on April 30, was made with the utmost carelessness, and directed against a gate which no longer existed. After a hard fight, in which Garibaldi and his soldiers bore the most honourable part, the French were completely defeated, and disabled from further attack until strengthened by reinforcements from France. The Romans made many prisoners, whom they treated with great kindness, and soon set free unconditionally. Oudinot's official report declared that 'this

' affair of April 30 is one of the most brilliant in which the French ' troops have taken part since our great wars.' *

The French had attacked Rome under the pretence that they were liberating the people from the oppression of a band of terrorists and assassins. The thoroughly popular resistance of April 30 having dispelled this pretence, they adopted another. To keep the Romans quiet until reinforcements could arrive, and until the French general elections had been held, they sent Lesseps on a mission to negotiate terms (so they allowed their envoy to believe) by which the French troops and the Roman Government could avoid further hostilities. Lesseps was quickly won over by the personality of Mazzini, and at last, in an agreement concluded on May 31, conceded almost all that Mazzini asked. Having, however, exceeded his powers, he inserted a clause according to which the treaty required ratification by the French Government. The reinforcements having now arrived, Lesseps on this very day received a curt letter of recall,† and next day (June 1) Oudinot denounced the armistice which had been arranged after April 30.

Garibaldi had been engaged meanwhile in the congenial task of harrying the Neapolitan army, which had advanced as far as Frascati and Albano, but retired (as was its wont) when it saw hostile troops approaching. The Roman Commander-in-Chief Roselli, however, treated his enemies with more respect than they deserved, thereby failing to win any notable victory, and leading Garibaldi into grave insubordination of the kind which we are allowed to admire in Nelson. From this expedition, the army only returned on May 31. Next day, Oudinot, while declaring that hostilities might be resumed at once, stated that he would not attack ' the place ' until Monday, June 4. Nevertheless, in the night of June 2–3 he attacked and captured the villas Pamfili and Corsini, which gave him the key to Rome. The Italians, relying on his promise, were taken completely by surprise. His defence was that these two villas, being outside the walls, were not part of ' the place ' ; nevertheless it seems plain that he intended to mislead the Italians by his studied ambiguity.

The long fight in which, throughout the third of June, the Italians vainly hurled themselves against the Villa Corsini is described by Mr. Trevelyan with great power. In spite of reckless courage, the Romans were defeated owing to bad generalship and to the inherent strength of the French position. But though the defence was henceforth hopeless, the defenders were determined to fight on.

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* Trevelyan, p. 146. † Johnston, p. 290.

'Everyone knew that Garibaldi had commanded badly; no one loved him the less, and no one was less eager to fight and die under his orders. . . . He had given his countrymen what the national instinct craved for at that moment more than for victory—honour. It was not tactics but heroism for which Italy was athirst in that year of despair crowned and glorified by faith.' *

'Because men remembered and told with pride and anguish the story of the uncalculating devotion of those young lives in this hopeless struggle, there grew up, as the years went by, an unconquerable purpose in the whole nation to have their capital: there rose that wild cry of the heart—*O Roma, O Morte!*—so magical even in years of discord and derision, that soon or late the Catholic world was bound to yield to it, as to a will stronger and more lasting even than its own.' †

Throughout the following weeks the battle raged, and the slow methodical advance of the French continued. At length, on June 30, the final assault was delivered, and the city lay at the mercy of the conqueror. Mazzini, regardless of the fact that the French guns could bombard every part of the city, wished to resort to street-fighting, and was indignant with Garibaldi for declaring this to be useless. The Constituent Assembly resolved that it 'ceases from a defence that has 'become impossible and remains at its post.' Mazzini resigned, but remained in Rome for some time after the entry of the French (which took place on July 3). It had been said that he was a tyrant, ruling an unwilling populace by terror; he remained after his power was gone to prove the untruth of this accusation, and such was his popularity that the French did not venture to arrest him. After about a week, he escaped, and soon returned to the old routine in London. For him, there came no second opportunity, and his life as a practical statesman was ended.

Meanwhile Garibaldi had begun his great retreat. On July 2, to a vast multitude assembled in the Piazza of St. Peter's, he announced in a brief speech his determination not to surrender to the foreigner.

'Fortune, who betrays us to-day, will smile on us to-morrow. I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger, come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me.' ‡

* Trevelyan, pp. 190–1. † Ibid. p. 192.

‡ Ibid. p. 231. The same speech is given by a clerical historian as follows: 'I offer you fresh battles and new laurels, but at the price of greater perils and fatigues. Let those follow me

About 4,000 of the troops responded to his invitation, and marched out into the night.

The hopes which Garibaldi entertained of being able to prolong the war by rousing the rural population of Umbria and Tuscany were speedily disappointed; the peasantry, except in the Romagna, were generally unfriendly, and very many of his followers deserted. Nevertheless he still hoped to be able to join Manin in the defence of Venice. By clever feints and long night marches, he succeeded in eluding the French, Spanish and Neapolitan troops which set out in pursuit of him. At Terni he effected his junction with the regiment of Colonel Forbes, an Englishman, who so despised military attire that he went through the whole campaign and the remainder of the retreat in his ordinary clothes with a white top-hat. After crossing the border into Tuscany, the dwindling column, having escaped its first pursuers, found its route commanded by four Austrian armies; closely pursued and unable to halt, it reached at last (July 31) the little Republic of San Marino. Here, on friendly soil, Garibaldi disbanded his troops, leaving individuals to obtain such terms as they and the San Marinesi could extract from the surrounding Austrians. Some were flogged, some imprisoned for long terms, but most gradually escaped.

Meanwhile Garibaldi, with about 200 followers and the undaunted Anita, now nearing the time of her confinement, escaped by night through the enemy's lines, and after twenty-two hours' march arrived at the little Adriatic port of Cesenatico, whence they still hoped to be able to reach Venice. After maddening delays, they got to sea; but the moon was full, and they were sighted by the Austrian squadron. Most of their boats were captured, but Garibaldi's and two others succeeded in landing near Comacchio. Anita by this time was dying, but it was impossible to help her while the Austrians were scouring all the country round. At length, after infinite difficulties, they reached a friendly farm-house; and as they were carrying her into it, she died. 'Then the noble outward calm of Garibaldi, which 'had been proof against the thousand dangers, disappointments, 'and sorrows of the past months, and had fed his fainting 'followers with courage, all in an instant gave way, and he 'burst into a flood of prolonged and bitter weeping.' *

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who have courage; let those follow me who have faith in the salvation of Italy. We have stained our hands in the blood of France, but we will plunge our arms in that of the Austrians.' O'Clery, 'History of the Italian Revolution, First Period,' p. 359.

* Trevelyan, p. 299.

But Garibaldi could not long indulge his grief, since his stay endangered not only his own safety, but that of those who harboured him. With only one companion, he set out on a journey full of hair's-breadth scapes, which took him at last to the Mediterranean near Pisa, and thence to Piedmont and safety. Among many incidents of this flight, one is so characteristic that it deserves to be quoted. In an inn at Cerbaja, the two travellers fell into casual conversation with a young Tuscan—as it chanced, a Liberal—to whom something about them suggested the thought of refugees.

'Partly in order to test their politics, he drew a Val d'Arno newspaper from his pocket and handed it across the table. Seeing the elder of the two laugh and show his companion the advertisement about Garibaldi and *Leggiero*, he could not refrain from exclaiming, "And where is our Garibaldi now?" "Friend," said the stranger, rising suddenly and advancing to embrace the young man, "Garibaldi is in your arms."' *

In spite of such acts of rashness, Garibaldi was never betrayed, and lived to realise his hopes in happier days.

The events of 1848–9, though they brought little immediate gain to Italy, were an essential preparation for subsequent unification. At the outset, there were two main parties; those who, like Gioberti, desired a federation of the existing States, and those who, like Mazzini, desired a single Republic. Both these policies proved impossible. A federation could not be tolerated by Austria, and the existing governments, with the exception of Piedmont, were not prepared to undertake a vigorous war against Austria. Perhaps most of the governments might, in time, have been brought permanently into the position they occupied temporarily in the early months of 1848; but the Papacy could never genuinely take up such a position, because it was primarily international, not an Italian State like the rest. Thus the peculiar position of the Pope made it impossible that the federal policy could ever succeed. At the same time, the authority of the Church was such that it required rare courage to challenge its opposition; and those who possessed such courage were, at that date, mainly republicans. The weakness of their policy, which was tried in 1849, was that it could not be supported by Piedmont, which possessed the only strong Italian army, and that all the Catholic powers were prepared to suppress it by armed intervention. Only one policy remained—the one which ultimately triumphed. Italy must become a monarchy under the King of Sardinia, who, amid

* Trevelyan, p. 312.

the general wreck of royal promises, had remained faithful to the constitution he had granted in 1848. But if this was to be possible, it was necessary that the Papacy should be so discredited that a mere king could attack it; and to bring the Papacy to this point, was a task which could only be performed by revolutionaries. The Roman Republic, led by Mazzini and Garibaldi, undertook this task, and performed it so well that the success of Piedmont was thereafter assured, given the patience to wait for opportunities, and the skill to use them when they came.

'Against the religious zeal which the Italians had defied, they must oppose a moral force, or be beaten in the end. In claiming Rome for themselves they had outraged the Irish, the Spaniards, the Austrians, half France, and many of their own countrymen. Vast spiritual agencies were at work all over the world to keep Italy out of Rome. Peter and Paul, Augustine and Loyola were rising from their graves to withstand Mazzini—the pale, frail Genoese, whose face was scarred with the sorrows of his country; and this shadowy host could call up armed men from the utmost ends of Europe to defend the Pope.'*

The greatness of the Eternal City was at once the glory and the misfortune of Italy; the weight of the past oppressed and dwarfed generations of men who lacked the courage and the faith to turn their thoughts towards the future. The first who possessed this courage and this faith were defeated, as the pioneers of a moral revolution always must be. Yet their protest persuaded men that the Papal rule was no longer compatible with the welfare of Italy, and to them belongs the honour of causing the downfall of an institution as noxious as it was venerable. Some, who know only the Italy of to-day, may be inclined to question whether, after all, the achievement has been worth fighting for. But whoever reads the record of cramped lives, of intellectual and moral degradation, of systematic discouragement of all that was best, which made up the work of the governments from 1815 to 1848, must acknowledge that what has been accomplished has justified a thousandfold the wisdom and the sacrifices of those through whose courage Italy became again a great and free nation.

* Trevelyan, p. 192.

Art. XI.—POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE COUNTRY.

The Speech of His Majesty the King at the Opening of Parliament, February 12, 1907.

No British party ever achieved a greater triumph at the polls than was won by the late Opposition in January of last year. The Unionists, originally a combination of both parties formed to resist Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, had been in power virtually for some twenty years; for the Administration (1892–95) under Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, during the short period it held office, did but serve to demonstrate the incapacity of a party, dependent for its daily existence upon the votes of Irish Nationalists, to govern the kingdom. But in 1906 the conditions under which the electoral issues were fought were utterly dissimilar to those of 1886 and 1895. Large numbers of Unionists, many of whom had sacrificed for the Union far more than Mr. Balfour, now the leader of the Unionist party, had ever done, last year actively supported his opponents. Mr. Chamberlain, in making Tariff Reform the main principle of the Liberal Unionist Association and of its subordinate organisations, had done a bad day's work for the cause of the Union and for his own party. It is true that he was supported in those bodies by a majority which allowed him to drum out of the organisations Unionists who stood firm for Free Trade. Nevertheless, in the country outside Birmingham Liberal Unionists were for the most part Free Traders, and, strangely enough, it is to-day the old Tory party ably represented by Mr. Chaplin, not the old Liberal Unionists, who form in the constituencies the largest and most zealous part of Mr. Chamberlain's following.

In the eyes of the British public the Ministry which resigned at the end of 1905 rather than itself appeal to the people seemed but a poor survival of that Unionist statesmanship which had so long guided the nation. In the elegant language of our forefathers it would have been called the 'rump' of the Unionist party. Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, Lord George Hamilton, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord James of Hereford, Mr. Ritchie, and many others who in old days had given strength to the party, had been replaced by smaller men. Mr. Chamberlain, since his resignation of office, was an independent power, and Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Conservative party, declined to let it be known whether he agreed or disagreed with Mr. Chamberlain's policy. If these two statesmen had a right to claim exclusively for the followers of their fiscal policy the name of Unionists, the electors were

nevertheless fully alive to the fact that the old name was being stretched into covering a new thing. They had regard to realities. They clearly understood that the first plank in the platform of the party was now Tariff Reform, and accordingly they voted, as Englishmen will, with regard to the real issue, without being at all misled by the efforts of astute politicians to obscure it.

In this state of affairs Liberal statesmen saw their opportunity. Many Liberals had in truth become convinced of the impracticability of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, many had always been indifferent, whilst others, though still boasting themselves Home Rulers, were ready for the sake of peace within their own ranks and in order to quiet the fears of British electors, to hold the Home Rule faith as a pious opinion of their own, not as a political principle to which they intended to give effect. Unionist dissension and the vacillation of their leader played into the hands of the Liberals, and accordingly when the General Election came, Tariff Reform—now become indistinguishable from Protection—was allowed to take the place formerly held by Home Rule and to become the touchstone of parties, with results absolutely disastrous to the combined forces of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. Their strength, such as it was, had been displayed in caucuses and committees; but when the day of trial came it was found that appearances had deceived them, and that there were very few places indeed where the party would go solid against Free Trade. It would indeed have been strange had it been otherwise. For the doctrines now preached by Tariff Reformers were not new. The old 'Fair Trade' agitation had not been forgotten, nor the vigorous and conclusive reasoning by which Mr. Chamberlain himself, when President of the Board of Trade, had pulverised its pretensions twenty years before.

Whatever had been said and done by Unionist statesmen, it is not likely that the defeat of their party could have been avoided. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are alike responsible for the fact that defeat became a rout almost without precedent in our party history. Mr. Balfour occupied the position of leader of the party, and he had declared that so long as he occupied it he intended to lead. Yet from May 1903 onwards, in the great controversy which has divided Englishmen, his language has been studiously and persistently obscure. Mr. Balfour is far too acute not to see through the fallacies which captivate the ordinary Tariff Reformers of to-day, as they did the Protectionists of 'the forties' and the 'Fair Traders' of 'the eighties.' But if he were to declare frankly for Free Trade and against Tariff

Reform he would offend Mr. Chamberlain, whilst if he declared in plain language for Mr. Chamberlain's policy, he would lose the support of valued colleagues such as Lord Salisbury, which he could ill afford, and would, moreover, deliver over his party to future difficulties which no one realises more clearly than himself. His language has been such as to enable keen party men who are Free Traders to claim him as a bulwark of Free Trade; and keen party men who are Tariff Reformers to claim him as a genuine supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, which however, for reasons of a tactical nature, he does not for the moment publicly uphold. Yet whilst Mr. Balfour's language has been ambiguous, and though he has permitted himself to be interpreted even in his own presence in opposite senses, his action in the constituencies has never varied. In no single instance throughout or since the General Election has he intervened in favour of a Free Trade candidate. When the General Election was over, and when, having been defeated at Manchester, he was elected for the City of London, Mr. Balfour, at the request of Mr. Chamberlain, formally made the fiscal policy of the latter—at least, this is the interpretation Tariff Reformers put upon it—the first business of the Unionist party, thereby entirely justifying, if it needed justification, the action taken by Unionist Free Traders at the General Election.

The blow dealt by the General Election to Mr. Chamberlain's policy was a heavy one. But its misfortunes did not end there, for the history of the trade, commerce, and industry of the nation during the last fifteen months has brought complete refutation to those prophecies of impending ruin upon which the famous 'crusade' was based. It is hardly too much to say that had Mr. Chamberlain been able in 1903 to foresee the course of events for the next four years, the agitation would either have never taken place at all or it would have been founded on very different arguments. The cause of Tariff Reform has indeed fallen on evil days. Not only has it been discredited by the General Election and by the course of events. It has sustained an even severer blow in the loss (we trust only the temporary loss) of Mr. Chamberlain's powerful personality. And as yet no statesman has arisen capable of giving renewed vitality to what looks like a failing cause. Under these circumstances it was perhaps to be expected that Mr. Balfour's more recent utterances would incline towards Free Trade. Tariff Reformers are as active as ever in capturing the caucuses. In this way they are generally able to nominate Protectionist candidates; but what is the use of winning the caucus and losing the election? These things are now pretty well understood in the high places of Conservative

management, where the tactics of Tariff Reformers cause the utmost uneasiness and alarm.

Had Mr. Balfour had his own way, it is improbable that the fiscal controversy of the last four years would have been raised at all. His hand was forced by a personality stronger than his own. As it was, he did his best to hold aloof from active participation in the fray, and endeavoured rather to concentrate the public mind on the incapacity of the Opposition to provide for the nation a steady and rational Government. The interests of the Empire, the wise conduct of our foreign policy, the happy relations with our colonies, the adequacy of army and navy—all would be endangered if his own Ministry should fall! For his own part he looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the time when from the front Opposition bench he and Mr. Chamberlain would ride roughshod over the Liberal weaklings who would be their temporary successors. Apparently the late Ministry really believed that they were indispensable; but few others shared their belief, and the electorate voted for Free Trade without fearing that their decision would be fatal to the Empire.

As with regard to the fiscal controversy so with regard to the change of Government, experience has already done much to discredit the rash predictions of partisans of the late Government. Man for man, the present Ministry has shown itself in no degree inferior to its predecessor. Sir Edward Grey (and it is high praise) has been not less successful than Lord Lansdowne; Mr. Morley, Lord Elgin, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Asquith, and Lord Loreburn—to give only half a dozen names—need not fear comparison with their predecessors; whilst in debate Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is at no disadvantage in crossing swords with Mr. Balfour himself. In their general conduct of affairs there has as yet been little which the country is prepared to condemn. The controversy over the Education Bill greatly stirred the world of clericalism. Militant Churchmen and militant dissenters from different standpoints were equally violent, and equally unreasonable. But the great mass of moderate men, who in this country are in educational matters neither denominationalist nor secularist, were not hostile to the Bill, and would have welcomed even at the last moment a reasonable compromise. Unfortunately, sectarian and party heats prevailed over the wise counsels of the Duke of Devonshire, and it remains very doubtful whether either political party has acquired or lost in the struggle any considerable measure of public confidence.

On the whole, therefore, we see little reason for thinking that the actual conduct of affairs by the present Ministry has dis-

appointed reasonable expectations ; and if the Government does not stand where it did in public estimation the cause must be found in the uncertainty that has lately arisen as to their future proceedings and in the growing fear that they have mistaken the meaning of the popular vote that placed them in power. A great deal is said and written nowadays on the subject of popular mandates. At the General Election the fiscal question and the education question were undoubtedly before the electorate, and the Ministry may say with truth that they were directly commissioned with the duty of maintaining Free Trade and of establishing public control in State-supported schools. But at every election there is a general mandate implied, as well as a specific one expressed. Members of Parliament are elected in part because their constituents believe them to be common-sense, reasonable men. Home Rule was defeated in 1886, to the great satisfaction of the country, because nearly one hundred Liberal members refused to consider themselves as mere ' items ' of Mr. Gladstone's majority. In so doing they had to brave the party whips, and the terrors of dissolution. By their independence they saved the character of the House of Commons as well as the Union. So when a Ministry enters office they are held to be something more than the mouthpiece of party caucuses. The public believe them to be prudent, responsible men, and it has given them a general mandate to govern the country soberly and wisely, not less than the special mandate to promote certain definite political ends.

It is here however that, not without cause, the public has of late felt a very noticeable diminution of confidence in the Ministry. Assuredly the revulsion which hurled the late Government from power and installed the present one in office was not intended to commission the new Prime Minister and his colleagues to pursue every radical and socialist fad which might recommend itself to some wing of their supporters. It must be remembered that the party conditions, though not without precedent, are certainly not normal. The strength and solidity of each party as a whole are dependent far more on the dislike and dread of each for the policy of its rival than on any enthusiasm either for its own leaders or its own political programme. There is no Gladstone, there is no Reform Bill, there is no war, to fire the imagination and fix the faith of electors. The Liberal party is overwhelmingly strong whilst its opponents are bent on Protection. The Unionist party at once closes its ranks and gains strength in every part of the country the moment the people perceive that the Liberals are aiming at Home Rule. These facts are plain enough to men who keep their eyes open and who

are not blinded by party zeal. Unfortunately many active politicians are not statesmen, and they are apt to look for the opinion of the English people solely in the committees and the caucuses of their respective parties. Yet it is public opinion—the opinion of those who are capable of forming an opinion, though they may not take a prominent part in politics—that in the long run weighs. At the present time it is not too much to say that English political feeling is utterly misrepresented in the party caucuses. If General Elections count for anything at all as a demonstration of public opinion, England altogether repudiates the policy of Home Rule and altogether repudiates the policy of Protection. Yet we should probably be told by Mr. Austen Chamberlain that England is for Tariff Reform, and by Mr. Lloyd George that it is for Home Rule all round! There are statesmen on both sides who know better than this, and with them it rests to avert disaster.

In his Majesty's Speech at the opening of Parliament the country was told that Ministers had under their consideration the important subject of the differences between the two Houses 'with a view to a solution of the difficulty;' that measures would be proposed dealing with the organisation of the army, with the holding of land in Scotland, with Licensing Reform, with University Education in Ireland, and 'for further associating 'the people of Ireland with the management of their domestic 'affairs, and for otherwise improving the system of government 'in its administrative and financial aspect.' In the debate on the Address Mr. Asquith indicated that he proposed to take up the subject of old age pensions, and he appeared to lay down as fundamental principles, first, that no contribution should be required from any individual to entitle him to a pension; secondly, that pensions, though coming thus entirely from funds provided by the taxes, should not be considered as having any connection with the Poor Law. Assuredly the programme is sufficient, but what does it all *mean*? Mr. Haldane's proposals and the Scottish Land Bill are before us; but as yet it is only from the language of Ministers that on the other subjects mentioned in the King's Speech we can gather their intentions. And the language of individual Ministers has certainly not been such as to reassure the public mind.

The King's Speech touched upon subjects of the deepest import, subjects which surely no British statesman can approach with levity! There is, without doubt, something very unsatisfactory in the relations between the two Houses. In the House of Lords there exists a permanent party majority of Conservatives. That majority, however, has in the past accepted, though

it has sometimes delayed, all the reforms upon which the country has set its heart. On the whole in recent years the peers have been wisely and prudently led. They know they cannot, if they would, thwart the evident will of the nation; but they can and they do occasionally play the mere party game, so as greatly to hamper the efforts at legislation of a Liberal Ministry. It is undeniable that the hereditary basis upon which the House of Lords rests is antipathetic to the democratic and rationalist sentiment of our day. It seems little less than ludicrous, especially considering the persons to whom and the reasons for which peerages are not infrequently given, that the honour should be associated with a grant to the recipient and the heirs of his body of a right to legislate for ever for the British people and Empire!

For the most part, however, Englishmen care very little for theory in their institutions so long as those institutions work. And what they are really anxious to know is how practically the Government proposes to improve the working of the parliamentary system. Mere denunciation of the House of Lords is very easy. But it does not advance matters; and there is a very strong indisposition amongst thoughtful people to give the House of Commons absolute power over legislation. In many democratic countries there is seen in modern times a deep distrust of representative bodies. Either by means of a written constitution, or by a referendum, it is usual greatly to limit their powers; and modern changes in practice and procedure have made Englishmen dread more than ever the passing of hasty and ill-considered measures by the House of Commons. The essence of the parliamentary system in our time and country is that laws should only be enacted after free, deliberate, and public debate. For this the country thinks it has a right to look to the House of Commons, where all the elements exist to make discussion valuable. Should that House allow itself to become a mere machine for voting laws already framed after private discussion elsewhere, it will cease to exercise its most valuable function and will rapidly decline in the public estimation. The truth of the matter is that the state of the House of Commons (we are not of course speaking of its party complexion) and its efficiency to do the work expected of it are infinitely more important to the country than the condition of the House of Lords. To quote the late Mr. Lecky ('Democracy and Liberty') 'the old saying of Burghley that '"England can never be ruined but by her Parliament" was 'never more true than at the present time, and the uncontrolled, 'unbalanced authority of a single representative body, con-

'stituted like our own, seems to me one of the gravest dangers 'to the Empire.' The House of Commons is the heir of splendid traditions, and every Englishman hopes that these traditions will be upheld. It would indeed be a fall were it ever to be regarded by outside opinion, after the fashion in which in America it seems to be common to regard the representatives of the people in the State legislatures, as a collection of fussy busybodies whom in the public interest it is absolutely necessary to restrain.

Since the King's Speech no information has been given us of what is intended beyond a few ministerial mutterings of vague threats against the peers. These have not greatly stirred the public mind, which finds it difficult to believe that the Ministers of the King are really about to invite the House of Commons to abolish the House of Lords! Still, enough has been said to make it desirable for the sake of the credit of Ministers themselves to lay before the country at the earliest possible moment their scheme for bringing about harmonious working between the Houses, and so giving increased strength to our parliamentary system; for it cannot be denied that the language of some of the Ministers on this subject suggests the commencement of a long struggle of which the end is not easy to see, and which if it is entered upon in earnest will absorb for many a day the whole political energies of the country.

Another measure mentioned in the King's Speech has not yet seen the light. Mr. Bryce, the outgoing Chief Secretary for Ireland, adumbrated in a farewell speech the proposals which the Government was about to make for reorganising the university system in that country. Since that time a perfect torrent of criticism from bodies and individuals well entitled to be heard in defence of enlightened and liberal education has descended upon the scheme. Trinity College, Dublin, is the one worthy and flourishing and honoured example in Ireland of what advanced teaching and training should be. It is free and open to all persuasions. Indeed, it is its non-sectarian character and its success that make it specially odious to those who have no love for education unless it is controlled by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. It is strange that a Cabinet which includes such liberal-minded men as Mr. Haldane should make itself responsible for this attack on Dublin University. So far, however, not only has the Bill promised in the King's Speech not been introduced, but Ministers have suffered criticism and censures of their proposals to go by default. Perhaps Lord Rosebery is right in thinking that we shall hear little more about them; but even so they have not been without their effect in

weakening the confidence of liberal-minded men in the educational aspirations of the Government. If the Roman Catholics are deeply convinced of the necessity of establishing a Catholic University, let them have one. Surely it is quite unnecessary to pull down or to degrade the great University—free and open to all—which has done in the past and continues to do in the present such splendid educational work for Ireland ! *

Whatever may be the case with an Irish University Bill, there can, we presume, be no doubt that in a very few weeks Parliament will have before it the measure promised for improving administration in Ireland and for 'further associating the 'people of Ireland with the management of their domestic 'affairs.' Lord Rosebery prophesies that it will prove to be a very little Bill indeed, and it would certainly be premature to discuss at the present time proposals which are not in terms before us. But here, again, language has been used by Ministers which has brought something like consternation to the multitude of Unionists who at the General Election supported the new Government under the belief that the policy of Gladstonian Home Rule was practically dead. The Prime Minister has derived so little enlightenment from the discussions of a quarter of a century that he is prepared to outrun even Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill! He hopes to see established in Ireland the system of a free and independent Parliament and Government—the system which has made the larger colonies, to the great advantage of the Empire, into sister nations. The Lord Chancellor —whose genuineness of conviction and frankness of character have already won him a very high place in the estimation and regard of the House of Lords—has recently expounded what he and his chief understand by 'the larger policy,' to which, according to him, every improvement in Irish administration must necessarily lead. He and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it seems, believe still in those marvellous measures of 1886 and 1893, which the people of Great Britain have declared they would not have, and the mere dread of which ensured to the Unionist party so long a lease of power. Lord Loreburn talks of Canada ! Let him think these things out, and he will see that the facts of the case and the conditions of the time are against him. What is the use of his insisting on 'the subordination' of an Irish Parliament, controlled by a supreme Parliament and Government which are to wield the whole power of the Imperial

* As we go to press, it is announced that the Government have dropped the Bill for the present session. It is not likely that a similar measure will again see the light.

Forces ? Is this the way Canada or Australia is or can be governed ? Are we really to have all the old fallacies paraded again ? Will Mr. Bryce return to hold up the example of Denmark and Iceland, and Mr. Gladstone's successor point once more to the brilliant success of the separate parliamentary systems of Norway and Sweden ? The clock cannot be set back in order to satisfy the sentiment, however amiable, of the Lord Chancellor. The defeat of Home Rule was no mere party victory. It was due to a combination of men of all parties determined to maintain the single political nationhood of the people of the three kingdoms. They will not suffer this to be destroyed by revolutionary measures, nor to be undermined by little ones. A separate Parliament and Executive in Ireland would not, indeed, be able to establish a separate independent Irish nation. That is impossible. But it would almost certainly lead to civil strife, and then, after the manner of Ministers who have made mistakes, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Loreburn would, we doubt not with perfectly clear consciences, lead the country into an 'inevitable' war !

If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Lord Chancellor are still Gladstonian Home Rulers, let it be remembered that those who defeated Home Rule in the past are still Unionists. As years ago Mr. John Bright used to urge, there are something like two million Irishmen who look to the Parliament of the United Kingdom to protect them and to legislate for them, as it protects and legislates for Englishmen and Scotchmen. These Irishmen are as loyal as we are, as proud of their citizenship as we are. What moral right have we to cast them from us ? They fight the battles of the kingdom and Empire ; they distinguish themselves in all the many fields open to them as to us. Are we to use Imperial force to drive these fellow-subjects of ours under a rule which is as abhorrent to them as it would be to us ? That the Prime Minister and Lord Chancellor have unnecessarily done much to revive the Home Rule controversy we deeply deplore, but that is not due to any doubt on our part as to how the people of the United Kingdom will once more, if necessary, deal with it.

These unfortunate speeches have done much mischief, and it is now incumbent on other members of the party to be equally explicit. Those who supported the present Ministry at the General Election on the great fiscal issue are not prepared to acquiesce in the utilising of their assistance for the purpose of furthering the Home Rule projects of a party which it was authoritatively declared would not in the new Parliament forward the Home Rule policy. Unionists look, and have a

right to look, to the carrying out, in their plain and simple meaning, of the pledges that have been given them. Whether the Devolution Bill, if that is to be its title, is a large measure or a small one, it must raise in the House of Commons the policy of Home Rule. Mr. Redmond and his followers on the one side, and Irish Unionists on the other, will take care of that. The British public will watch with anxiety the speeches of Ministers. In the last Parliament Mr. Balfour's tactics—the pretence that whenever the fiscal question was raised it could be shelved, as involving only abstract issues not practically before the House of Commons—though they may have prolonged his life in office, had disastrous results upon his party. As he did not venture to disavow the Chamberlain policy in plain language, Manchester and the country believed that he favoured it—believed, that is, that the Conservative party had become protectionist. The lesson is full of warning for Mr. Balfour's successors. If in the course of the present session the Liberal party is to become once more identified with the retrograde and discredited policy of Home Rule, it will be the fault of the Liberal leaders, and sooner or later they may rest assured that the country will make the party suffer for it.

Many Unionists, especially Liberal Unionists, have been and are perfectly ready to consider proposals for improving Irish administration. Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Lansdowne, to mention three only of the late Government, are known not to shut their eyes to the possibility of reform. Doubtless there is a certain section of Irish and English opinion that is prepared to dub and to damn all Irish reform as mere steps to Home Rule and separation. Liberal Unionists, generally speaking, would hardly take that view; but what can they say when Liberal statesmen almost go out of their way to tell the country that Home Rule is their end, and when the support of Irish Nationalists is invited on the avowed ground that by the Government proposals that end will be brought nearer? Men like the Duke of Devonshire regard Home Rule as something more than a mere party question to be used for the pulling down and setting up of Governments. For many years he and his associates sacrificed all party advantages for what they believed to be essential to the safety of the nation. And their views prevailed with the country even against the most popular leader that the Liberal party ever possessed. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Austen Chamberlain, to whom Free Traders are not Unionists at all, regards the question of the Union as more than a card in the game of party. The Birmingham Tariff Reformers have made Tariff Reform—

i.e. Protection—the be-all and the end-all of British politics. But then Birmingham is not England, and Mr. Chamberlain leads neither Liberal Unionists nor Conservatives, or the prospects of the Unionist party would be even worse than they are. There must be something temporarily wrong with the party system when leading men on the one side and the other are ready to inflict such heavy blows on their own friends—when Free Trade statesmen lightly drive into opposition Free Traders who are Unionists, and Unionist statesmen drive out of the Unionist party Unionists who are Free Traders.

In quite another direction, and in one entirely unexpected by the public or by the electorate at the time of the General Election, confidence in the sound common-sense of the Ministry has also been greatly shaken. Mr. Sinclair, the Secretary for Scotland, who owes his position as a Cabinet Minister rather to personal popularity than to previous political achievement, has thought fit to introduce into the House of Commons on behalf of the Government a measure to establish in Scotland the Irish system of fixity of tenure with State regulation of rents, and thereby to abolish free business relations as regards the holding of land, wherever holdings are less than fifty acres in extent or under 50*l.* in annual rent. There is not evidently, nor is there alleged to be, any reason for making such legislation applicable to one side of the Tweed and not to the other; nor for the special limits of 50 acres and 50*l.* It is not the case, nor is it we believe alleged, that in Scotland the system of free contract has broken down, nor that tenants' property is being confiscated, nor that the main value of the holdings has been created by the tenants' improvements, nor that land is usually over-rented. Mr. Sinclair is probably little aware how entirely his case is unsupported by the reasoning upon which Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues founded the Irish Land Act of 1881. Mr. Gladstone at that time held up to admiration the working of the land system of Scotland as he was acquainted with it in the Lothians, and he looked to his Irish plan of fifteen-year terms at State-fixed rents to render customary a sort of *quasi*-lease, to use his own expression, which might gradually bring about in Ireland the happy condition of affairs prevailing under free contract in Scotland. In the latter country, far more than in Ireland, and more indeed than in England, has farming been a business or trade carried on upon business principles by landlords and tenants who dealt with each other on commercial principles. Under this system agriculture has prospered greatly, farmhouses, farm-buildings and cottages have been built, surpassing anything of the kind known elsewhere. Under the lease system the tenant knew

exactly where he stood and what were his rights. Whatever may be the case in Ireland, the Scottish farmer is quite capable of making a bargain and protecting his own property and rights; indeed he can do this a great deal better than Mr. Sinclair and the Parliament House together, if they would only believe it, can do it for him. In no part of the Kingdom, moreover, has it been more possible or more common for an active intelligent and ambitious worker on the farm—shepherd or bailiff—to rise in life and himself to become a farmer. On the Borders and in the Lothians it often happens that the man who farms wide districts, and lives in a house as good as that of many a squire a generation or two ago, has begun life in a very humble position, and been himself, it may be, the son of a hired farm labourer. The lease, or contract system, has served Scotland well, and every class of the community has gained by it.

If then the Government is unable to call in support the reasons given by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster in 1881 for the momentous changes they were proposing for Ireland, upon what does Mr. Sinclair rely in his project for turning topsy-turvy the land system of Great Britain? It is no wonder that people stand aghast at the levity with which our modern reformers approach the subject. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster were men whose past careers had given the public some guarantee for the seriousness of their statesmanship. But even they thought it necessary, by means of very elaborate and responsible inquiries, thoroughly to diagnose the disease of the patient before they prescribed for him. The Irish Act of 1881, in the view of Mr. Gladstone, was to create a system which would make an end of all agrarian trouble in that country. Large numbers of those who supported him were less sanguine, but thought his proposals justifiable by reason of the absolute deadlock that had been reached between owners and occupiers of land. We do not intend now to discuss the merits or demerits of the Irish Land Acts; and we think it at least quite possible that a generation or two hence they may be looked back upon as forming steps in a great and wise policy of gradually transferring ownership in the land to the occupiers of the soil. But what is certain is that the system of the Act of 1881 has absolutely failed as a working system; and that it has entailed upon Ireland and the United Kingdom a vast expenditure of money and credit in passing onwards, through an impossible attempt to get on under dual ownership, to the establishment of an occupying proprietary.

Mr. Sinclair and the Lord Advocate see in the Crofter legislation of recent years, not the application of exceptional measures to exceptional conditions, but the true system by which the

British land industry should be regulated. This is to drag down the self-reliant and energetic and progressive to the level of occupiers for the most part notoriously deficient in the qualities that make for success. The Highland crofter and the Border shepherd are men of very different stamp, and the stereotyping of his condition which may be the ideal of the one will have little charm for the other. Mr. Sinclair labours hard to show that the financial position of the landlords will not be injured by his Bill. That is not in our opinion the most important consideration involved in his proposals ; but even here his reasoning often cuts much of the ground from under his own feet. Thus he declares that the average reduction of rent made under the Crofters Act by the Crofters Commission, though from 25 to 30 per cent., does not exceed reductions made elsewhere. Rents had fallen quite as much 'in the part of Scotland outside the Crofters Act as in 'the area within the administration of the Crofters Commission. 'So that the rent of the landlords through the action of that 'Commission had been as well kept up in the north of Scotland 'as it had been through individual action in the South.' That would appear to show how entirely unnecessary it is to introduce into the South a Commission to moderate rents which fall automatically and to the same extent without its assistance !

We say enough elsewhere on the general subject of the land laws. Here we would rather call attention to the manner in which the Government appears to regard the problem of the land. With the Secretary for Scotland the ideal landlord seems to be a rent-charger and nothing else. His only interest is that of getting the rent, or an equivalent to it, safe. It is a merit of the Crofters Act that 'the landlord has been relieved of expenditure on improvements.' Is this the way in which the agriculture of Lowland Scotland has won its pre-eminence ? What are the few thousands a year which Parliament is to be asked to grant compared with the sums which landowners freely spend on improvements ? It is the instinct of ownership that has largely induced landlords to spend, often very unremuneratively, upon their property. The rent-charger is free from all such sentiment. Henceforward improvements, if beyond the power of the occupier himself, are to be made by the State 'out of moneys to be provided by Parliament.' Let us substitute for the farmer and the landlord the crofter and the State. Does anyone who has practical experience of the land either as landlord or farmer, or who has known the State in the former capacity and the crofter in the latter, seriously believe that in this direction progress lies ?

Mr. Sinclair declares that he is not introducing the Irish

system, because whilst overriding all leases and contracts and substituting fixity of tenure and State rents, his Bill does not give to the occupier 'free sale.' According to the Lord Advocate,* free sale is the 'essential element of dual ownership.' Who then is the single owner? The Government reply 'the landlord'; but this can only be true if 'landlord' and mere 'rent-charger' are interchangeable terms. What does any landlord want more than to be a well-secured annuitant? We quite understand Mr. Sinclair's view; but is that all that a tenant or the land itself, in any well-farmed country, requires that the landlord should be? The reason for not giving free sale sheds a flood of light upon the official view of the 'land holder' under the Bill. He must be protected from the moneylender—the gombeen man—who would soon transfer to himself all the advantages of land ownership given him by the State! A system of protection necessary perhaps for Irish peasants and Highland crofters; but ludicrously unsuited to the Scottish farmer, who even though he had a right to sell his holding might well be trusted not to ruin himself!

It is indeed evident that the main purpose of the Scotch Leaseholders Bill has nothing to do with the improvement of agriculture. Farmers—landlords or tenants—have not asked for it. It owes its genesis to quite other considerations. 'The 'rural districts should,' says Mr. Sinclair, 'support at least 'double their present population.' Whilst the population largely increases in the towns, it diminishes in the country. This preference for urban as compared with rural life is found in almost every country in which industrialism, as compared with agriculture, has largely developed. The movement from the country to the towns is, indeed, going on more rapidly in Germany than in Great Britain. It is already very strongly marked in the United States. It appears to be due to economic considerations, to changes in the habits of men's lives produced by facilities of locomotion, and to modern gregariousness, rather than to causes capable of being moulded by a British statute. That the peasantry in Scotland and England are being 'driven off' the land to crowd the slums of our great towns is fiction. They will not stay in the country. They go voluntarily to better themselves, to obtain better wages, better opportunities of advancement for themselves and their families, or to seek conditions of life which they prefer. It is a common mistake to suppose that it is the agricultural labourer alone

* 'The Meaning of the Scottish Land Bill,' The Nation, March 30, 1907.

who betakes himself to populous centres. The little village tradesman, if energetic and ambitious, leaves his village for the country town, whilst active spirits are drawn from the country town to the more flourishing industrial centre. Can Mr. Sinclair really believe that he is going to tempt back townsmen to the country, in hundreds of thousands, by offering them the hard work, the solitary life, and the poor remuneration of peasant farmers? He will find that it is beyond his power to make people live in the proportion he approves in country and in town.

Make the land as free as possible to buy and to sell and to hire; cheapen transfer; trust to free contract, to the capacity of Scotchmen to manage their own affairs, and then leave them alone to sort themselves. These were doctrines once preached by Liberals. In the present day Free Trade in land seems to be as much out of favour with many Liberals as is Free Trade in commerce with most Conservatives. Bad as are the principles introduced by this measure, it will, if it passes, probably not do much direct mischief beyond checking to some extent landlords spending upon improvements, and disinclining them to let in small holdings, the very object which it is the professed intention of this remarkable Bill to promote. It has however been suggested, by those who have little respect for His Majesty's present advisers, that the measure is not intended to pass. 'In the coming conflict with the House of Lords,' writes the Lord Advocate * at the opening of his apologia for the Bill, 'it is 'almost by common consent admitted that, setting aside the 'bare constitutional question, and seeking for a concrete instance 'of difference between democracy and aristocracy, that instance 'will be found in the question of the land.' This remark may unfortunately tend to give some colour to the suspicion that the real object of the Bill is to create friction between the two Houses of the Legislature, and to associate the House of Lords with the rejection of a measure which can be represented as democratic. We should be loth to ascribe to the Ministry, as a whole, action not springing from a feeling of patriotic statesmanship, and due only to the partisan promptings of sheer political adventure. Such a suspicion, however unwarranted, combines, with other causes that have been referred to, to lessen the confidence of the public in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government. Home Rule, Irish University Education, and Scotch landholding are subjects to which the Ministry are inviting public attention; and so far the Ministerial treatment of them has been such as to give rise to anxious forebodings.

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* The Nation, March 30, 1907.

The fact that the two great parties, through their organisations, do not at the present time accurately reflect political opinion is a serious matter. It seems to indicate an unreality in existing party arrangements, and even to make it probable that they will not long endure. The speech of the Duke of Devonshire at the annual general meeting of the Free-trade Club on March 19 last, expressed what a large number of people on both sides of politics are thinking. He considers it fortunate that the present, and not the late, Government will have the conduct of the Colonial Conference. For on fiscal questions the present Government has a double advantage over its predecessor. It represents the country, and it knows its own mind. Hence there is good ground for hoping that all misunderstanding will be avoided. The Duke spoke with impressive gravity of the

'increasing recklessness and anarchy at present prevailing in the ranks of the official Unionist party. I deplore it for causes nearer home. There is other and more important work before the Unionist party than that of the revision of our fiscal system. The cause of the Union may, and probably will, be again the subject of contention. The existence not only of the House of Lords, but the maintenance of any second legislative chamber may be called in question. Our land systems of England and Scotland are to be taken in hand and remodelled upon an Irish pattern. There is no knowing what wild projects may not find some acceptance and countenance in the present House of Commons. At all events, it is certain that this Parliament will leave behind it controversies unsettled, controversies which will not and cannot be settled until another General Election—perhaps more than one General Election—has taken place. There never was a time at which the existence of a strong Unionist and Constitutional party was more necessary. But in what position is the present Unionist party to fight another election? No sane man supposes, whatever may be the case in some distant future, that a strong Unionist party can be constructed on the basis of the taxation of corn; and this is the moment at which a member of the late Administration thinks it wise and expedient to announce his opinion that if the electors will not have a tax on corn they will not have the Unionist party. By a remarkable coincidence, on the very same day as that speech was reported, there was published a letter from another member of the late Administration who tells us that if it should be necessary to broaden the existing system of taxation, the last change which should be adopted is the taxation of the necessary food of the people, and that we might as well propose to broaden our system of taxation by a tax on water. These dissensions are not between the official leaders and those members of the party who, like ourselves, have been forced to withdraw from it, or who have been expelled from it. They are dissensions which exist at the present moment between members sitting on the front Opposition benches next each other.

The existence of such a state of anarchy and confusion in the Unionist party is a state of things which is rapidly approaching a public scandal. If ever there was a state of things which required the authoritative and stern interference of the leader of the party, that state of things has arisen.'

Dissatisfied therefore and apprehensive though the public may be at the tendencies manifested by the present Government, there is little temptation to electors as yet to turn to a party plunged in internal 'anarchy and confusion.' Moreover, it takes time for a Government to dissipate that feeling of trust in its good sense without which it would not have been carried into power. A wide electorate such as ours cannot be expected at once to grasp the significance of tendencies apparent enough to close observers. Nevertheless, the reputation in which a Government is held by those best able to form an opinion, filters steadily down. For a time a party flatters itself that whilst by-elections give little decisive indication of a change, everything is well with it. Then comes a General Election, perhaps a Parliamentary one, perhaps for the London County Council, and everything is found to turn on the general reputation in which the party is held. As a rule, it has been the case that when one party begins to sink in public estimation, its opponents begin to rise in it. Hence there will be general agreement with the Duke of Devonshire that it is quite time for the present Opposition to set its house in order.

The British people have often shown great disinclination to accept a novel policy which is suddenly rushed upon them by impetuous statesmen; even though it is presented with the most confident assurances of the great benefits which it will produce. Mr. Gladstone's sudden offer to repeal the income-tax gained him no support. His almost equally sudden offer of Irish Home Rule, which was at once and for ever to end all trouble between England and Ireland, was fatal to his career. Mr. Chamberlain's anti-free trade agitation has had no better success. There is a spirit of caution and of strong common-sense amongst Englishmen which makes them desire to have a new departure in policy thoroughly threshed out in Parliament and in the country before they accept it. But this caution and common-sense, characteristic of the British electorate, does not find itself fully represented in the proceedings of party committees and caucuses. There, generally, the most extreme view prevails; and at the present time, to a very unusual degree the 'moderates' on the one side and the other are without weight in the party organisations.

In this connexion the speech of Lord Rosebery on March 26

at a meeting of the Council of the Liberal League deserves serious consideration. Men, who have only entered upon active political life during the last few years during which Lord Rosebery has steadily maintained an attitude of aloofness towards official Liberalism, are apt to forget the faithful and valuable services he formerly rendered to the party. His influence in Scotland was second only to that of Mr. Gladstone, whose triumphs in Midlothian were largely due to his initiation and energy; and when the unhappy Home Rule rupture of the party took place, it was to Lord Rosebery that Mr. Gladstone pointed as his most worthy successor in the Liberal Leadership. The language of the last Liberal Prime Minister cannot but reflect what is present to the minds of many men in the Liberal ranks, when he protests against the injury done to the party by the speeches of extremists in associating in the popular mind Liberalism with hostility to property. Should that come about, he predicts that at no distant time the Liberal party will find itself squeezed out between Socialism and Conservatism.

'Socialism can promise much more to the predatory elements in politics, Conservatism can afford much more confidence to those who wish to keep things actually as they are. And I do not see how, if the Liberal party is to associate itself with a general attack on property in all its forms, as some predict and as some see signs of, there will be any room for its existence in the political arena.'

He had seen in his time, Lord Rosebery went on to say, many Liberal Governments, and the chief cause which had brought them to destruction was, he believed, the prevalence of a fear at the General Election that they were threatening property. This is a warning which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would do well to bear in mind. Amongst his colleagues are many men whose individual character and abilities have earned the respect of the public. But how far is their influence sufficient to guarantee wise and prudent policy? In former days the presence, say, of Lord Hartington or Lord Goschen in a Cabinet was felt to be a security against reckless statesmanship or the pursuit in supposed party interests of a course of political adventure. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, however deservedly popular with the House of Commons, does certainly not impress the country as did either Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury. There are difficult times in store for us, and, before many months are over, Ministers will have to show of what mettle they are made, and to whom among them the country is to look for wise and steady guidance.

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